

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN FRANCE,

IN THE YEARS 1816 AND 1817.

BY FRANCES JANE CAREY.

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1823.

TO

MISS BEATRICE ANNE STAFFORD,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP

OF HER AFFECTIONATE SISTER,

FRANCES JANE CAREY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author performed the journey, of which an account is given in the following sheets, in company with her husband and her son, a school-boy. The great inconvenience they suffered from being unable to procure an accurate description of the country through which their route lay first suggested to her the idea of making notes on the spot. She submits them to the public with much diffidence, fearing they may not possess sufficient merit to entitle them to its favour.

Her anxiety to be useful to succeeding travellers has induced the author to enter into many trifling and minute details respecting the modes of conveyance, the charges at inns, the state of the roads, and the

weather, which she is apprehensive may prove very uninteresting to the general reader. She is likewise sensible that the few remarks which she was enabled to make on the political sentiments of the French nation have been anticipated by other travellers, and that the public curiosity is satiated with the subject. That they were short, she at first lamented as a defect; but it is now become their greatest recommendation, and her best excuse for not expunging them.

In the author's observations on the manners of the people, she has directed her attention chiefly to the habits, appearance, customs, dress, and condition of her own sex; for which she hopes to obtain the approbation of her countrywomen.

The publication of this Journal has been delayed between four and five years by circumstances, an explanation of which would be uninteresting to the public.

TAUNTON, June, 1823.

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CHAPTER I.

Passage from Guernsey to Cherbourg—Cones—Entrance of the Harbour—Custom-house—Hotels—French Diligence—Valognes—French Voiturier—Bayeux—Queen Mande's Tapestry—Dress of the Peasantry—Caen—Cathedral—Walks—Labourers—Fair at Guibray—Falaise—Argentan—Alençon—Beaumont—Le Mans.

WE left England in the summer of the year 1816, with the intention of visiting the continent; and after spending a few weeks in the island of Guernsey, we took our passage for Cherbourg in a small French vessel, and went on board about seven o'clock in the morning of August 14th. The wind was fair, and we expected to make our passage in six or seven hours; but, owing partly to our French captain's lingering off the harbour, in expectation of other passengers, by which we lost some advantage of the tide, and partly to the slackening and change of the wind, we were eleven hours on the water. As we did not suffer from sickness, and the weather was fine, we had no reason to regret the delay, for there is much to amuse the eye and engage the attention in this short passage: first, the view back on Guernsey;

its castle, on an insulated rock near the mouth of the harbour; the harbour itself, filled with shipping; the town, on the slope of a hill; the houses piled one above another from the water's edge; and the beautiful verdure of the surrounding country, studded over with gentlemen's seats built of stone. Then the little neighbouring islands of Jethou and Herm present themselves, contrasting their cultivated sides with the bare rocks that rise in the blue expanse around them; Sark, with its perpendicular cliffs; and last in succession, Alderney lifts its craggy brow, and the French coast "sleeps in the distance."

As we passed by Jethou, one of our fellow passengers told us that the grey mullet, with which the Guernsey market was supplied, were taken on its coast. They were not caught in nets, but shot from the shore. They came in shoals, and frequently put their heads close together out of the water, when the people who were watching for their appearance fired amongst them, and those which were killed remained on the beach at the ebbing of the tide.

Alderney is separated from France by a narrow strait, called the Race, through which the tide rushes with prodigious violence, and, from the ruggedness of the bottom, with a whirling motion, rendering the navigation difficult and dangerous in rough weather; but as it was now very serene, there was nothing to alarm us. After doubling Cape La Hogue, we kept close to the coast of Normandy, which is covered with corn fields,

thickly interspersed with villages, and is cultivated down to the very edge of the sea-shore.

On approaching Cherbourg, we looked very eagerly for the celebrated Cones, but could discover no vestige of them. When they were destroyed, and whether by human means or by the fury of the elements, we could not learn, but we understood that some remains of them might still be seen at low water*.

* “ The French possess no port for ships of war from Dunkirk to Brest. To remedy the want, they planned a mole across the open bay of Cherbourg; but to inclose a space sufficient to protect a fleet of the line would demand so extended a wall, and so exposed to heavy seas, that the expense would be far too great to be thought of, and at the same time the success too dubious to be ventured. The idea of a regular mole was therefore given up, and a partial one, on a new plan, adopted. This was, to erect in the sea, in a line where a mole is wanted, insulated columns of timber and masonry, of so vast a size as to resist the violence of the ocean, and to break its waves sufficiently to permit a bank being formed between column and column. These have been called cones, from their form: they are each one hundred and forty feet diameter at the base, sixty diameter at the top, and sixty feet vertical height; being, when sunk in the sea, thirty to thirty-four feet immersed at the low water of high tides. These enormous broad-bottomed tubs, being constructed of oak, with every attention to strength and solidity, when finished for launching, were loaded with stone just sufficient for sinking. To float them, six empty casks, each of ten pipes, were attached around by cords, and in this state of buoyancy the enormous machine was floated to its destined spot, towed by numberless vessels. At a signal, the cords are cut in a moment, and the pile sinks; it is then filled instantly with stone from the vessels ready attending, and capped with masonry. A vast number of vessels are then employed to form a bank of stone from cone to cone, visible at low water in neap tides. Eighteen cones, by one account, but

The entrance to the harbour is defended on the north side by a very strong fort, built on a rock about three miles from the main land, by Louis XVI. Bonaparte intended to erect one similar to it, at nearly the same distance from the opposite point; the site of the cones lying in a direct line between the two. He was at an enormous expense in forming a foundation, which was at last completed, and on this artificial island the works were begun; but a very high tide, on the 4th of November, 1808, breaking over it, and sweeping away five hundred workmen, all further attempts were given up, and nothing is now left but a heap of stones.

The emperor considered the port of Cherbourg to be of the utmost importance. He enlarged the dock-yards, and made an immense basin or inner harbour, communicating with the outer one by means of flood-gates or locks. But although he frequently came himself to inspect the improve-

thirty-three by another, would complete the work. I found eight finished. The effect of these eight cones, and the bank of stone formed between them, has been to give perfect security to a considerable portion of the intended harbour. Two forty-gun ships have lain at anchor within them these eighteen months past. These ships have not received the smallest agitation: hence it is a harbour for a small fleet, without doing more. I mounted two of the cones, one of which has this inscription: 'Louis XVI. sur ce première Cône élevée le 6 Juin, 1784, à vu l'immersion de celui de l'est le 23 Juin, 1786.' On the whole, the undertaking is a prodigious one, and does no trifling credit to the spirit of enterprise of the present age in France."—*Travels in France, in the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, by Arthur Young*

ments, the dams and other works were not completed, and still remain in an unfinished state.

A handsome fort stands on the south shore, where likewise the dock-yards are situated. The view on entering the harbour is picturesque; a bold rock rises on the left, the town is built on a flat, and the country behind it swells into knolls prettily wooded.

As soon as we landed we were conducted to the custom-house, and underwent a very strict scrutiny: the women were examined in a separate apartment by one of their own sex. The persons of the passengers were searched as well as their luggage; and a cambric-muslin handkerchief, not being hemmed, was taken from the neck of a Frenchman. As we had nothing with us of English manufacture, except what was made up into articles of dress, we had no difficulties but on account of a few books, and some old newspapers in which they happened to be wrapped. The custom-house officers took some pains to ascertain that the books were not designed for sale, or the newspapers for circulation. They are very circumspect in regard to the introduction of newspapers by private hands, as well as of letters, for which there is a high penalty.

Two handsome hotels stand on the quay, but we had been advised to go to a private hotel near it, in la Rue Notre Dame, kept by a Mons. Drouet, who had resided at Southampton many years, and married an Englishwoman. Our dinners were English, our beds good, the charges were reasona-

ble, and we found Mons. Drouet very useful in getting our luggage from the custom-house, our passports signed, and in giving us what information we required.

There are three eligible modes of conveyance for travellers in France: by the diligences, which are now established on all the great roads; by hiring a carriage and horses from a voiturier for the journey; or by taking post horses at every stage. The first is the cheapest method, and the passengers usually get to their journey's end without delay or imposition; but they are in some measure prisoners on the road, and can see very little of the country through which they pass. The second subjects the traveller to the control of the voiturier, so far as relates to the length of the day's journey, and the time and place for the horses to bait; and likewise it lays him under the necessity of making an agreement in regard to the charge, with a great probability of being imposed upon. From eighteen to twenty francs per day is reckoned a fair price for a cabriolet and two horses: paying, in addition, for the time they take in returning back: and from thirty to forty miles is considered to be a good day's journey, excepting, perhaps, in the very middle of summer. Those who travel post must have carriages of their own, as the masters of the post-horses do not provide them as they do in England. This is a more expensive way of travelling than either of the others; but then you are at liberty respecting the hours of setting out and stopping on the road, and have the

advantage of being exempt from imposition; for the post-horses being under the regulation of government, the price is fixed, both for the horses and the postilions, and published: so that if any extortion should be attempted, or dispute arise, a reference to the post-book decides the matter immediately. One franc ten sous per *poste** is the stated charge for each horse, and fifteen sous for the postilion; but it is an established custom to give the latter thirty sous†.

As our plan was to travel post, our first concern was to purchase a carriage and post-book; but although Cherbourg is a large and populous town, containing fourteen thousand inhabitants, yet we could not meet with either the one or the other, and therefore resolved to go in the diligence as far as Valognes, a distance of fifteen miles‡.

A French diligence is a thing of no great promise, unwieldy in size, with a cabriolet attached to it before, where three people may sit as commodiously as in a gig; and the luggage thrown together behind into an enormous heap, and thatched with straw: it has the appearance of a barn set upon wheels, with a cow-shed in the front

* A *poste* is two French leagues, six French miles.

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.
† 1 Sou is 5 centiemes . . .	1 halfpenny.
1 Franc is 20 sous . . .	10 pence.
1 Napoleon is 20 francs . . .	16 shillings and 8 pence.

‡ The distances throughout the journey are computed from the post-book, allowing six miles for every French *poste*; which however appeared to us short. A French *poste* would not probably measure more than five English miles.

and a hay-stack in the rear. It is, however, safe, easy, and tolerably expeditious, which are the material things; "the rest is all but leather or prunella."

The diligence from Cherbourg to Caen sets off every morning at ten o'clock; and on Friday, August 16, we took our places to Valognes. On our arrival there, we desired our luggage might be conveyed to the inn, which was at some distance from the part of the town where we alighted: two women undertook the business with great alacrity, and put the trunks on a little cart; one of the damsels placed herself in the shafts, the other pushed behind, and we followed them to the Hotel du Grand Turc, where we were very courteously received, although there was nothing very stylish in the circumstances of our arrival. We staid a few days, having some friends resident in the town.

Valognes was formerly inhabited by many of the French nobility; the houses are good, and the streets wide and clean; but its situation is not pleasant, nor is the country round pretty. There are no public walks, the climate appears to be damp, and the town dull and thinly inhabited. A large church stands in the centre of the town, and on Sunday, I believe, the whole population were assembled there; for it was not only crowded within, but we saw a great number of people kneeling on the outside every time we passed that way, though the weather was cold and rainy.

Not being able to meet with a carriage to suit

us, we applied to a voiturier, who demanded a hundred and sixty francs to take us to Caen. We offered him sixty; and, after some demurs, he acquiesced, and promised that we should have a superb cabriolet and *three* horses; but in the morning it came to the door of the hotel drawn by *two* only. On our remonstrating, he assured us that he had but two, otherwise he would have given us three, according to the agreement: however, two were the same thing, *c'est égal*, two were as good as three. So, argument being vain, and the weather inviting, we got into the carriage. One very large horse was in the shafts, and the other, a very small one, was fastened on the near side with traces of rope long enough to allow him to go so far on before as to carry the legs of the driver, who rode upon his back, beyond the reach of the ends of the shafts.

The postilions being now dressed something like the English, in short jackets and round hats, the French travelling equipage has lost much of its grotesque and ludicrous appearance. When we visited the continent some years ago, we landed at Havre, and purchased there a large coach, which had once belonged to a Danish ambassador, and retaining a remnant of its diplomatic grandeur, displayed on the white ground of its pannels some golden ornaments, which contrasted comically with the rope harness and unkemped state of the horses: we were drawn by six, with manes and tails "that swept the morning dew." Our postilions had hats upon their heads with low crowns

and ample brims flapping on their shoulders; their legs were in jack boots, hanging to their saddles like two buckets. They flourished their long whips with such a loud cracking noise, that the air rung with the sound, whilst the horses squealed and neighed in concert. Off we went full tilt, every horse adopting the pace he liked best: one ambling, another trotting, and a third galloping; the rate was fixed by the postilion, the rest was left to the discretion of the horse. I laughed for half an hour at the *tout ensemble* of the thing.

The distance from Valognes to Caen is about sixty miles the nearest way, which lies through Isigny; but there is a little inlet of the sea, which can be crossed only when the tide is out, and the diligences go the other road, by St. Lo. But we preferred that by Isigny, and set out on Monday, the 19th. The morning was beautiful, and we enjoyed the sunshine exceedingly after the cold wet weather we had so long experienced.

The country round Valognes is chiefly inclosed with high ditch banks and ragged hedges; a considerable proportion is pasturage. The sheep are tied together in couples, and the cows are tethered. The women milk into large brass jugs, capable of containing three or four gallons each, which are carried slung over one shoulder; and being kept very bright, make a conspicuous figure in the sunshine. The clover appeared to be very luxuriant: a small quantity is cut at a time, and brought to market for immediate use. We saw hay lying on the ground nearly spoiled by the continual rain;

and though it was so late in the season as the 19th of August, much of the grass remained unmowed.

We reached Carentan about noon, but did not go into the town, the road winding round it. The arm of the sea which we were to cross lies between this place and Isigny : a causeway is raised in the deepest part, but the horses were above their knees in mud before we came to it.

The meadows on the borders of this frith were beautifully verdant, and filled with cattle. As we proceeded, the pastures and hedges began to disappear, the land near Bayeux being chiefly arable, and open, covered with a great variety of crops, wheat, hemp, buck-wheat in blossom, and oats. In a few patches, which had lately been cleared from flax, the people were turning up the ground again with ploughs with two large wheels, and drawn by three horses abreast.

Bayeux is a considerable town, with a very handsome cathedral, which was saved from injury during the revolution, by being filled with corn, and used as a public granary. We walked to see it at six o'clock in the morning, and at that early hour it was half filled with people at their devotions.

The streets are lined with handsome shops, which look gay, and there is something cheerful in the general appearance of the place. We slept at the Hotel du Luxembourg.

At Bayeux is preserved the famous tapestry worked by Maud, the wife of William the Conqueror, in which the principal events of his life

are represented. This curious and very valuable relic, which was formerly kept with great care in the cathedral, is now deposited in the Hotel de Ville*, and may be viewed by application to the mayor; a circumstance of which we were ignorant till afterwards, so missed the opportunity of seeing this rare piece of *workmanship*, so often referred to as an authentic document illustrative of the history of the times†.

The country from this place to Caen is all in tillage, and in a high state of cultivation; no inclosures, but immense tracts of wheat dotted over with apple trees, which are planted at a considerable distance from each other, and grow to so large a size, that they look like forest trees.

The peasantry in this part of Normandy exhibit no marks of poverty or discontent; they seem to be well fed, and well clothed, and are exceedingly civil. The women, especially, have a very obliging intelligent manner; they are well looking, and the peculiarity of their dress is of advantage to their appearance: their caps of stiff muslin, as white as snow, are more than half a yard high, with lappets across the top, waving to the wind; a bodice of woollen cloth of one colour, and a petticoat of another, wooden shoes, and light blue stockings with scarlet clocks. They never wear hats or bonnets, but pin a sheet of writing paper over their foreheads, to screen them from the sun in very hot weather.

* The guildhall.

† A minute description is given of this tapestry in Turner's History of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. iii. p. 343.

The children, as soon as they can walk, are dressed like their fathers and mothers, and have the appearance of little old men and women ; particularly the girls, in their high caps and woollen petticoats. They are early taught to take care one of another, which is absolutely necessary, both their parents being generally absent, occupied in the labours of the field. We frequently saw a group of these little urchins by the road side, who were just able to run about, and a boy or a girl of seven or eight years old to watch them.

We reached Caen by eleven o'clock in the morning, and dismissed our voiturier, very well satisfied with his sixty francs, and the addition of six francs to drink. He proved a very civil good-humoured fellow, and amused us, as well as himself, by talking all the way to his horses, calling them his little cows when he was pleased, and his great pigs when angry.

The French peasantry and their cattle are always on very familiar terms, being bred up pretty much together. The horses are used for work suitable to their strength from their birth ; and being thus early habituated to obey, they do not require any severe discipline in breaking in. They are left very much at liberty with regard to their appearance and carriage, and may hold their heads in what position they please ; in consequence, they seldom stumble, and being accustomed to a variety of objects, and not confined in a close stable, they scarcely ever start. They do not, however, cut a very dashing figure as hackneys ;

and a French rider appears to understand as well as any of Geoffrey Gambado's men, "how to make the least of a horse."

Caen, formerly the capital of Lower Normandy, is a very large old town, situated in an extensive plain, at the junction of the little river Odin with the Orne, which empties itself into the English Channel a few leagues below, and has been made navigable to the town for vessels of small burden, which are towed along by horses.

The cathedral is very large and handsome. William the Conqueror was buried in the choir; but no monument of him is to be seen, except a flat marble tombstone, which has lately been placed there, with his name engraved upon it. Several other fine old churches still remain, and many have been destroyed.

The public walks are exceedingly pleasant, between rows of handsome elms, on the banks of the river, in a beautiful green meadow.

The market is plentifully supplied with provisions, excellent fish, vegetables, and fruit; flowers, too, are exposed for sale, which always embellish a market, as well as every other place where they are found. The inhabitants of Caen appear to be fond of flowers, for pots of carnations were placed in almost every window in the town, and it is hardly possible to imagine what an agreeable effect they produced. The windows are large, and opening inward like folding doors, leave no glass visible on the outside; and most of them being open in every story, and the houses very

high, these great square gaps in the walls, for such they seem to the eye of a stranger, would have had a very desolate comfortless appearance, but for the beautiful carnations that half filled them. The gardeners boasted of the perfection of their ranunculuses and anemonies, but they were out of bloom, and I saw no flowers, except the carnations, that possessed any great merit.

Our apartments at the Hotel de la Place Royale consisted of one handsome well-furnished bedroom, and two small ones; for which we paid six francs a day. Dinner was served at four francs each person. The windows of our chamber looked into the square; and I was awaked every morning at four o'clock by a concourse of labourers of both sexes, assembling there to be hired for harvest work. Many of them waited till the eleventh hour, for the weather was not propitious for their employ, being cold and rainy. The scythes they use are very light, with a little cradle attached, to catch the hay or corn as they mow; and their pitchforks are only forked sticks.

A very extensive manufactory of lace, both of silk and thread, is carried on at Caen. The women sit at work in the streets in groups, of five or six together, with their little pillows on their knees.

The shops, for every sort of merchandise, are reckoned good, and are mostly open to the street, which gives the appearance of a fair. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 30,000.

We purchased a post book, but were disappointed in our expectations of meeting with a carriage to

suit us, and were therefore under the necessity of engaging a voiturier to Alençon, seventy-three miles.

We left Caen on the twenty-second of August. The preceding night was frosty, and the morning very cold. We reached Falaise at noon, where we had determined to spend a few hours, to give us an opportunity of seeing the humours of the fair at Guibray, a suburb belonging to the town. This fair lasts a fortnight, and is one of the most noted in France, being next in consequence to that held at Beaucaire. We expected to find a crowd, and a bustle, but we met with neither. So few people were passing and repassing in the streets, that we were obliged to inquire our way to the scene of action. When we arrived, we saw a great number of stalls for different sorts of goods; but there appeared to be no quantity of merchandise, nor any number of purchasers, in comparison with what our fairs at Chester or Bristol bring together. We observed stalls for silks, cottons, woollens, saddlery, hard-ware, toys, flower seeds and roots. I purchased six tulip bulbs for sixpence. A few booths were open for the sale of refreshments; and we treated ourselves to an exhibition of wax figures, and had the pleasure of seeing Queen Elizabeth, Lord Wellington, and Buonaparte, as large as life.

The castle at Falaise is very ancient. Our guide told us that the foundations were laid by Julius Cæsar; that William the Conqueror, whose mother was a native of Falaise, completed the building;

and that one of our countrymen, the great Talbot, was buried in it. I cannot answer for the accuracy of any of these particulars. Talbot was killed near Bourdeaux, and it is generally understood that his remains were deposited at Rouen. The walls of this noble ruin were tasselled from the top to the bottom with a profusion of the pale and delicate flowers of the cheüdar pink (*dianthus cesiuss*), which had rooted itself in every little crevice. From the ramparts we had a good view of the country, which is prettily diversified with little hills and dales, woods and glens.

We slept at Argentan, and on the twenty-third pursued our journey, through a country of wheat and apple trees, to Seez, where we stopped to breakfast, at an hotel near a very handsome church. We reached Alençon by three o'clock, and spent the remainder of the day in walking about the town. We saw a pleasant promenade between rows of trees, and a large circular building with colonnades round a court, designed for a corn-market. The church has some very fine painted windows. We went there during vespers. The people, who were just returning from their work, all entered with their scythes and rakes over their shoulders, and falling on their knees, joined in the service. There is something solemn and affecting in the sight of a multitude thus assembling, at the close of day, when their labour is finished, to offer publicly their prayers and thanksgivings to their Creator before they retire to rest. The churches in France have an advantage over ours in being

without pews, as from that circumstance they can contain a much greater number : and I am inclined to think it would be more congenial with our religious feelings, that a congregation of Christians should meet together for public worship, high and low, rich and poor, without separation or distinction. At all events, surely there ought to be a large part of every church in England open, and merely supplied with benches, that every individual of the parish, and every passer by, might enter in and find a place.

The weather had been warm and sunshiny all the morning, and in the afternoon the peasantry were busy carrying hay, which they threw off their carts loose into the street ; and the women and children tied it up into bundles before it was put into their barns.

On August the 24th we hired another voiturier to take us to Le Mans, fifty-one miles. Hitherto we had found the road very good, being made chiefly of gravel ; but between Alençon and Le Mans enormous lumps of limestone had been tumbled into the deep ruts here and there, very little to their amendment, and very much to our annoyance ; for the jolting was dreadful. The country is meagre, and the husbandry slovenly. The women are more coarsely dressed than in Normandy : they have changed their high towering caps for little mean things sticking close to the head ; whilst woollen jackets and petticoats have given place to ordinary calico gowns and aprons.

Our voiturier drove us through the town of

Beaumont, to a most abominable pigsty of an inn beyond the bridge over the river Sarte. "A walking dunghill" showed us into an upper room, where we were met by such an exhalation of villanous smells, that we escaped down stairs as fast as our legs could carry us; and whilst the horses rested, we tired ourselves with strolling round the town. Beaumont is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river; and the public walk which winds round a high mound, commands an extensive prospect of the country.

We had a very fatiguing day's journey, and were very glad to get to Le Mans. We alighted in a large open square, called the Haymarket, at the Hotel du Croissant. This was the principal town of the province of Maine, and is now the chief place of the departement de la Sarte. The cathedral is very ancient, and its painted windows are much admired; but they are greatly damaged, and the building has remained in a dilapidated state ever since the Revolution: one of the ailes only having been used for divine service, the rest is now undergoing repairs; but its long neglect and present condition indicate pretty plainly that the inhabitants are less under the influence of religious feelings and habits than their neighbours in Normandy.

The people were very busy under our windows, on Saturday, loading their waggons, which is a matter that demands some skill. The waggons are very long, and have only two wheels: the goods are placed in such a manner as to balance behind and before, so that, when the road is level, there

may be no pressure on the back of the shaft horse. The naves of the wheels stick out at least a yard from the side of the carts, and require a great deal of elbow room in passing on the road. The waggon horses are usually kept in very good condition, are covered with nets, and have on their shoulders a sheep-skin died blue.

Sunday was the feast of St. Louis, and the colours of a regiment were to be consecrated. A procession of the magistrates of the town, the military, and the clergy, (the number of the latter but small, not exceeding three or four) advanced from the cathedral to a large square, which is surrounded by a terrace, planted with rows of trees. A small altar was placed in the centre of the square, where the cavalcade halted, and where a number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The soldiers filling the rest of the square, and the spectators occupying the terraces, the whole ground was covered with people. The ceremony performed by one of the clergy was very short : he then gave the colours to the officer, who presented them to the regiment ; after which, the soldiers paraded, and filed off. A dinner was given them at the prefecture, and at night the town was illuminated, and the square lighted up with lamps fastened on boards which were nailed from tree to tree. The people were dancing and walking till very late, but no riot, confusion, or disorder ensued ; and yet most of the inhabitants were out of doors, and their number exceeds 18,000.

We left Le Mans on the 26th of August, at one o'clock, and slept at Chateau du Loir, a small town

on the river Loir, which joining the Sarthe near Angers, runs into the Loire. We passed through a long street, in which are some very good houses with walled gardens, and several public hotels: Le Faisan, where we stopped, must, I imagine, be the worst; for we found it wretched, the people imposing, dirty, and impertinent, and a regiment of voracious bugs in the beds. We set off early on the 27th, and reached Tours at noon.

The distance from Le Mans to Tours is sixty miles. The road is tolerably good, but the country is not pretty. There are vineyards, and chestnut and walnut trees; but they are intermixed with willows and scrubby firs: and though the requisites for a handsome country seem to abound, it is far from being so. Through the whole two hundred and fifty-nine miles, from Cherbourg to Tours—from our last glimpse of the Channel to our first view of the Loire—excepting the scenery near Falaise, there is no touch of the sublime or beautiful in the landscape; and the eye, accustomed to be idly bent on tame and tedious prospects for such a length of way, is almost electrified by the sudden view of the broad and placid Loire, the town of Tours on its opposite bank, and the beautiful bridge of fifteen arches in a line with the principal street; that street prolonged, as it were, by the road continuing in a straight line for two or three miles, with rows of trees on each side; so that, in descending the hill from whence the river is first seen, there is a sort of vista prospect over the bridge, through the town, and the avenue beyond, which has a singular and most striking effect.

CHAPTER II.

Tours—Palace of Plessis les Tours—The River—Charlemagne's Mound—Appearance of the Country on the Banks of the Loire—The Weather—The Fruit—School Exhibition—Servants—Assizes—Crimes—Witnesses—A Trial in England.

THE situation of Tours is low, but the town appears to great advantage from the entrance over the bridge into the Rue Royale, which is one of the finest streets in France. The houses are built of white stone, and are large, handsome, and uniform. It is paved with flat stones, and a broad space left on each side for people to walk upon, which is not a common case; for in most places pedestrians are obliged to keep in the middle of the street, as the edges are subject to receive a variety of articles from the windows above, and are, besides, full of lumber, of mechanics at work, or of children at play.

The streets in the old part of the town are narrow, and the houses high. No magnificent public edifices appear, to impress the mind with an image of ancient grandeur, and yet Tours was the favourite place of residence of several of the kings of France; and the palace of Plessis les Tours, standing in a low situation, at the distance of a quarter of mile from the town, still remains. But far from filling the imagination with ideas of the pomp and circumstance of courts, this house, built with brick, and with small windows, is so very

mean and homely in appearance, that one finds some difficulty in believing that it ever could have been the abode of royalty. Louis XI., of wicked memory, spent much of his time in it. During his last illness, the walls were defended with iron spikes, and only one wicket left in the court, to admit those who came to the palace. This single entrance still remains, but the spikes are gone. Louis XI. died in 1481, and gave a proof of his penetration and soundness of judgment, by the choice he made of a regent; he appointed his eldest daughter, Anne, lady of Beaujeu, to that office, under the title of governess. She was a woman of high endowments; and though young, being then only in her twenty-second year, well qualified to discharge the important trust. She governed France, during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII., with a steadiness, vigour, and wisdom, that would have done credit to the ablest of its kings.

In the palace of Plessis Henry III. held his court, when negotiating a treaty with the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. The two kings met in the pleasure grounds on the opposite side of the river, about two miles below the bridge, on a knoll shaded with trees, and there the treaty was signed. This favoured knoll is an object of beauty to the surrounding country, and its summit commands a lovely prospect. To the west the eye traces the course of the Loire as far as the sight can reach; to the east it rests on a more bounded scene, terminated by the bridge, the town, and

the beautiful towers of the cathedral. There are few more elegant specimens of gothic architecture than the cathedral; and it escaped uninjured from the devastations of the revolutionists, whilst the church of St. Martin fell by their destructive hands. St. Martin was the tutelar saint of Tours, and much honoured throughout the kingdom: his church was the largest in France; and his shrine was enriched with the offerings of kings and nobles. Louis XI. enclosed it with a railing of silver, which Francis I. contrived, by some means or other, to appropriate to his own use; substituting, in its stead, one of baser metal. Of the body of this church not one stone is now left upon another: two of its towers remain; and the distance between them marks the great extent of space the building occupied.

Tours, according to popular tradition, was so named from the great number of towers on the ramparts: the only one remaining stands near the quay, and is that where the young Duc de Guise was confined when his father and uncle were assassinated by the command of Henry III., and from which he made his escape after three years imprisonment.

An old history of Tours mentions, that the town was originally built with twelve gates, in imitation of Jerusalem, as described by St. John in the book of Revelation. In more recent times one of its entrances was called the Gate of Hugo; and the Calvinists, from always passing through it to their private meetings, which were held in that quar-

ter, obtained the name of Hugonots in the year 1560*.

The province of Touraine is highly extolled, and is called by the French themselves the garden of France. Its principal feature of beauty is the Loire : this great river, which rises in the mountains of the Cevennes, after flowing through the Bourbonnois and the Nivernois, to Orleans, pursues its course to Angers, in a narrow flat valley, bounded on each side by a ridge of low hills, and varying in width from two to five miles, the river approaching sometimes to one ridge and sometimes to the other, as it sweeps along. Formerly, in rainy seasons, its waters spread over the whole of the intervening space ; and near Angers, where the valley widens to a considerable extent, the overflowing of the Loire occasioned great damage to the country, making it a perfect swamp. In the year 809, Louis le Debonnaire, son of Charle-

* *Le Nom de Huguenots.*—L'origine en est incertaine : il y en a qui disent qu'il prit naissance à Tours, et ils le tirent du nom de Hugon, parce que ces novateurs faisoient leur assemblées nocturnes à la porte Hugon ; ou parce qu'ils ne sortoient que durant les ténèbres, comme un certain lutin, ou esprit nocturne, qu'ils nomment en cette ville le Roi Hugon, et lequel, selon les contes du peuple, y rode la nuit par les rues. Pour eux ils le tenoient à gloire comme s'il leur été donné pour avoir conservé la couronne à la race de HUGUES Capet. Je crois avoir quelques preuves qu'il est venu d'un mot Suisse (Eidgenossen, Eidgnos), qui signifie *Ligue*, mais qui a été corrompu par ceux de Genève, et que de-là il a été apporté en France par les religionnaires mêmes, qui voyoient qu'on les appelloit ainsi en ce pays-là.—*Abregé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France, par le Sieur de Mezeray*, p. 236, vol. iii. quarto ed.

magne, passing through Angers, the inhabitants represented to him the mischief they suffered from these frequent inundations; and he formed the plan of raising a great dam on the north bank of the river, to keep it within bounds, directed his son Pepin, king of Aquitaine, to send a skilful engineer to overlook the work, and encouraged the inhabitants in the undertaking, by granting them great privileges. It does not, however, appear to have been proceeded in so far as to answer entirely the end proposed, till Henry II., King of England, Comte d'Anjou, undertook its completion. He obliged his troops to labour with the inhabitants, allowed them exemptions from military duties, and other immunities, to stimulate their exertions, and at length finished this great work. In the reign of Philip of Valois the mound was repaired, paved on the top, and formed into a public road, and such it continues to be to this day: it is called Charlemagne's Causeway, though the credit of first projecting it belongs properly to his son Louis *.

The valley is cultivated through its whole length like a garden; rich meadows are interspersed with fields of wheat, French beans, and other products, and intersected with rows of willows. The ridges on each side are covered with vineyards, villages, towns, and single houses; so that the number of habitations which have the general appearance of comfort and prosperity creates a degree of astonish-

* Recherches Historiques, P. Bodin.

ment in the mind of the traveller. No alteration has taken place in the face of the country since the year 1802, when we descended the Loire in a boat from Orleans to Nantes ; and I conclude it was, if possible, in a still more flourishing state in the year 1777, from the account given by the Emperor of Germany, Joseph II. (brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette), who made a tour through France incognito, taking the title of Count of Falkeinsteren. He said, on his return to Paris, that nothing in his whole journey had struck him so much as the causeway on the bank of the Loire, and the number of towns, churches, villages, religious establishments, noble mansions, and farm houses, which extended on the north border of the Loire, from Tours to Angers, and formed almost a street of nearly ninety miles in length.

Tours is built in a flat valley on the south border of the Loire, and is secured from its incursions by a mound ; but the country behind the town is subject to be flooded by the river Cher, which runs for a considerable way almost parallel with the Loire, at the distance of nearly two miles, and afterwards joins it.

We spent three weeks at Tours, with some friends who had a house in the Rue Royale, and passed our time very pleasantly, though the weather was very disagreeable. It rained every day for the first week : and was so cold on the 30th of August, that we had a large fire in the drawing-room ; afterwards it cleared up, and became extremely hot.

This garden of France abounds with fruit of all kinds. The season was unfavourable; but the *green gage plums*, for which it is famous, were delicious; the peaches, though very large and beautiful to the eye, were wanting in flavour; and the apricots had failed. Walnuts, gathered half ripe, and cut in two, were carried about the streets for sale, in buckets of salt and water, and we found them very insipid. French beans are cultivated in this valley as an article of commerce, to the amount (as I have been credibly informed) of thirty thousand pounds sterling per annum.

On the 11th of September the prizes for merit were distributed amongst the school-boys of the college, in a small church, which was fitted up for the occasion, hung round with tapestry, and ornamented with boughs of laurel and white lilies. A space was railed off at the upper end, where the prefect, the mayor, and the commander-in-chief of the troops were stationed. A row of soldiers stood on each side of the aisle, and two trumpeters at the entrance of the railing. The church was completely filled with company. The productions of the boys on different subjects had been previously examined, and the prizes, which were books of trifling value, adjudged to each; and now they were to be presented. The head master stood at the entrance of the railing, and proclaimed, with a loud voice, the name and place of abode of the boy who was going to be rewarded, and the particular branch of learning in which he had ex-

celled. The boy rose from his seat; as he passed through the railing, the soldiers blew their trumpets; he advanced to the authorities of the town; the prefect kissed him on each cheek, put a wreath of laurel on his head, and presented him with the prize he had gained. The name of the next best scholar in the same line then resounded through the church, but he was only crowned and kissed: the blast of the triumphal trumpets, and the prize so coveted, were not for him. The names of between thirty and forty lads were repeated in this manner: only a few received prizes; but the rest obtained crowns and kisses, and the ceremony lasted for upwards of three hours. Such a parade about nothing grew extremely tiresome; and my attention, wandering from the business of the day, at length fixed on several old countrywomen amongst the company, dressed in their woollen jackets, and appearing to take great interest in what was going forward. I soon learnt that they were the nurses of some of the boys, who had given them tickets of admission. One of these women sat just behind us, and her nurseling, a fine lad of ten or eleven years old, close by her side, with his arm over her shoulder, whilst she was expressing her motherly fondness in smiles and whispers. A boy in England would have been ashamed to be thus caressed by his old nurse in such a public assembly. But why should we be at war for ever with all the kinder feelings of the heart? The fashion which has prevailed amongst us for some years, of entirely secluding the children of the family from the domestics, is

big with evil : it assists to draw the line of separation between masters and servants, and to form them into distinct communities, with interests diametrically opposite to each other. The cold civil superiority of manner, in which our children are early instructed, leaves no room for the display of the benevolent affections in them, and is injurious to the moral feelings of a servant who is thus placed in a degrading point of view. I cannot be persuaded, that our young gentlemen and ladies, who have never spoken to a servant but to command, are better members of society than their grandfathers and grandmothers were; and assuredly the servants are much worse, less faithful in their calling, and more depraved in their general conduct. Instead of detaching them still further, would it not be a wiser plan, as we must jog with them perforce through life together, to be more circumspect in regard to the morals and manners of those we admit into our family, and then to endeavour to identify them, in some measure, with it; and to combine, as much as possible, their interests and affections with our own? Indeed, I think the cause of religion and virtue would be more effectually promoted by the strict attention of families to the conduct and also to the instruction of their servants, than by their visiting all the charity schools in their vicinity every day, and teaching the children their A, B, C; and were a vigilant police (if I may be allowed to use the term) to be established in the halls and kitchens of the GREAT, it would do more in aid of the sup-

pression of vice than the efforts of any public society could possibly accomplish.

The assizes at Tours were held whilst we were there : not more than twenty people were tried, and those were chiefly for trifling offences. It is astonishing how few crimes are committed ; a robbery, a house broken open, or a pocket picked, is a rare event. There can be no doubt that the habits of the people are more moral in France than in England : how they have been induced is the question ; not by any superiority of education, for that has been completely neglected ; and few of them can either write or read. The more independent state of the women, and their consequent greater influence in society, may be one cause, and a less diffusion of wealth and luxury another ; a strict police assists, and their living more together in their father's family is likewise favourable to virtue. It is no uncommon thing, in any station of life, for a man to have his sons, and their wives and children residing with him, in peace and harmony. The ties of kindred are drawn closer in France than in England, and the laws respect the principle ; for they do not allow near relations to bear testimony against each other : the prohibition extends, I believe, as far as to nephews and nieces. How different is the case in England, where the evidence of children against their parents is taken, and that too in questions of life and death !

The inspired lawgiver of the Hebrews would not permit children to be instrumental, for any cause whatsoever, to the death of their father or

their mother. Doctor Jortin, in his sermon on the fifth commandment, quotes the following passage : “ If thy brother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, who is as thy own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, let us go and serve other gods, thou shalt not consent ; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou conceal him, but thou shalt surely kill him ; thy hand shall be first upon him to put him to death. But observe,” says the reverend author, “ that Moses says not, If thy father or thy mother entice thee : he seems not to allow a son to bear witness against his parents, and accuse them ; no, not even in cases of idolatry and treason !”

Filial piety has been enforced, almost to an extreme, in many civilized countries, and christians have the example of Jesus Christ himself in its favour ; and, to make that example more impressive, given from the very cross : the last earthly care of our blessed Saviour, even in the arms of death, was for his mother. The laws of every country should foster and uphold this sacred duty, and in nowise countenance or lead to its violation. In this respect, the feelings of the English people are better than their laws ; for the appearance of a child in a court of justice against a parent seldom happens in England without exciting a proper sensation : an instance of which occurred some years ago at one of the county assizes, on the trial of a woman for the murder of her illegitimate child, when her own son was brought to give evidence against her. He had lived with her from

his birth : his father dying, had left her a widow, when he was an infant hanging on her breast. He was sickly, and she had fondly nursed him, reared him, and maintained him by the labour of her hands for more than thirteen years. Some villain seduced her, and she became pregnant. This son was the only person in the cottage when she was delivered of the child : he might have heard it cry, and this proof of its being born alive would be a material circumstance against her; and to that point he was to be examined. The infant had been found dead, and her concealment of her pregnancy and of its birth raised a suspicion that she had murdered it. Her son, who had known no other friend, loved no other person, was brought into court. What were the feelings of the unhappy boy ! he neither spoke nor moved. There was a mournful pause; for no one questioned him. The expression of his face was such, that it tied every tongue, wrung every heart, filled every eye with tears. He had entered with something of composure, as if assured of the innocence of the accused. He seemed to be summoning his courage to speak; the effort failed; his colour went and came; he turned his face with a look of the most touching tenderness; and, at the sight of his mother, the tears did not trickle down his cheeks, but started suddenly from his eyes with excess of emotion : a few broken accents of piercing distress fell from his lips; the words, "Mother,—dear, dear mother," were alone articulate. The boy fainted : the whole court rose

up with an impulse of sympathy. The judge himself, though accustomed to repress the feelings of compassion in the discharge of his awful duty, melted into tears, and in a tone of deep commiseration, ordered the boy to be taken out of court. "Let us," said he, "respect filial affection, and not trample on the laws of nature, even in the pursuit of justice."—The prosecution for the capital offence was not persisted in; the woman was arraigned and punished for concealing her pregnancy. An account of the trial appeared in all the newspapers at the time; and I feel great regret in having forgotten the name of the judge whose humanity made so deep an impression on my mind.

CHAPTER III.

Journey from Tours—Chanteloup—Beet Sugar—Amboise—Bonaparte—Blois—Mary de Medicis—Beaugency—Orleans—Joan of Arc—Chateaufort—French Monuments—Children swaddled—Gien—Briare—Cosne—Numerous Beggars—Beautiful View—Charges at Inns—Nevers—Distress of the Poor—Dress of the Women—Moulins—Country Houses—Scenery on the Road—La Palisse—Roanne—Mountain of Tarare—Arrival at Lyons.

September 19. To Blois, 45 miles.

WE purchased a *chaise de poste* at Tours, which suited us very well; for having been built for a gentleman's carriage, and designed to hold four persons, it was just sufficiently large to carry three commodiously. On Thursday, the 19th of September, we set out for Blois. We proposed to visit Amboise; but the post-road not passing through that town, we hired a *voiturier*, and kept on the south side of the Loire, where, as well as on the other, an embankment prevents its overflowing the valley. For the first mile, poplars of an unusual height shade the road. The ruins of the famous monastery of Marmoutier are seen on the opposite strand, at the base of the sloping ridge, which continues all the way, varying in shape, but still teeming with villages and vineyards.

We stopped about a mile and half short of Amboise, to see Chanteloup, the noble mansion built by the Duc de Choiseul, where he sought re-

tirement when deprived of the reins of government. It was afterwards in the possession of the Penthievre family, and since the Revolution has fallen into the hands of Mons. Chaptal, who has cut down the noble woods that surrounded it, and let all the gardens and pleasure grounds fall to decay. There is no appearance of its being inhabited; the grass grows on the road leading to the house, and on the court before the door. We were admitted by a servant, who conducted us through a very handsome suite of apartments on the ground-floor, superbly fitted up with white and gold; and one of them furnished with a beautiful bed and chairs of the Gobelin manufactory. These rooms are said to be in the same state in which their noble proprietors left them, with the exception of a new bed with silk curtains, which was added for the use of the emperor, who staid there one night in making a progress through empire. The furniture of the upper part has been removed. A circular building, resembling a pagoda, stands at a short distance from the house; galleries wind round the outside to the top, from which there is an extensive view over a flat country, with almost a straight outline, and nothing to break the monotony of the landscape but occasional glimpses of the river. In one of the rooms of the pagoda, an inscription on a tablet dedicates the place to the friends who had thronged to visit the Duc de Choiseul in his retirement.

Mons. Chaptal was one of the first and most indefatigable promoters of the scheme for extract-

ing sugar from the beet-root, in sufficient quantities to supply the consumption of the empire. We saw many fields of the plant in our way from Tours, and we heard that he spoke of it as the most beneficial discovery for France that ever was made. An English acre will produce, according to his account, a quantity of sugar of the value of fifty pounds sterling, at the average price of that article in time of peace. A spirit may be obtained from the refuse by distillation; and what is not used in the process will fatten sheep.

The sugar, however, is in no estimation in the country. It is whiter, but not so sweet as that from the cane, and no one buys it wittingly: if consumed at all, it is by being imposed upon the purchaser for foreign sugar.

Having sent our carriage on before us, we walked to Amboise. The town is not large, and has nothing to attract particular attention, except the remains of its castle, which was formerly a place of great strength, and a royal palace. Charles VIII. resided here during the lifetime of his father; and after his wars in Italy, he returned and died in the palace, in consequence of an accident which conveys no very exalted idea of its grandeur and magnificence. Charles was conducting his queen, Anne of Britany, from her chamber to a gallery, to see a game of tennis played in the castle ditch; and in passing through the door into the gallery, he hit his head so violent a blow as to bring on an apoplectic fit, which occasioned his death.

Francis II. held his court in this castle, when

the Calvinists were defeated in their attempt on the town, and the principal recreation of the royal household consisted in seeing the execution of the prisoners. A platform was erected on purpose for their accommodation. The king, Catharine de Medicis his mother, and Mary Stuart (the beautiful queen of Scotland), his wife, and the ladies of the court, were present at the execution of Castelnau, and the other leaders of the conspiracy. But all the women were not dead to the feelings of humanity: Anne, duchess of Guise, ran to her chamber in an agony of horror*. To complete the dreadful scene, the bodies of the conspirators killed in the battle were hung on gibbets on the bridge, or on hooks round the walls of the castle†.

The castle is now the property of the dowager duchess of Orleans, the heiress of the Penthièvre family: a few rooms are fitted up for a private residence. Whilst we were walking on the ramparts, admiring the view over the river and the adjacent country, we were surprised by a sudden shower of rain, when a lady invited us to take shelter, and conducted us to a neat modernly furnished apartment, where her mother, a woman of great age, was sitting. She had lived all her days in the

* "In Paris, where the same passion for seeing these shocking spectacles prevailed, Leonora d'Humières, wife of William de Montmorenci, son of the Constable, having gone with other ladies of the court to see the execution of Poltrot, for the assassination of Francis Duc de Guise at the siege of Orleans, was so overcome by her emotions, that she fainted away and expired soon afterwards."—History of France, by Nath. Wraxal.

† Histoire de France, par M. Garnier.

family of the duchess of Orleans, and had filled the situation of *concièrge*, at Chanteloup. She was well inclined to give us a history of the troublous times she had seen, if we had been at leisure to listen to the tale. These ladies were just settled in their present habitation when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and they shut themselves up in the castle, and were not molested, though the inhabitants of the town were all Bonapartists.

After the battle of Waterloo, when the Prussians arrived on the opposite side of the river, the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs through the window every day, to make known their good wishes. They told us that Bonaparte had a very narrow escape from being taken prisoner in his retreat to Rochefort. He was on the bridge at Tours when the Prussians guarded the gate at one end, and the French the gate at the other*. The prefect of Tours discovered him in this perilous situation, and contrived to admit him through the French gate into the town. The circumstance was not generally known, but the prefect was removed soon afterwards, as his attachment to the emperor was no secret.

The walls of the castle join a large round tower, in which there is a winding staircase without steps, so broad that a carriage may pass along from the top to the bottom. We descended from the ramparts to the street by this staircase, and finding our carriage ready, pursued our journey.

* Temporary gates put up by the allies.

At Amboise, the Loire is divided by an island, and crossed by two bridges; one of stone, and the other of wood: but a new one of stone is building, and we paid a toll on that account. There are no turnpikes in France: whilst it was a republic, they were established, but the measure was very unpopular; and Napoleon, who wished to have the direction of every thing, let the cost be what it would, took the roads into the management of the crown again, and they are now kept up at the expense of government.

We passed through a string of villages: the houses not modern, but in good repair. The inhabitants were all at work in the fields; some pulling up weeds, some cropping the young shoots from the vines, and carrying them home for fodder, either on asses, or in three-cornered panniers on their own backs. It does not appear to me, that there is any employment belonging exclusively to either sex, unless it be mending the roads to the men, and washing the linen to the women. The trade of a blacksmith is common to both. We observed a woman in one shop go through the whole process of making a horse-shoe, and she afterwards fastened it on the horse's foot herself very expertly; putting it on red-hot, which is the usual practice in France: and it struck me as being cruel, till I perceived that the horses did not flinch when the glowing shoe was applied. One day we saw an old woman taking some horses to the water. The horse, on whose bare back she was sitting, did not choose to drink in that part of the

stream where she intended that he should, but plunged into a dirty pit. The woman jumped off his back, and catching hold of his switch tail, pulled it with such force that he found it expedient to obey, and, in direct contradiction to ancient rule, he followed the opposite extremity to his nose up the bank again, and then turned round and quenched his thirst in the place to which she dexterously steered him by the rudder.

The first appearance of Blois, with its bridge, its church, and high castle, is very striking. We drove to the Hotel de la Boule d'Or, on the Quay. The sky being very black, and the lightning vivid, we did not walk out; and in the morning the fog was so thick, that we could not take a view of the town till it was dissipated.

Blois is built on the side of a steep hill, with the church and the castle on the summit, but at some distance from each other. The church overlooks the river, and close adjoining is the bishop's palace; now the prefecture. The gardens belonging to the palace stretch into a noble terrace along the brow of the hill, forming a delightful public promenade, shaded with rows of large trees. Turning from the church and the view of the river, we arrived by some long narrow streets at the castle, which stands on the highest point of the hill, at its northern extremity, where it forms an almost perpendicular terrace, from which the castle rises, and presents a front of a most extraordinary magnitude and appearance; of immense height, and full of windows of all shapes and sizes, with stone

balconies, galleries, and buttresses, and a strange incongruous assemblage of buildings designed for ornament in peace, or defence in war; which though little, mean, and contemptible in themselves, yet altogether compose so vast a pile, that no idea but that of sublimity is presented to the mind. The castle is converted into a barrack, and in those capacious halls where erst the States General assembled to deliberate on the fate of empires, the soldiers clean their accoutrements, or play at chuck-farthing. It was so full of men thus employed, that we did not go in even to see the room where that audacious rebel, the Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal, his brother, were assassinated by order of Henry III.; nor the chamber where Catharine de Medicis breathed her last. We contented ourselves with surveying the outside of the castle. The windows are at a prodigious distance from the level ground; yet from one of these windows it was that Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry IV. made her escape, when kept a prisoner by that hard-hearted blockhead her son, Louis XIII. She got to the bottom of the wall by means of ladders tied together, and then sitting on her mantle, which her domestics suspended from above by ropes fastened to the four corners, she slid down the terrace in safety, and reached undiscovered the carriage which was in waiting to convey her to Loches. Some time afterwards, she had an interview with her son, but their amity was of short duration, and she established herself at Angers, where she was besieged by Louis; and her ad-

herents being beaten at the Pont de Ce, she was obliged to sue for a reconciliation, which was adjusted, and a meeting appointed at Brisac. The king waited for his mother on the road, and when he saw her coming, he alighted and ran to meet her. The queen being informed of his approach, descended from her litter, and her son threw himself into her arms. The scene was so touching, that all the beholders were affected even to tears *. Rubens chose this meeting for the subject of one of the pictures which he painted for Mary, to adorn her palace of the Luxembourg. The unhappy mother little thought that this same son would in her declining years deprive her of her dower, banish her from his kingdom, suffer her to live on the charity of others, and to die in want!

We had ascended the hill to the church, by several long flights of steps, which we found extremely fatiguing. We returned from the castle by some narrow winding dirty streets, to the market-place, where vegetables and fruit, peaches, plums, and alpine strawberries, were displayed in great order. Peas tied in balls, with the pods outwards; French beans, shelled, and of an uncommon variety of bright colours: they are a favourite article of food with the French, who eat not only the pods, as we do, but also the beans when ripe enough for seed, and use them all the winter.

The streets are narrow, dismal, and dirty, and the town has a very sombre appearance. Its splendour has so entirely passed away, the change is so

* *Vie de Marie de Medicis.*

total, that one is tempted to apply to it the observation said to have been made by the mayor of Chester to the late Lord Chesterfield, who complimented him on the great antiquity of the town: "Yes," replied the mayor, with a melancholy shake of the head, "yes, please your Lordship, Chester was a very ancient city formerly."

September 20. To Orleans, 42 miles.

We set out with post-horses, and leaving the banks of the river, passed through a flat country of vineyards to Beaugency, famous for a very pleasant wine of that name. Orleans appeared in sight a long time before we arrived there. We found the Hotel de la Boule d'Or so full, that we went on to Le Loiret. A heavy rain fell during the whole of the next morning; but being market-day, the streets were crowded with people in spite of the weather.

The town contains forty thousand inhabitants; it is large and handsome, with a general air of cheerfulness and prosperity. A broad street leads from the bridge to the principal square, where a new statue of Joan of Arc has lately been placed. The original statue was of copper, and was melted down during the Revolution. This, its successor, glitters like brass, but is not made of that metal. It is a very clumsy piece of work, and unworthy of the heroine it represents. But the memory of the Maid of Orleans is not cherished by her country with that fond enthusiasm which her merits, her services, and her misfortunes so justly claim.

The cathedral is a magnificent pile of building;

and though frequently the object of attack and pillage during the Revolution, it received no material injury, and will be completely restored by the repairs and improvements carried on at present with great activity.

September 22. To Gien, about 40 miles.

A delightful morning dawned upon us, after a night of continual rain. Our route to Gien lay across the country; and not being a post-road, we had recourse to a voiturier. We soon lost sight of the river, and entered a tract where, amidst commons covered with broom and fern, a few vineyards and corn-fields appeared, inclosed with hedges of low acacias, and poplars of a peculiar kind with large leaves.

We stopped to bait our horses at Chateauneuf, an old straggling town. It being Sunday, and the weather fine, the inhabitants were sitting at their doors, with their children playing round them, and the infants lying on their knees all swaddled. I took one of three months old in my arms; it felt like a well-stuffed bundle, but its face looked healthy and lively, in spite of the unnatural and unwholesome confinement of its poor little body and limbs. Perhaps in our rage for liberating our children from their bondage, we may have discarded too much; the thin loose clothing in which they are exposed to the air does not sufficiently protect them against the changes of the atmosphere, and in consequence they are perpetually catching cold. Nay, the dress of our

children who are four or five years old is better calculated to display their persons than to keep them warm. Their arms, necks, backs, and bosoms being entirely bare, like the little Loves and Graces on the stage, they are in danger of catching cold even in passing from one hot room to another. The French ladies express their surprise at the half-nakedness of the English children, who arrive in swarms with their parents to settle amongst them. If our girls, as well as boys, were clad in warmer and stronger clothing, they might be suffered to run about in the open air without fear of injury either to their health or to their frocks, and might almost live out of doors; which would probably prevent their falling victims to that sickly nervous delicacy to which English women are so prone.

In the church at Chateauneuf we were surprised to see a very handsome marble monument; for very few are left in the churches in France. The Revolutionists, annexing an idea both of religion and aristocracy to monuments, had a double incentive to destroy them: they were every where pulled down; but owing, in a great measure, to the care and exertion of individuals, the best have been saved from total demolition, and are now collected together in the *ci-devant Couvent des Petits Augustins*, in Paris.

We did not reach Gien till the dusk of the evening. Bright flashes of lightning gleamed before us, and a drenching rain poured down, as our carriage passed through a long narrow dismal street. We

drove into the court of the Hotel de la Poste up to the axletree in wet horse-litter; and alighting in the midst of the rotten straw, made our way through it with as much expedition as the case allowed, running for shelter to an old broken staircase, which luckily led to a tolerable apartment, where we were better accommodated than appearances gave us reason to expect.

We began to perceive at Gien a great change in the dialect of the people, who have not that pure and just pronunciation, for which the inhabitants on the banks of the Loire, between Saumur and Orleans, are celebrated, but speak with an accent particularly disagreeable.

Aubigny, where the Duke of Richmond has an estate, from whence he derives one of his titles, lies in this neighbourhood.

September 23. To La Charité, 42 miles.

We breakfasted at Briare, and at a very ordinary inn were charged exactly double what we had paid at Orleans. We were now got into the direct road from Paris to Lyons, and travelled with post-horses the rest of the way. The canal of Briare, which passes through the town, was begun in the reign of Henry IV. and opens a communication between the Seine and the Loire.

At Cosne, where we changed horses, we were assailed by a dozen clamorous women with knives and scissars to sell, from a manufactory of cutlery for which the place is noted, and also for its iron founderies. The natives look poor and dirty.

The road was infested with beggars, who actually fell down on their knees and kissed the ground to entreat for a sou. Though well aware that it did not spring from any sudden agony of distress, but was a trick of the trade by which they lived, yet one could not help feeling shocked at such an act of degradation.

The scenery all the way is very pretty. The road runs parallel with the Loire at the distance of a quarter or half a mile, and passing over high ground, affords a complete view of the valley, with beautiful long reaches of the river waving through it. We slept at the Hotel des Trois Maures, at La Charité, an ill-built town in a fine situation.

September 24. To Nevers, 18 miles.

From the summit of one of the hills in our road we had a beautiful panoramic view: the country all around us diversified with hill and dale, green meadows, and ploughed grounds, oats not yet cut, French beans, potatoes, and vines, noble walnut-trees, and the Loire appearing and disappearing at intervals. The postilion stopped his horses to point out this charming prospect, and lamented that the vines were not likely to produce much fruit this year. He said he could hardly remember a good vintage except that in the autumn when the comet appeared; and no large quantity of wine was made then, but the quality was excellent. But alas! the Cossacks had drunk the greatest part. They always asked for "le vin de la comete," and the inhabitants with much difficulty had kept a

little out of their clutches by concealing it. The Cossacks, of course, are not very popular in France, but the Prussians are still less so. They are more heartily hated than any of the rest of the allies.

The charges at the inns had been very moderate in the first part of our journey; but after we left Orleans we met with such exorbitant demands, that we found it expedient on our arrival at an hotel to make an agreement for dinners, including the *vin du pays*, our beds, and breakfasts of coffee. At Nevers, at the Hotel de l'Image, we were asked twenty francs (16*s.* 8*d.*) for the whole, which we thought fair, and we had a bottle of Burgundy extra for three francs (2*s.* 6*d.*)

Nevers is a large ill-built town, the streets narrow, the people dirty, and the children ragged. The cathedral, which is by no means handsome, has been much damaged, and is not yet well refitted. We walked to a bookseller's shop to purchase an itinerary, and were detained half an hour by a shower of rain. The bookseller told us that the inhabitants were half starved; that before the harvest they had been driven by hard necessity to eat the very grass; there was no trade, and the manufacturers were discontented; that, although Louis XVIII. was the best of human beings, yet such a man as Bonaparte was wanted to govern France, and keep peace with foreign powers. We observed, that keeping peace with foreign powers was what the emperor had never practised. "Because the English prevented him," was the answer. "Did they send him to Spain or Moscow?" "*Oui*,

vraiment ; most assuredly they did." We could not convince the bookseller that Napoleon was at St. Helena. He did not believe it, nor any Frenchman with whom we have conversed on the subject. They are also unanimously of opinion that his return from Elba was contrived by the English, who thought the terms of peace were too favourable to France, and could find no better means of embroiling the world than letting loose the emperor again.

We were told that no English resided at Nevers, except two ladies, who taught the language in a seminary for girls ; but so many had passed through the town, that people were persuaded that England must be agitated by some great commotion, to occasion such an emigration. It was perhaps the same idea that prompted a respectable looking man at Le Mans to inquire of us, whether a civil war did not rage in England, for he understood the negroes there had taken up arms, and were in open rebellion. We assured him, with great gravity, that all the negroes in England were perfectly quiet, and that we did not apprehend the slightest disturbance from them.

A new bridge is begun over the Loire at Nevers. A number of boats, laden with coal, were lying at the quay. The river is navigable much higher up, except in great drought, when the passage is impeded by sandbanks. Even now, though the constant rain has kept it pretty full of water, the sandbanks appear, and are so free from mud, that one might fancy the tide of the sea had just washed them.

September 25. To Moulins $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

On leaving Nevers we quitted the borders of the Loire, and kept in view the Allier, a river that rises in the mountains of the Cevennes, and empties itself into the Loire near Nevers. In the meadows through which it winds, abundance of cattle were grazing, not resembling the cows of Normandy, which are generally fawn-coloured, with short horns meeting over their eyes; these were of several different colours, and their horns longer and not so uniformly bent. The country is well wooded with elms, poplars, and walnut trees, and is enclosed with hedges. The ploughs here have no wheels; they are drawn by two oxen abreast, and the oxen are guided by the man who holds the plough. Afterwards a sort of harrow without teeth is drawn over the ground, which is again ploughed into ridges a foot wide on the top, where the grain is sowed. The oxen are fastened round the base of the horns to a bar that crosses the forehead, and a long fringe of packthread hangs down to their noses. Their feet are defended with shoes; but probably they make some resistance to the operation of shoeing; for the blacksmiths have a sort of railed pound in the streets, just large enough to admit an ox, where he is kept close prisoner whilst he is shod. When the plough does not pass close to the edge of the field, the people dig it with a spade. Manure was lying in heaps on the land that had been ploughed once, and the women and children were spreading it abroad with their hands.

The women in this part of the Bourbonnois wear hats made of straw, lined with pink silk, and turned up behind like a wren's tail. They set them on their heads with a very pretty fantastical air; and stand by the road-side tending their cattle, and spinning their hemp, with a distaff and spindle, in the true shepherdess style.

To-day we met many small public conveyances, called pataches, which are covered on the top and the sides. The passengers sit back to back, three in front and as many behind, and baskets below support their feet.

We reached Moulins by four o'clock; and the mistress of the Hotel d'Allier demanded eighteen francs for our accommodation. The town is not very handsomely built, but seems busy and cheerful, and the inhabitants not so deeply sunk in poverty as at Nevers. The better sort of young women who attend in the shops dress their heads very neatly, with a high knot of hair on the top, and a large rose of black ribbon in front. In most other towns the girls of that rank wear high turbans of cotton cross-barred handkerchiefs, and no hair in sight, but one small curl on each temple.

Moulins, heretofore the capital of the Bourbonnois, and now the chief town of the Département de l'Allier, is situated on the banks of that river, over which there is a bridge of thirteen arches. Most of the bridges in France have sharp buttresses on the side that meets the current, and round ones on the other; so that in looking up

the stream the bridges appear much handsomer than in looking down it.

Our hotel faced the fruit market; and in the morning we saw abundance of apples, pears, peaches, and melons, and hampers of sloes and very small pears, of which, when mixed together, a fermented liquor is made, called *boisson* (drink.) It is amusing to hear the people haggle about the price of trifles. In the market at Tours a man had a basket of these small pears to sell, for which he asked twenty sous (ten pence.) A woman, putting eighteen into his hand, ran off with the pears. The man would not take the money, but pursued her, and catching hold of the basket, it was turned upside down in the struggle, and the pears rolled out. The moment the accident had happened, the woman paid the man the two additional sous, and they both set to work to pick up the pears again, in which they were assisted by the bystanders, who did not try to mend the joke by throwing the pears about the streets, which might possibly have been the case in England.

September 26. To La Palisse $40\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Near Moulins the scenery is pretty, but tame. As we proceeded, the blue heads of the mountains of Auvergne became visible on our right hand; and when we had passed Varennes, the whole country assumed the appearance of a large park, being sprinkled over with beautiful single trees, elms and walnuts, grown to an unusual size. We observed to the left a very superb mansion, and learnt that it was now used for an almshouse.

Throughout France the gentlemen's seats are all either empty, and to be sold or let, or else they are converted from their original destination into barracks, prisons, manufactories, or dwellings for paupers. The only country houses that are kept up are in the vicinity of large towns, answering the description of those formerly called in England country-boxes. The proprietors live in the town the greatest part of the year, and resort to them on Sundays, and during the sultry weather of autumn; retaining them in their own hands, not only for pleasure, but for profit, there being generally some land attached to them, either for corn or vines, and they take care to be at hand to overlook the harvest and vintage.

As we passed through the small town of St. Gerund le Puy, we remarked that the streets were filled with idle men, lounging away their time playing at bowls or ninepins. Ever since we left Gien we have made the same observation in most of the villages, which seem to swarm with people who have nothing to do, and who are churlish and surly in their manners. In Normandy the peasants are civil to each other in an eminent degree. The man employed in breaking the stones to mend the road makes a profound bow to the woman who is leading her cow with a string, and hopes that she is in perfect health; and in the towns the tinker and the shoeblick will stand with their hats off for a quarter of an hour to interchange the compliments of the morning. But in this part of the country they do not seem to be civil and obliging, either to each other or to strangers.

At La Palisse we drove to the Hotel de la Poste; where the people had the conscience to ask forty francs for our entertainment; but on seeing by the bill, which we happened to have kept, that we had paid only eighteen at Moulins, they agreed to the same terms. The house was repairing, and we had very indifferent apartments. The premises were crammed with children, dogs, cats, pigs, and poultry, who lived together on very easy terms, and were, like the people themselves, free and saucy. We were glad to quit this receptacle for filth and travellers, after having taken a view of the surrounding landscape from a very handsome chateau, now the sub-prefecture.

September 27. To Roanne $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

We travelled on a very rough road, through a very hilly country, meeting numerous flocks of small sheep, more than half of them black, and droves of pigs, with dogs to guard them, and this they do most vigilantly. If one happens to start aside from the rest, two dogs immediately pursue him, and bring him back between them, holding him fast by each ear. The peasants are fond of their pigs; and I have seen them washing an old sow with a bucket and a cloth.

We entered Roanne in a heavy rain, and went to the Hotel de la Vieille Poste, kept by one Flandres, whose demands were so exorbitant, that we threatened to pursue our journey, and he agreed to take twenty-four francs. We had been told, at La Palisse, that his was the only hotel in the town, which was not true, for we found, on inquiry, that

another had been opened some time, and that this Flandres had been dismissed from his place of postmaster* on account of his disaffection to the present government; but the postilions on the road continued to recommend his hotel; a circumstance that rendered their political bias pretty evident.

At Roanne we were again on the banks of the Loire; and Flandres' Hotel is close by the river side. We had a scanty dinner, and negligent attendance; and took our leave early in the morning.

September 28. To Lyons $61\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

We crossed the Loire by a wooden bridge; but one of stone is begun, which promises to be handsome. We soon got amongst the mountains. The whole length of the way the scenery resembles that of the Western Highlands of Scotland; the glens are not so narrow, nor the hills so abrupt, but they are tumbled around in a thousand forms; some wild and barren, but others, indeed the major part, are cultivated to their very summits. We noticed oats of a kind which I had not seen in France before; the grain hanging from the stem on one side, like the flowers of the lily of the valley; large fields of potatoes and other produce; clumps of coppice wood; and villages in every dell. I was sorry to see cows employed in ploughing the land. They contribute so largely to the benefit of mankind, by their supply of milk, that it seems

* *Maître de poste.* The person who is appointed by government to let post-horses. This is a very lucrative situation.

hard and insatiable to tax them to the utmost, and oblige them to add their labour also. I hope this manner of using them does not, in the long run, turn to the profit of the farmer, lest it should be adopted in England, where now they are the least vexed of all the dumb creation. But should they ever be subjected to the goad of the ploughboy, adieu to all their happiness. The French are, in general, more merciful in their usage of animals, when employed, than the English; indeed they treat all animals mildly, and, in return, the animals are fond of their masters. The cows follow them, the pigs run by their side, the lambs play round them, and the goats come and nuzzle against them. They have a very large handsome breed of goats here, the females without horns.

After toiling round the brow of one hill, and then of another, we at length gained the summit of this range of mountains, which divides that portion of France, sloping to the Mediterranean, from the rest of the kingdom; and being arrived at the village of Pain Bonchain, on the heights of Tarare, we might have had our eyes gratified with a view of the Alps themselves; but an envious thick mist enveloped us so completely that we could scarcely discover our horses' ears, and entirely concealed from us the extraordinary length of the descent we were on the point of making. When we had proceeded half way, it cleared up, and we beheld our road continuing in almost a straight direction to the bottom; occasionally zig-zag, but never cut in the side of the mountain

like a shelf, so that it appeared the more "precipitous and vast." We met the diligence, drawn by eight horses. Sometimes oxen are used to drag it up the hill when the roads are heavy.

When we had descended to the foot of this giant mountain, we found ourselves in a little charming secluded valley, where the people were mowing and haymaking a second crop, in the rich meadows that surround Tarare, a small town built in a most favoured spot on the river Tardine. The humidity of the summer, which prevented the fruit from ripening, has added to the beauty of the country, and given it the freshness and verdure of spring.

A manufactory of muslin is established at Tarare. Near the cotton mills we noticed a field of turnips. Perhaps some *patriotic* Englishman may be settled here: the cotton mill and the turnips together raised the suspicion in our minds. Arthur Young urged to the French in vain the utility of turnips for an intervening crop; we have seen only one field before this; but potatoes have found their way in a surprising manner, and are in general use; they are brought to table, plain boiled, at the inns. In the year 1802 we saw none but in Paris, and those were fried in oil. They were at that time raised nowhere but in gardens; now they are planted in the fields, and afford food to the poor, who still, however, prefer cabbage, French beans, or indeed almost any other vegetable, but use them very generally for starch.

From Arnas our view extended over an open

valley, thickly gemmed with single houses, white, and sparkling in the sunshine. The evening closed in before we reached Lyons, but the moon favoured us; and after passing through a dirty suburb, and being detained a few minutes at a gate, to deliver our passports, we suddenly found ourselves on the margin of a beautiful river, the Saône. A steep hill rose on our right hand, with rocks, and houses, and churches, peeping from amongst the trees. Close on our left the silvery stream of the river twinkled in the moonbeams. A row of houses, seven or eight stories high, extended on the opposite strand more than half a league, with lights in almost every window. The boats, the quays, the bridges,—altogether presented a scene which we contemplated with a mixture of surprise and admiration, as we pursued our way for nearly a mile before we crossed the river by a stone bridge almost opposite to the Hotel d'Europe, where we alighted.

CHAPTER IV.

Lyons—Its beautiful Situation—Buildings—Quays—Squares—Junction of the Rivers the Saône and the Rhone—Great Injuries sustained during the Revolution—Remains of Roman Architecture—Public Walks—Coaches—Carrioles—Pleasure Boats—Boat Women—L'Isle Barbe—Boat laden with Peaches—Curious Dress of some of the Women—Navigation of the Rhone—Coches d'Eau—Embarkation on the Rhone.

THE hotel de l'Europe is pleasantly situated on the Quay des Celestins; but the charges were so extravagant, that we determined not to remain longer than till we could procure other lodgings. The price demanded of us for one well furnished handsome apartment, and a small room adjoining, was fifteen francs a night; we therefore contented ourselves with beds on the third story, for which we paid eight francs, and in the morning we engaged two handsome rooms for four francs ten sous in an *hotel garni* *, at the corner of the square of Louis le Grand, or, as it is commonly called, the Bellecour †.

Lyons is a noble town, standing on a narrow strip of land between two great rivers, the Saône and the Rhone. The houses on the quays are magnificent, especially on the quay St. Clair, facing the Rhone, where they appear like a row of pa-

* Family hotel, where you may engage apartments, and have your dinners elsewhere.

† It has been conjectured that the name of Bellecour is derived from *bella curia*, its site being anciently occupied by a Roman tribunal.

laces. The Hotel de Ville, in la Place Terreaux, is esteemed the finest building of the kind in Europe, excepting that of Amsterdam.

Prior to the Revolution, no town in France could boast so handsome a square as the Bellecour. It was ornamented with two beautiful fountains, which are now filled up, and with a fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV., by Keller, from a model of Desjardins, and with two emblematical figures of the Saône and the Rhone, masterpieces of Nicholas and William Coustou, which were all pulled down. Louis was broken to pieces; but the others were preserved, and placed in the hall of the Hotel de Ville*.

The two rivers formerly united their streams immediately below the town; but the inhabitants, thinking themselves cooped in too small a space, in the pride of their riches and prosperity, conceived the design of extending their limits; for which purpose, in the year 1770, they turned the mighty Rhone out of his bed, and effected his junction with the Saône, two miles lower down.

* La statue équestre qui décoreit la plus belle place de l'Europe avoit été déjà renversée. En vain le maire avoit fait ses efforts pour conserver ce chef-d'œuvre de Keller et de Francois Desjardins; cette statue avoit été mise en pièces. Il parvint à sauver les deux figures emblématiques du Rhône et de la Saône, ouvrage superbe des frères Coustou. Les autres ornemens furent dilapidés, et l'on vendit les marbres à vil prix. . . . Les deux agréables jets d'eau, et des carrés de gazon verdoyant, qui decoroient cette magnifique place, on rasa tout; et, après ce nivellement stupide, on crût faire une chose ingénieuse et très patriotique, en appelant ce lieu dégradé "La Place de l'Egalité."—*Lyon tel qu'il étoit et tel qu'il est, par M. Guillon.*

This was a work of great labour and expense. Streets and squares were projected to be built on the land obtained ; but the Revolution came and swept away these schemes of aggrandizement,—swept the town itself with the besom of destruction. No place in France bears such strong, such fearful testimony of devastation as Lyons ; none, perhaps, suffered such severe injury in every possible way. Whole streets demolished ; the squares disfigured ; the arsenal blown up ; the public edifices all defaced ; the churches and religious houses plundered ; the trees cut down ; the statues, paintings, medals, books, all destroyed ; the citizens butchered by thousands ; their houses ransacked ; and all the riches of this wealthy city scattered to the winds. Of its prosperity “ the wreck was total *.”

* La superbe quai du Rhone étoit criblé de boulets, la façade de l'Hôpital étoit abimée, l'Hôtel de Ville étoit fort dégradé par les bombes dirigées sur cet edifice, lorsque parut ce decret incroyable, qui ordonna que Lyon seroit detruit, et qu'à la place de cette belle cité il n'y auroit plus à l'avenir que quelques misérables chaumières, et une colonne sanglante, pour attester aux générations futures que Lyon avoit existé dans cet endroit. Ce fut alors que la rapacité du pillage signala son ardeur pour les démolitions. L'infame, le hideux Couthon, en donna le signal. Ce tigre, perclus de ses jambes, se fit porter sur la place de Bellecour, dont les célèbres façades étoient condamnées à tomber les premières. Des bras que le poids d'un monstre ne sauroit épouvanter le prennent au sortir d'une voiture : ils le portent auprès de l'un de ces beaux corps de bâtimens. Sa main tien, avec des doigts crispés de rage, le fatal marteau ; sa voix fremissante fait entendre cette formule étrange, LA LOI TE FRAPPE ; et aussitôt ses vastes édifices tombent sous les coups des demolisseurs Des quelques côtés l'on se tourne se sont partout des tourbillons de poussière, qui accompagnent le fracas des murailles qui tombent, et les cris

When Bonaparte visited Lyons, he bestowed many encomiums upon it, observing that it was

victorieux de demolisseurs. En Bellecour non seulement les belles façades qui ornoient cette place, mais encore d'autres maisons, sont renversées : à droite, à gauche, dans l'intérieur de la ville, on ne voit que renversement. La place des terreaux est inondée de décombres. Le quai St. Clair ressemble à des ruines Les environs de Lyon, autrefois si vantés pour leur agrémens, ne sont presque qu'un vaste tombeau, auquel même on a tâché d'enlever les arbres consolateurs que l'eussent ombragé. Un ordre rigoureux a fait abattre les allées verdoyantes, et toutes les plantations de luxe. Ou pouvons-nous aller que nous ne trouvions le sol empreint de sang? O ! toi plaine des Broteux, qui jadis, fut si souvent le théâtre de la joie publique, on t'a donc transformée en un théâtre de carnage et d'horreur!! Nos amis, nos parens, nos concitoyens, y ont été foudroyés, mitraillés par centaines. Leur cadavres, criblés, mutilés, y sont enterrés; leurs nombreux ossemens sont confondus là, ou quelque tems avant, dans des fédérations solennelles ils s'étoient promis amitié et fraternité avec des hommes devenus leur bourreaux Depuis long-tems elle avoit fait augurer ce qu'elle pouvoit devenir lorsque à l'aurore de la révolution les brigands, parcourant les maisons designées à leur fureur, décapitoient, à coups de sabre, les insensibles portraits de famille; manifestant, d'un seul coup, leur terrible dessein de fair perir les arts et les hommes La litterature comme les arts éprouvent les fureurs de ces nouveaux Vandales : leur funeste irruption pénètre jusques dans les bibliothèques, et dans les cabinets des savans, dans celui de la ville, ils enlèvent tout. Huit cents médailles en or sont pillées : elles ont disparu dans les creusets d'un brigandage avide d'or, d'argent, et de bronze Les administrations avoient fait déposer dans les salles d'un ancien couvent les bibliothèques des communautés détruites et celles des particuliers sequestrés, les Vandales entrent dans ce dépôt. C'étoit alors que leur rage dirigée contre la religion, détruisoit tout ce qui en rappeloit l'idée. Leur furibonde ignorance ne voit que livres d'église dans les *in-folio* des bibliothèques, qu'ils parcourent. Ils sabrent, dans tous les sens, des volumes de l'Encyclopédie, les antiquités d'Herculanum, et tous les grands ouvrages. Ils les

admirably situated to be the metropolis of the united realms of France and Italy. He encour-

mettent en pièces, et de ces pièces ils s'en font un auto da fé, autours duquel ils se rejouissent de ce qu'ils appellent une victoire sur le fanatisme Dans le même temps, cette fureur de détruire et le culte et les arts, foudroyoit impétueusement sur les temples les plus décorés en tableaux et en statues Hélas ! les barbares du huitième siècle ont tout détruit—LYON N'EST PLUS ! La menace s'est presque entièrement effectuée. Non ! Lyon n'est plus ce dépôt des arts, ce musée des sciences, on n'y voit couler avec autant d'abondance,

“ Les ondes du Pactole et les eaux du Permesse.”

VOLTAIRE.

Lyon tel qu'il étoit et tel qu'il est, par M. Guillon.

M. Guillon gives a narrative of the siege of Lyons, from which I extract the following passages, trusting that they will not be unacceptable to the reader :

“ La faction des Jacobins ouvrit sur Lyon toute la boîte de Pandore : surtout depuis le 10 Août 1792, et l'époque de la reformation de sa municipalité en 1793, fut celle de leurs plus grandes fureurs. Leur agent dans cette ville étoit Chalier, cet émule de Marat, qui rassemblant alors, dans un repaire appelé *club central*, tous les brigands du pays, leur fit jurer de ne pas séparer avant d'avoir immolé neuf cents citoyens. Ce complot fut déjoué ; et les *clubistes*, pour s'en consoler, portèrent à la mairie, le nommé Bertrand, qu'ils qualifièrent de maire *sansculotte*. Leur audace et leur vexations allèrent toujours en croissant, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin les Lyonnais excédés s'insurgèrent contre eux, cannonèrent leur municipalité jacobite jusque dans l'Hôtel de Ville, ou elle s'étoit retranchée, et virent à bout de lui arracher le sceptre de l'autorité.

“ Cette victoire remportée dans la nuit du 29 ou 30 Mai couta le sacrifice de plus de trois cents braves Lyonnais ; néanmoins, elle causa des transports universaux.

“ Le jour en paroissant vit tout le monde s'embrasser sur les places publiques sans même se connoître. Tous se felicitoient

raged the re-building of the façades of the Belle-cour, and laid the first stone himself. He em-

d'un évènement qui paroissoit devoir leur assurer une longue tranquillité. Mais la Convention, que subjuguoit dès-lors celui qui fit plier, pendant quatorze mois, la France sous sa tyrannie sanguinaire—la Convention ne voulut pas laisser à la ville de Lyon la paix achetée par le courage et la vertu. Elle s'arma contre les Lyonnais, eux-mêmes furent forcés de s'armer contre elle, quoiqu'ils fissent pour n'être pas entraînés à lutter contre ses forces imposantes. En vain acceptèrent-ils cette monstrueuse constitution de 1793, que d'abord ils avoient rejetée; en vain revinrent-ils à reconnoître cette convention, qu'ils avoient reniée comme incomplète. Il fallut se mettre en état de defense, et soutenir un siège dans une ville sans fortifications, située sur deux montagnes, et séparée par deux rivières, avec le seul secours d'une foible artillerie et d'une garde nationale peu nombreuse et peu aguerrie.

“ Il decerne le commandement aux talens militaires d'un ancien officier nommé Précý. La jeunesse court aux armes; des rédoutes sont bientôt élevées de nouveaux, canons sont fondus. On en avoit déjà plus de quarante pièces, et l'armée agissante étoit de 800 hommes, lorsque Kellermann et Dubois Crancé, généraux de la Convention, vinrent avec leur troupes s'établir sous le murs de Lyon.

“ La resolution de se bien défendre inspira une telle assurance, que se croyant à l'abri de toute malveillance protectrice du crime, on n'hésita point à le punir en la personne du monstre Chaliér, à qui l'on fit juridiquement expier ses forfaits sous le tranchant d'une guillotine que les Jacobins de Paris lui avoient envoyée pour les honnêtes gens de Lyon six mois auparavant, et dont le Providence vouloit que l'essai lui fut réservé. Un, nommé Riard, non moins scélérét, subit le même supplice.

“ Les hostilités commencent en même temps que les sommations se font. Lyon ne pouvoit plus espérer aucun secours, depuis cinquante jours il étoit bombardé: les bombes, boulets, obus, au nombre de quarante mille, y avoient fait autant de ravages. On y manquoit de blé, tous les légumes qu'on avoit pu, y trouver étoient consommés. On y étoit réduit à de l'avoine, que même on ne pouvoit moudre pour en faire du pain, parce-

ployed all the means he could devise to improve the state of the town, and revive its trade; but

que les moulins de la ville, placés sur le Rhone, avoient été presque tous coulés à fonds par les batteries assiegeantes. La famine, cette ennemie à laquelle une ville assiégée ne resiste jamais, fait entendre ses cris déchirans et ses hurlemens affreux, elle fait chanceler les courages : ce seroit en vain qu'on lutteroit contre l'impérieuse nécessité de se rendre. Mais, pour céder, cependant, avec une dignité analogue à la résistance qu'on a faite, on essaie de ne se rendre que par capitulation. Les sections envoient des députés en offrir une aux ennemis; et, pendant cette négociation, Précý, à qui elle ne pouvoit être favorable, appelle à lui tous ses braves, et leur propose de sortir, les armes à la main, pour échapper à la fureur du plus barbare des conquérans. Son état-major les bataillons soldés, beaucoup de jeunes gens de sa petite armée, la plupart des administrateurs, emmenant leur femmes, leur enfans, se réunissent autour de lui, et sortent, assez heureusement, par la porte de Vaize. Un épais brouillard voile un peu leur fuite aux yeux de l'ennemi.

“ Main bientôt cet ennemi apprend la fuite des défenseurs de Lyon; fort de leur foiblesse ainsi démontrée, il ne les redoute plus. Il se met à les poursuivre, parcequ'il est sur de les massacrer. Il atteint leur arrière garde dans un chemin peu propre à la défense, il la hache en partie, faite le reste prisonnier, et s'empare de la caisse militaire encore richement fournie, qu'elle protégeoit. Content de cette première victoire, satisfait de l'énorme butin qu'elle procure, l'ennemi semble laisser Précý, et l'avant-garde qu'il commande courir après le salut, à travers des hordes de paysans féroces, rassemblés par un tocsin général.

“ Il entre dans la ville tout couvert du sang, et de la dépouille des malheureux fugitifs, qui emportoient leur effects les plus précieux : et c'est là le premier spectacle qui se presente aux regards abattus de cette cité malheureuse tombant entre les mains d'un vainqueur, qu'on sait ne respirer que destruction, meurtre, et pillage.

“ Ah ! qu'on se peigne la consternation, l'effroi, le desespoir des habitans de, Lyon, de ceux sur-tout, qui, s'étant fortement pro-

the latter still continues in a languishing condition : no great capitalists are left to give it energy.

noncés contre la Convention n'ont pas eu le temps ou la facilité de sortir avec Précy.

“ Quelques-uns s'élancent encore pour se réunir à lui, ils sont égorgés ; d'autres, sur le point de tomber entre les mains des barbares, se brûlent la cervelle. Des mères retenues d'abord par leur famille ne sentent bientôt plus le lieu qui les attache à la vie, elles se précipitent dans le Rhone avec les enfans qu'elles allaitent.

“ Ceux-ci s'enterrent dans les caves, ceux-la vont se cacher sous des toits. Cependant, l'ennemi garde encore une moderation presque rassurante ; mais ce n'est que le raffinement d'une rage qui s'anime par la privation, et qui médite ses forfaits prochains.

“ Le moment d'éclater ne tarde pas. Déjà pour chercher des victimes, la plus infame des municipalités est retablie, les clubs sont réinstallés, l'atroce repaire de la société populaire, autrement dit le club-central, est rouvert, les listes de proscription se renouvellent avec bien plus d'entendue que jamais. On se jette sur les meubles, sur les propriétés des fugitifs, on s'en empare. On arrête leurs parens et leurs domestiques. On entre chez les dénoncés et les proscrits, on les arrête, on les dépouille, on se revêt de leurs habits, on les traîne en prison, on les entasse dans de lieux mal-sains et froids, où ils ne peuvent que se presser les uns contre les autres pour moins souffrir des rigueurs combinées de la saison et de leur état. On ne leur donne de nourriture que ce qu'il en faut pour les réserver au supplice. Les incarcérations de ce genre affreux sont incalculables. Le nombre de victimes sera immense. On multiplie les tribunaux pour suffire à les marquer ; on désigne une multitude de bourreaux pour suffire à les immoler. D'abord s'érige une *commission militaire*, qui fera fusiller par vingtaines ceux qui ont porté les armes pour la defense de leur cité. Ensuite, se forme une *commission populaire*, qui tous les jours dévouera la tête de cent citoyens à la dévorante guillotine. Dès le 12 Octobre, la Place de Bellecour retentit du fracas meurtrier des fusillades journalières et des secousses homicides de la sanguinaire machine. On la promène de Bellecour aux Terreaux, a ses poteaux sont barbarement attachées quelques-

The population is excessive; and the complaints of poverty and distress are loud and deep. The

unes de ces épouses sensibles, que osèrent demander la grâce de leur maris qu'on veut égorger devant elles. On voudroit qu'elles vissent tomber leur tête et couler leur sang! Le sang coule à long flots, ces flots horrible se renouvellent, se précipitent sans cesse, les pieds en sont baignés. C'est une jouissance de plus pour les tigres de la Convention. Ils se vantent d'être obligés de creuser un puits afin de recevoir le sang et de l'absorber, tant l'inondation est grande. Sur ces places naguères si belles, et qui ne sont plus entourées que de décombres, au milieu de ce chaos effroyable, image terrible de la destruction universelle, sur ce sol profondément ensanglanté nos yeux effrayés n'aperçoivent plus que les bourreaux, des supplices, des têtes, du sang, et des cadavres!

“ Bientôt ces lieux tout vastes qu'ils sont semblent trop resserrés pour la multiplicité des victimes. Le monstre Collot d'Herbois, pense que l'infemale guillotine ne pourra seule les tenir jonchés de morts, sa rage s'ouvre un nouveau théâtre d'horreurs: c'est dans la plaine des Broteaux, hors de la ville, qu'on conduira la foule de jeunes gens qu'il lui tarde d'exterminer par centièmes. Deux cents neuf y sont conduits enchaînés le 4 Décembre, des canons chargés à mitraille sont braqués contre eux, pour les périr tous ensemble; la mousqueterie s'y joint. Si quelques-uns respirent encore après la féroce décharge, ils sont achevés à coups de sabres et de bayonnettes, et ces exécutions inouïes se répètent tous les jours. Il semble que l'atroce commissaire craigne de n'avoir pas le temps d'immoler les quatre mille personnes qu'il tient encore dans les cachots; il parle de fair jouer la mine pour les y détruire en un instant; mais a-t-il réfléchi que les ruines l'empêcheroient de se complaire à nombrer tous les cadavres, et que le sang, se déroband alors à ses regards avides, ne leur offriroit plus ce bain exécrable, dans lequel ils aiment à se plonger? Du moins ils ne renoncera pas à l'usage effroyable des fusillades et de la guillotine. Ces expédiens sanguinaires peuvent prolonger le cruel plaisir de l'assassinat; et par eux la Place de Bellecour et la plaine des Broteaux seront chaque jour inondées d'un sang toujours fumant, et couvertes d'une innombrable quantité de cadavres nouveaux.”

populace are possessed with the spirit of disaffection, and lay all their grievances to the charge of government.

There are many remains of Roman architecture in the vicinity of Lyons. In the suburb of St. Irénée, where the original town stood, which was burnt in the reign of Nero, several arches are perfect of an aqueduct, constructed by Anthony to supply the troops of Julius Cæsar with water, from the small river Furens. This aqueduct may be traced by numerous vestiges between four and five leagues; and within a few miles of Lyons a row of several noble arches is still in a state of great preservation. A church is built on the summit of Mont Fourvières, from the ruins of a monument erected by Trajan, called Forum Vetus, and in old French, For Viel, which is now changed into Fourvières. Not far distant is the site of the palace where Germanicus was born. A monastery took its place; and that is now converted into an hospital for lunatics; and the building is so extremely ugly and conspicuous, that it is a blot in the scenery of this delightful hill, which, covered with woods, gardens, chateaux, and vineyards, the church of Fourvières on its highest point, and the venerable cathedral at its base, forms a border of matchless beauty to the Saône. Several streets lead from the bank of the river to the brow of this hill, but the ascent is very steep and laborious. The view it commands of Lyons, its rivers, and surrounding country, is bounded by the Alps, which appear in the horizon like the white and massive clouds "charged with Jove's thunder."

We had remarked on our journey a great difference in the temperature of the air after we had left the mountains of Tarare behind us. At Lyons, on Sunday, the 29th of September, the heat was so oppressive, that we did not venture to walk out in the middle of the day; but it did not prevent the natives from enjoying their usual promenade. Our windows opened to a street, leading from the Bellecour to the bridge over the Rhone, and we were amused by observing the crowd passing that way to their favourite walk, the Broteaux, on the other side of the river. The street was thronged most part of the day. In the evening, when others were beginning to return, we set out; some were still going, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of the concourse, with just convenient space to walk in, for there was no confusion or jostling; and we proceeded a mile without room to stir to the right or to the left, when finding that we had not reached the place of rendezvous, we turned back, with the same allowance of space to the end of our walk. We halted on the centre of the bridge, to take a view of the myriads of people who filled the road each way as far as we could see, and who appeared to have left their cares at home; for they all looked cheerful, and were decently dressed. We went a day or two afterwards, to ascertain what attractions the Broteaux possessed, and found, besides walks between rows of trees, a number of little public gardens, with seats and bowers, where refreshments of fruit and lemonade might be purchased. The trees bestow but a scanty shade, as

they have been planted since the Revolution, when the ancient wood was cut down. Here and there one giant tree escaped the general *massacre*, and remains, a noble specimen of the shade-giving phalanx which perished by its side. The nearest way from the town is over a very handsome wooden bridge, Pont Morand; but a toll of a sou is demanded of every passenger; so that the Sunday throng prefer going round by the stone bridge near the Bellecour.

The famous Roman shield, curiously ornamented with figures, representing part of the history of Scipio, was found under one of the arches of this bridge, by some fishermen, who accidentally discovered it in the sand. It was given to Louis XIV., and is now deposited in the Museum of the Botanic Garden at Paris.

Besides a stand of very excellent hackney coaches at Lyons, a number of other carriages, called carriages, constantly ply in the streets. They are nearly as large as a coach, and within have a sort of platform, round which the company sit; some looking out of the windows before, some out of the large door cases on each side, having their feet supported in a basket fastened on the outside of the carriage. Though these carriages will hold five or six persons, they are generally drawn by one horse, and are often driven by women. The women here not only fill the situation of *coachmen*, but likewise that of *boatmen*. All the pleasure boats on the Saône are under their management. This branch of trade is, I believe, secured to them by charter; at all events, they are in pos-

session of it by custom. These boat-women sit in groups at needle-work on the quay, to be ready when called. One day, on our inquiring for a boat to convey us to l'Isle Barbe, five or six of them jumped up in a moment to offer their services. A gentleman of our party fixed on a very handsome woman, who demanded three francs, ten sous for the fare; and he whispered her that he gave her ten sous more than the others had asked, because she was so much prettier than the rest. He maintained afterwards, that she was better pleased with the compliment than with the money: but I believe the woman had more wit in this instance than he gave her credit for. She rowed us with skill and dexterity about two miles up the river to this celebrated island. It is mentioned in Guillon's "Tableau de Lyon," that Charlemagne was so delighted with its beauty when he visited an abbey there, that he conceived the scheme of retiring from the world to this charming spot; and was so determined to put his plan in execution (which however he never did), that he collected an excellent library for his own use, which, as well as the abbey itself, was burnt by the Calvinists in the year 1562.

Large lime-trees, planted in rows, shade the part of the island where we landed, which was formerly the scene of much pomp and gaiety, being the fashionable place of resort from Lyons, and where the *fêtes champêtres* were given; so that it was constantly crowded with a brilliant assemblage of company. That day of splendour is over: silence and solitude have resumed their reign, and the

Hamadryads have taken possession of their woods again. How long they may remain undisturbed is rather problematical; for we observed that some of the largest trees had marks of ill omen inscribed upon their bark, portentous of their fall. Some of the houses on the island are inclosed in gardens, and the scenery on the opposite shores of the Saône is extremely pretty.

Our fair boat-woman was not very loquacious; but on our return she gave us an account of the different places we passed, lamented the badness of the weather this summer, and told us that the Saône was frequently frozen over for three weeks together in the winter. She conversed, like the rest of her country-women, with that ease and self-possession which distinguish them; and was as mild and gentle in her manners as if she had never been taught any thing but to “lisp and nick-name God’s creatures.” Her beauty was not of the slim, fair, and fragile cast: she had a good clear complexion, a sweet expression of countenance, and a perfect symmetry of person; her appearance bespoke health, strength, and activity—three things of which the female peasantry in France are in full possession; but in the article of beauty they commonly fail; and it is the frequent observation of English travellers, that they never see any of those pretty delicate blooming country girls so numerous in their native land. Indeed our countrymen lament this absence of loveliness in the lower classes of the French so pathetically, that one would imagine they considered it to be a national

calamity, and likewise a misfortune to the individuals themselves; as if the welfare of the community, and the happiness of its members, depended, not so much on their health of body and soundness of mind, as on the delicacy of their complexion!

When we approached the quay from which we had set out, a boat came close alongside us, laden with peaches stowed in open hampers and tubs. Such a quantity of this delicate fruit was a sight so unusual to us, that it drew our attention. Small, but of a deep crimson hue, these peaches were tempting to the eye, but not very gratifying to the taste; being gathered from standards, they were mealy, and without flavour. The best fruit is produced on espaliers. Peach-trees are seldom planted against walls in France; for what reason, I am ignorant: perhaps the excessive heat of the summer suns might scorch the leaves, or the blossoms might come out too early in the spring, and the frosts injure them. The fruit from standard trees is sold for a mere trifle; but fine peaches bear a good price, two or three sous apiece: the season is now almost over; grapes, though scarcely ripe, are brought to the market, and likewise very large excellent pears, which are a favourite fruit with the French, and are sold at the same price as the peaches. Nectarines are little cultivated: we have not seen a single nectarine, either at table or in the markets, since our arrival.

As the French peasantry adhere very tenaciously to the costume of their several districts, (which in all likelihood has undergone no change for a cen-

tury,) a number of very droll figures meet in the streets of Lyons: their dress indicates the province to which they belong. In the immediate vicinity, the women wear large gypsy Leghorn hats; no sleeves to their bodices, but a full shift sleeve down to their wrists. The attire of the country girls from Bresse is very peculiar: they have a crossing of black velvet on their backs and sleeves, and on their heads a small round black silk hat as flat as a trencher; four strips of black lace or gauze are fastened in the centre, and hang down half a yard over the edge of the hat. One of the servants at our hotel came from this neighbourhood; and when she first addressed us, she nodded her head a little, and put all the four streamers in motion, which had so ludicrous an effect that it set our gravity at defiance. She instantly perceived what occasioned our smiles, and told us with great complacency, that her hat was not of a Lyons fashion, as she was not a native of the place. And she seemed highly pleased that it had attracted our notice.

The houses at Lyons are very high, and the streets are very narrow; so that the sun has some difficulty to dart a ray down to the pavement: which is said to be an advantage in a hot climate, and the reason why they were so constructed. In turning from a magnificent quay, where the air is refreshed by the motion of the river, into one of these dark and gloomy streets, one might fancy it a subterraneous passage, watered by sluices from Cocytus; for the gutters run black with every

sort of filth: and the air feels damp, and is loaded with a compound of villanous smells, which might bear a competition with the worst that ever the infernal regions could exhale.

As we intended to go by water to Avignon, we were unwilling to remain longer than a week at Lyons, lest we should lose the benefit and beauty of the moon in descending the Rhone, it being already in the wane.

A boat goes regularly three times a week, and we were informed, generally reached Avignon the second day. This boat, which is called a *coche d'eau*, is a sort of floating wooden house, with a small space left open at the prow and the stern for the boatmen. One would think the design had been taken from a print of Noah's ark. The windows being but just large enough to let a bird fly out, can afford no great facilities for seeing the country; and, as the fare is only fifteen francs for the whole way, a great probability exists of its being filled with almost as great a variety of company as the ark contained. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we agreed that it would be more eligible to hire an open boat than to shut ourselves up in this water coach. On our making inquiries on the quay, we were immediately surrounded by boatmen, who were very loud and earnest in their recommendation of themselves. One had carried a milord Anglais; another an ambassador; and they produced certificates of their skill and good conduct on the voyage, written in English by the travellers who had employed

them. One man and his wife, a very comely couple, showed us a number of these certificates; but we were induced to prefer another person, whose name was Chevalier, on account of his boat (which we examined) being larger and better. These boats are all very slight things, for they are only fastened together for the voyage, and are disposed of at Avignon, as it would not answer to bring them back again, the navigation up the river being very tedious.

All the boat-owners asked us ten louis for the trip. It is 180 miles from Lyons to Avignon the post-road. We agreed to give Chevalier ten napoleons, (8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling,) and he engaged to convey our carriage in the boat, and likewise to supply us with an awning and seats. He assured us that one man was sufficient to manage the boat; we should glide down the stream in perfect security, for there were no dangers to encounter, nor any impediments to obstruct our course or retard our progress.

When we descended the Loire from Orleans to Nantes, in the year 1802, we had three or four hands on board, very civil cheerful fellows, who sung all the way, and were exceedingly attentive to our accommodation. Our voyage lasted five days. We slept on shore, and every morning when we came on board they ran to meet us crying *bon jour*; and thinking that it was a high token of respect in England to shake hands, they always seized my hand one after another, and shook it with such vehemence, that I could not help re-

joicing when the greetings of the morning were over. One of these men had a wife and children at Nantes, whom he had not seen for some time. I was amused at his hailing every boat we met, and asking the people the same question; viz. whether they were acquainted with his wife, and whether she was in good health. He received an answer from the first boatman and several others, that she was very well. It never would have entered the head of an English sailor, however fond he might be of his wife, to bawl out his inquiries from boat to boat to strangers so accidentally encountered.

CHAPTER V.

Commencement of our Voyage—Vienne—Condrieux—The Scenery—Ferries—Barges—Tain—The Wines—Valence—Fishing Boats—Ancone—Coche d'Eau—Pont St. Esprit—Water-mills—Liability to Accidents on the River—Arrival at Avignon—Female Porter—Situation of the Town—Hospital of Invalids—Public Walks—Laura's Tomb—French Waiters.

WHEN our arrangements were completed, and we were ready to embark, we discovered that Mons. Chevalier had substituted a smaller boat for the one he had shown us. Our carriage was fixed in it, the awning was up, and the boatmen were waiting; therefore as altercations were likely to produce only delay, and our time was precious, we went on board.

The boatman who conducts a party down the Rhone is called a patron: we were to have two the first day, not, as Chevalier told us, because it was needful, but to accommodate one of them, who was returning home.

The weather had been fair and clear during our stay at Lyons, and the morning of Sunday, the 6th of October, when we left it, was very serene. We embarked from the Quai de l'Arsenal, and soon passed the junction of the two rivers; but unluckily the wind, which had been for some time in the north, suddenly changed, and in the course of a few hours blew a hurricane directly in our teeth. The boat, instead of proceeding, began

to spin round and round like a whirligig. The stream, down which we expected to glide so smoothly, rose up against us in eddies, and drove us back again. The awning, designed to shelter us from the sun, now acted like a sail, and the boat pitched so violently, that we were in danger of shipping a sea, which might have been fatal ; but we had all the fearlessness of ignorance, and were under no apprehensions, except from our awning, which we were obliged to take down. The men plied their oars in vain ; we could get no farther than Vienne, where we landed, and took a stroll in the town for a couple of hours ; when, the wind abating, we returned to our boat. The weather was become exceedingly cold, and I took shelter in the carriage, where I could observe the scenery, and admire at leisure the beautiful swelling hills, which rise from the very edge of the river, and are clothed with vines to their tops.

Previously to our embarkation, we had determined to reach Valence the first day, and Avignon the next ; but we soon found that we had reckoned without our host, and were glad to come on shore at Condrieux. We were immediately beset by five or six people from a row of inns facing the river. The boatman had recommended Madame Breton's hotel ; but a woman who solicited our custom from the next house, seeming to be more civil, we suffered ourselves to be conducted by her *chez* Mons. Guy, where we had tolerable accommodations, and paid eighteen francs. They charged us six sous a pound for fine grapes, but

apologised for their dearness, which, they said, was owing to the badness of the season.

On Monday morning, the weather being more moderate, we went on tolerably well. The country assumed bolder features, the hills swelling to mountains, sometimes backed by others still towering above them, sometimes standing alone, scarred with rock, and barren; but more commonly covered with vineyards, scattered trees, and villages, and divided by deep ravines.

Vineyards, when seen near, are always coarse and ugly; but at a distance, and in this season of the year, their beautiful mantle of light green spreading over the hills, and shading the sides of, to all appearance, inaccessible crags, gives an indescribable freshness and luxuriance to the scene.

The Rhone urges its impetuous current at the base of these stupendous mountains, turning and winding with fearful rapidity, to elude the gigantic barriers that oppose its course.

We have frequently found ourselves so encompassed by hills, that the river seemed to be pent up, and we were unable to discover the entrance through which it had brought us, or the pass where we should escape with its stream; so that we might easily have fancied ourselves on a lake, not very dissimilar in the character of its surrounding scenery to Derwent-water. One lake succeeded to another. Sometimes, the hills on our left hand parted, and gave us a view of distant mountains aspiring to the clouds; sometimes, those on the right

receded a small space from the river, and churches encircled by villages presented themselves to our eyes. Now, the ruins of an old castle overhung the water on one bank, and a corresponding fortress nodded on the other. Then, little promontories jutted into the river from each side, with villages built upon their backs; and ferry-boats crossed the water between them, in a manner so rude and simple, as to assimilate with the surrounding objects, and produce an effect upon the scene greater than things so insignificant in themselves appear to be capable of. A high pole, like the mast of a ship, is set up on each shore, and a cable passing over the river, is fastened to the top of each pole. One end of a rope is attached by a running knot to the cable, and the other end is tied to the boat, to prevent its being carried down the stream by the current; whilst a man, standing on a raised plank at the stern, works the boat along with an enormous rudder. These ferries are very numerous, as there is only one bridge, that of St. Esprit, between Lyons and Avignon.

We have several times been shut up in a seeming lake, with the mountains that enclosed us rising so perpendicularly from the brink of the water, that no road, habitation, or trace of human footstep, could be discerned. In one of these secluded gulfs, whilst we were silently listening to the rippling waves, our ears were suddenly assailed by the voices of men, and the trampling of horses; and although we did not mistake them for the "sounds i' the air" of Prospero's island, yet our curiosity

was considerably excited, nor could we divine the cause of such an extraordinary uproar, nor whence it proceeded. We were soon, however, satisfied on these points; for presently a floating camp hove in sight, with a troop of horse by its side. This camp we quickly discovered to be a small fleet of barges working up the river. Each barge had a covering of canvas, like the slanting roof of a house, and a sail not larger than the flag of a ship hoisted upon it, so that at a distance they had all the appearance of tents. Eight, fastened together, and following each other, were drawn by fifty large horses, whose backs, in the angles of the river, were frequently under water. They were attended by a great number of men, who made a prodigious noise, calling to them continually, whistling, and cracking their whips. The wind, so adverse to our hopes, was favourable for the passage of these trading vessels to Lyons. Afterwards, we frequently met strings of four or five large barges, with several small boats in their wake. These fleets are laden with the wines and brandies of the country, and with merchandise from the Mediterranean. They are towed along by teams of very strong horses, from thirty to sixty in each team; and are three weeks in getting from Avignon to Lyons with a fair wind, when they can receive some assistance from a small sail; but the boatmen never venture to spread much canvas, for fear of the sudden gusts of wind so common on the Rhone, and on account of its short and frequent turnings. The coches d'eau are

drawn back to Lyons in the same manner; and twelve horses are employed between a fortnight and three weeks in towing two of them, tied together, up the river the same distance that they can go down, with a fair wind, in twenty-four hours. The introduction of steam-boats would put an end to all these tedious and laborious proceedings, and benefit the trade on the Rhone beyond calculation.

Towards noon the wind began to blow fresh, and in a short time rose to a tempest. The waves foamed, and roared like the sea; the current drove us on, the wind beat us back; we made no way, but lying to, across the stream, the boat was buffeted on each side, and moved up and down in a most disagreeable, and, as we began to suspect, dangerous manner. We gave up all hopes of reaching Valence before night, and therefore agreed to land at Tain. Our boatman took us to the Hotel de la Poste, where a terrible fat vixen of a landlady asked us thirty-six francs for our suppers and beds, but, after some wrangling, provided us with both for eighteen.

We walked to an eminence behind the town, and were struck with the sublimity of the prospect: the Rhone pursuing its course to Valence between the parting mountains; the huge Alps beyond, lifting their mighty heads on high. Immediately opposite to Tain the large town of Tournon, in the Vivarais, flanks the river, with its superb college in full view; and an ancient castle frowning above on the summit of a rock. The

whole evening the ferry-boats were in continual motion on the water, passing and repassing from strand to strand.

We rose by six o'clock on Tuesday morning, intending to breakfast at Valence; but the fog was so thick, that we could not embark, and we went to a coffee-house near the beach, and breakfasted for a franc a-piece. The master of the house invited us to go and see his cellars, as he was a wine merchant; and Tain is famous for the wine called hermitage, from the name of a farm in the vicinity. We purchased some at four francs a bottle, to take on board. On the opposite side of the river the Côte Rôtie is made; and all the way along the Rhone the wines are reputed good, and called Les Vins de Rivage.

The fog was sufficiently dispersed by eight o'clock for our boatman to see to steer clear of the shoals, and of a large rock in the middle of the stream, a little way below Tain; but the mist enveloped the hills and obscured the landscape till we arrived at Valence, when the sun broke out. This town, formerly a place of note in Dauphiny, is built on the side of a hill, and the streets which lead from the quay to the highest and principal part are steep and narrow. It is situated a short distance below the junction of the Isère with the Rhone, at the base of a stupendous range of mountains. We walked through the town, and regretted that we had not more leisure to look about us; but as we wished to reach Pont St. Esprit in the evening, we had no time to spare;

for our progress down the river was very slow, the wind continuing against us, though its violence had subsided.

We sat quietly in our boat, and amused ourselves with the shifting landscape, and with watching the fishing-boats which were paddling around us in all directions. The fishermen use square nets, fastened at the four corners to the ends of two bowed sticks, which cross each other, and are tied together in the middle, and suspended from the end of a pole. The pole lies horizontally over a high bulk in the boat; the net is let down flat into the river, and then, the men depressing one end of the pole, the net is twitched up by the other, with whatever fish may have the ill fortune to be swimming over it at the moment.

To-day we met a fleet of barges drawn by thirty-two oxen yoked in pairs. A boy sat on the shoulders of one of the oxen of each pair. Besides these sixteen boys, several men attended to guide them, and it seemed to be a difficult task.

We regaled ourselves with fine full ripe grapes, which we had purchased at Valence for two sous a pound. At last, finding it would be impossible to reach Pont St. Esprit before dark, we landed three leagues short of it, at Ancone, a wretched-looking village, but we found good beds at the inn—I believe the only one in the place; but we were told that every house was supplied with accommodations for travellers, as the coche d'eau was sometimes obliged to stop there for the night, and the passengers were dispersed over the whole

village. The house we were in consisted of three rooms. The first we entered was large, containing five or six beds; the others were beyond it, with two beds in each. We took possession of one of these rooms. Whilst the woman was making my bed, she told us that a poor gentleman from our country had lain very ill for three weeks there. She could understand but little of what he said, but his groans made her heart ache. He was travelling for the recovery of his health, and was taken so ill when he arrived at Ancone, that he could go no further, but remained, without any friend or servant with him, till he was able to pursue his journey. I could not help commiserating the situation of this poor invalid, in a place so forlorn, and destitute of every help and comfort. This is not the only instance of the kind that has come to our knowledge. The English are so possessed with the idea that health is certainly to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean, that they set out, forgetting the length of the way and the hazards of the journey; and, unable to go through the fatigue, they are frequently detained by sickness, or arrested by the hand of death, on the road.

In the dusk of the evening the *coche d'eau* arrived, with so many passengers, that all the beds in the house, and some in the neighbourhood, were put in requisition. We got the start of it in the morning; and as we passed through the large room, we saw several ladies and gentlemen finishing their toilette; for, though apparently strangers

to each other, they had occupied beds in the same room, which is no very uncommon occurrence. A Frenchwoman, travelling in a public conveyance, considers the bedchamber of a country inn to be like the cabin of a packet-boat, in which she has only one birth exclusively her own. I recollect when going down the Loire some years ago, we stopped at a village, near Angers, and were ushered into a room with three beds. A gentleman who was with us desired to have another chamber: a violent altercation ensued. In vain he urged that we were not relations; the landlord said we all came in the same boat together, and he could see no reason why we should not all sleep in the same room, as there was a bed for each.

We left Ancone before six o'clock on Wednesday morning, with the wind rather more in our favour than it had hitherto been. We now perceived a great change in the features of the landscape; the immediate borders of the river being flat, and covered with low wood, willows, birches, and poplars; the hills more distant, rocky, and wild, and bare of vineyards: now and then, one of their rugged sides approaches the margin of the stream; and high promontories project so far, that the towns upon them seem, at a distance, to be built in the middle of the water. These towns have a most imposing aspect. A large castle or tower stands in the centre; the houses are clustered round. Sometimes, they are all bound up together by a high wall; sometimes, they creep down to the margin of the river. Many of the

windows are without glass, a deficiency we had not noticed in France before. The climate, but more especially the habits of the people, which lead them out of doors in all sorts of weather, render it less an evil than it would be in England, where the women are always in the house; but these empty sockets must appear every where forlorn and comfortless.

The town of Pont St. Esprit, in Languedoc, is situated on a rising ground; and its towers, fortifications, and churches, give it an air of consequence, increased by its ancient bridge, stretching across the river. This bridge is of singular construction. Besides twenty-seven arches to admit the water, an additional arch over every buttress pierces the body of the bridge, which is very narrow; and the light is seen through the arches of both these tiers. The second tier is designed for the purpose of allowing the water to run through, in case of a sudden and excessive increase in the stream, to which the Rhone is liable from the melting of the snow on the Alps. Pont St. Esprit is the longest bridge in Europe, measuring three thousand English feet. Our bridge at Westminster is only twelve hundred. We insisted on being put on shore before we reached the town, much against the inclination of our patron, who grumbled loudly, and raised many objections, on account of the delay it would occasion. But we had heard that there was danger from the currents under the arches, and were resolved not to risk it. We had likewise some curiosity to see the interior

of the town and its extraordinary bridge, which, however, is not of Roman architecture, as we had been informed, but was built in the year 1205, with the money offered at the shrine dedicated to le St. Esprit, to which circumstance it owes its name. It is exceedingly narrow, and appears more so from its unusual length: coaches pass along it, but the projecting naves of the wheels of a Normandy cart would touch the parapets on each side.

When we had walked through the town, and descended to the quay, we found the *côche d'eau* just arrived, and the passengers walking on the beach; but they had not quitted the boat till after passing the bridge, and I believe we were misinformed respecting the danger attending it.

From this place the river loses much of its beauty. Its stream is interrupted by islands covered with low wood, by sand banks above the water, and by beds of loose pebbles just below the surface. The river pours over these pebbles with such violence, that the noise is astonishing, and might be compared to a rough sea breaking over a bank of shingles, only that it is continuous: at a distance the sound is like that of a dozen water-mills all working at once. Floating mills are very common on the rivers in France, particularly on the Rhone; four or five together being moored on the side of the current near almost every town.

The sun took leave of us long before we reached Avignon, but the stars were bright, and the moon lent us her lamp for the last hour or two, which

was a great accommodation; for it is by no means pleasant to be paddling on the Rhone in the dark. We had heard so many accounts of the safety of the navigation, that we trusted ourselves in our frail bark without fear; nor dreamt that we might be upset by a sudden rush of water, driven on a sand bank by a gust of wind, or swamped by a wave breaking over us. As we came along, we began to make some surmises on the possibility of these accidents, and were afterwards told that they sometimes did happen, but not very often.

We had been guilty of two capital errors in our arrangements for the voyage: first, in hiring a boat from people of whose characters we were ignorant, which betrayed a great want of circumspection (strangers should apply to the office of the *côches d'eau*, where small boats are furnished at a fixed price); secondly, in taking our carriage on board; it gave the wind great power over us, and retarded our progress very much; we ought to have sent it by the public boat, and to have gone ourselves with only an awning. A rough wind from any point of the compass renders the passage disagreeable and dangerous; the force with which it pours through the narrow gullies is tremendous; but in serene weather the voyage is delightfully pleasant, and without the least hazard.

When we dismissed our patron, he did not ask us for a certificate of his obliging conduct, which saved us the trouble of refusing him. He informed us that we ought to have had two men on board; and we reprimanded him for not telling us

so before we set out, that we might have insisted on having a proper complement of hands to work our vessel. He was a surly, ill-looking fellow; and we regretted a hundred times that we had not paid greater attention to physiognomy, and engaged the man and his wife with unexceptionable countenances who had applied to us.

The moment we landed at Avignon, five or six men were eager in offering their aid to get our carriage on shore, for which service they made a most extravagant demand; but, on our intimating to them that we were apprised of the regular charge being seven francs ten sous, they instantly acquiesced. This reminded us of a circumstance that occurred some years ago to a friend of ours in Paris. It happened then to be the fashion to consult a famous corncutter, and this lady, amongst the rest, thought proper to employ him. After he had made his first visit, she inquired how much she was in his debt, and he answered, "Nine livres." "Nine livres!" repeated the lady, "nine livres! why, Monsieur, you know very well that your usual fee is only three." "Ah, yes;" replied the Frenchman, "it is true; I do know it very well myself; but I was not aware that madame knew it also."

When our luggage was brought safe out of the boat, our next care was to have it conveyed to an hotel. The men did not seem much inclined to undertake the job. The figure of a woman, who had advanced towards us, drew my attention from the trunks; and by a whimsical combination of

images in my mind, I could have fancied that Meg Merrilies stood before me. Her person and mien were of no common order. Her eyes were black as jet; her hair the colour of the raven's wing; and her complexion tawny. In stature she was tall, upright, and commanding. She wore in her ears a string of golden drops, that reached to her shoulders; on her neck shone a glittering cross of ample size; and a long silvery chain, descending from her waist to the bottom of her petticoat, suspended a pair of scissors that might have graced the fingers of Atropos.

My reverie was broken by the woman, who suddenly lifted up our heavy trunk, and with slight assistance poised it on her head. If we had waited half an hour, my imagination might have wandered from a gypsy, and metamorphosed her into an Indian princess—into any thing—but a porter; *that*, however, was in reality her humble calling; the trade of a porter being monopolized at Avignon by the women. She marched before us with a stately and majestic step to the Hotel de l'Europe, and received thirty sous for her trouble.

Avignon is completely walled round. A vast rock rising in the centre of the town, extends to the wall, of which its perpendicular front forms a considerable part. The view from the top is beautiful. The Rhone washes its base, half encircling the town with its azure wave, and meandering through the valley in such a manner, that it appears to have multiplied itself; and to be, in the phraseology of Mrs. Malaprop, "Like Cerberus, three rivers at once." On the summit of

the rock, on a plain inclining towards the middle of the town, stands the palace, the residence of so many popes, metamorphosed into a barrack; and, by its side, the ancient cathedral, of which only the shell remains.

Avignon is handsomely built of stone, and the houses are large and substantial: the windows in the lower story being each encircled by a thick iron railing, gives them a dismal prison-like appearance. The streets are good, but very intricate for a stranger, as they do not cross each other at right angles, but rather bend, to humour the circular shape of the town, hooped in by its walls.

As we passed by the Hospital of Invalids, we saw a number of men who had lost both their legs, and were supplied with wooden ones, running and walking with surprising activity. One man actually ran along for a considerable way on his two wooden legs, without even the assistance of a stick.

The public walk, or rather road, winds round the town, on the outside of the walls, between rows of trees; but the fashionable promenade is on the bridge, which is very long, extending to some distance beyond the bed of the river. That part of the bridge immediately over the current is built of stone, the remaining part of wood.

The market for vegetables and fruit appeared to be well supplied. We noticed a plant with a beautiful purple pod resembling a radish, and very tempting to look at; it is eaten fried, and dressed in different ways, but is very insipid to the taste.

The women here wear a cap with a full crown,

like a beef-eater's, but put behind the head, so that the sides stand out a great way. A piece of yellow gauze is bound round the face, and shades the cheeks a little; and a black beaver hat, at least three feet in diameter, is set flat on the top of the head: though heavy, it must be a great defence from the sun, which is a very material consideration in this climate. We could scarcely bear the burning heat of his rays, even in October. The weather, whilst we were upon the Rhone, was very cold, but changed the day we came to Avignon; and the next morning the heat was so intense and overcoming, as to indispose us to all exertion, and we felt little inclination to stir out of doors. I am almost ashamed to say that we did not visit the tomb of Laura; but this omission was rather, I believe, owing to a spirit of perverseness than to the heat. The entrance to our hotel was filled with ragged boys, who pursued and pestered us with their importunities to be our guides to the "place where Laura lies," till at length they teased us into walking another way to avoid them. I have some idea that the spot where the tomb once was is now all that can be seen, the tomb itself having been removed or defaced. When the French revolutionists were so kind as to take Avignon under their protection from the hands of the Pope, whose territory it was, they not only carried off many of the inhabitants, and butchered them under the ancient triumphal arch at Orange, but they also liberated most of the valuables in the town, rifled the monasteries, pillaged the churches, and demolished the

pictures and monuments they contained. Whether the flat stone, on which Laura's name was engraved, escaped the general destruction, I am sorry not to have ascertained by the evidence of my own eyes.

The Hotel de l'Europe is in great repute ; but when we arrived, the best apartments were engaged by English travellers ; and the people, though civil, were in a state of hurry and confusion, which is a very unusual case in France, for they generally attend on every guest with promptitude and quietness ; and although twenty carriages should stop at the door, they never desert the party on whom they are waiting, nor give any of those signs of bustle and business so common and so disagreeable in our large inns. The "anon, anon, sir," of Francis, is characteristic to this day of an English waiter, but by no means so of a French one. Our attendants here were men, and also at the Hotel de l'Europe at Lyons ; in every other place, since we landed in France, we have been waited upon by women.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure from Avignon—Change in the Face of the Country—Olives, Gourds, Maize—Bridge over the River Durance at Bonpas—Waggons—Mules—Mulberry Trees—Town of Aix—Its Cours—Fountains—Anecdote—Curious Weeping Willow—Warm Springs—Journey to Marseilles—Chalky Mountains—Bad Roads—First View of the Mediterranean—Of Marseilles—The Cours—The Harbour—Novelty of the Scene—Pleasure Boats—Quays—Hotels—Sheep's Milk and Butter—Fruit—Climate—Bastides—Chapel of Nôtre Dame de la Garde—Churches—Fountains—Old Streets—Dress of the Women—Public Walks.

Friday, October 11th, to Aix $55\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

THE country through which we passed, before our arrival at Avignon, bears a strong general resemblance to England. The combinations of the scenery may be rather different; but the materials are alike, with some trifling exceptions, such as vineyards instead of hop grounds, and almonds for hazels, which make a variation in parts without destroying the similarity of the whole. But here nature changes her garb; she casts aside her soft modest robes of green, and tricks herself out with the gaudy ornaments of a southern clime, which serve to decorate, but not to clothe her.

After we had left behind us the fertile valley of gardens and vineyards that surrounds Avignon, we found ourselves amongst mountains, white and arid, which reflected the sunbeams in every possible direction. Water being conducted in trenches to irrigate their thirsty sides, a partial cultivation

takes place; and almonds, vines and gourds, melons and maize, and patches of artificial grasses of a beautiful verdure, relieve the eye. The olive-trees thrive on the heights, growing out of the very chalk, and they appear to partake of the colour of the soil; their leaves being almost white. We were not conscious of having seen any olives before we reached Avignon; but I believe there are a few on the banks of the Rhone, near Pont St. Esprit, which we mistook for willows, a tree they greatly resemble.

Near Bonpas we crossed the Durance. This river creates an idea of dryness more than of moisture, being almost choked up by sandbanks. A long flat bridge is thrown over them, and it is not easy to discover where the main stream of the river flows. We left Orgon on our right hand, and kept near the canal of Boisgelin for some miles. We then entered a mountainous tract, apparently barren: for though a great part had been lately ploughed, yet, from its excessive whiteness, it seemed as if nothing would ever spring up again. Much trouble is required to prepare the ground. In some places we saw twenty or thirty people digging with hollow spades; sometimes, one man ploughing with a light plough drawn by a mule, and other men breaking the clumps after him with large wooden hammers, whilst the rest were drawing boughs of willows over the surface, which, when finished, looks very fine and smooth. It is immediately watered by means of small canals cut from the brooks and springs, but chiefly from the river Durance.

In passing through this sterile country, where the velvet carpet of native greensward is never spread, and where its nakedness is seen through all its artificial clothing, the mind contemplates with astonishment the number of habitations scattered around. Houses are built, and vineyards are planted, where one would think the sun and the wind might defy the art of man to raise them. Every sheltered spot is cultivated; the declivities of the less abrupt hills are irrigated, and it is from this source that the country is rescued from the spirit of the desert. The inhabitants appear cheerful and comfortable, in spite of the glare that surrounds them: "from the rise to set they sweat in the eye of Phœbus." Busy in their husbandry, their presence gives animation to the prospect, which would otherwise be dull for want of the four-footed part of the creation. No lowing of cows, or bleating of sheep to be heard: even on the road, no oxen are used in the carts, and very few horses. The post-masters are obliged to furnish horses for the carriages going post, but many of the diligences are drawn by mules, and all the waggons. We met a great number of the latter, extremely narrow: for being made on purpose for the carriage of wine, they are just sufficiently wide to admit one cask, and long enough to contain seven or eight; and when not loaded, the driver was sure to be "stretching his lubber length" at the bottom, with his head towards the tail of the waggon, and fast asleep. The mules are usually guided by a rein; but when once set out, they go steadily on, and never move

to the right or the left of their own accord. We have frequently seen them on a raised causeway, so near the edge, that if they had swerved ever so little, the waggon must have been turned over; yet the driver slept without fear, and if roused, lay down and slept again. All the mules and asses had their noses tied up in net bags, made of thin straws, similar to those which are plaited into the hats we import from Leghorn. I apprehend they are so constantly muzzled to prevent their cropping the vines that grow by the way-side, without any fence to protect them from depredation.

To-day the road was thronged with country people; some driving their carts laden with melons and pumpkins, or tubs filled with grapes; some on foot; some on asses, with little panniers: the women here all ride sideways, with both their feet in the same pannier. In Maine they ride astride like a man; and in Normandy they sit on the horses very far behind, putting their feet together just on one side of his neck. In most places the horses and mules are sheared on the back and half way down their sides, quite close to the skin, which till the hair grows again has a very odd appearance.

Aix lies in a valley shaped like a basin, and the extreme whiteness of the soil is mitigated by a great increase of vegetation. The town is not fortified, but encircled by a wall with iron palisades and a handsome gate at the entrance. We drove to the Hotel des Princes; but not meeting with apartments to suit us, we went on a little farther in the same street, to the Hotel du Cours,

where we had very good rooms, and paid, including breakfast and dinner, twenty-six francs per day.

Aix is a very handsome town; the street we were in, which is called the Cours, is lined on each side with two noble rows of trees, which fortunately escaped the axe of the Revolutionists, and afford a shade to the houses and passengers not to be supplied by any other means. Several handsome fountains cool and refresh the air most agreeably. Indeed it is hardly possible to conceive how grateful it is to the senses, in a hot parching day, to have a constant stream of fresh water thus thrown into the air. One of the fountains played close before our windows, and the moisture it spread around was delightful. This luxury can only be duly appreciated under a burning sun. But our ancestors were aware that it might be pleasing even in England; and, amongst the other decorations in the pleasure-grounds belonging to their ancient mansions, wherever water could be easily brought from a high source, a fountain was always a principal ornament. The taste has totally changed: something of the ludicrous seems to be attached in England to the very idea of a fountain; for which I can only account, from the supposition, that to adorn the fountains, grotesque and absurd figures were frequently chosen, which were laughed at and satirized, till the thing itself was brought into contempt. Excessive ridicule, even of the abuse of what is intrinsically good, is sometimes productive of bad effects: the million seldom know where to stop. The raillery, which in the seventeenth century was unsparingly levelled at the pedantry

and affectation of learning amongst the women, contributed to render literary knowledge disgraceful, and ignorance meritorious; and probably some time will be suffered to elapse before men will discover, that frivolity and imbecility of character, and all the showy accomplishments so much the fashion in modern education, are more likely to render women vain, and dissipated, and negligent as wives and mothers, than any pursuit which requires retirement and reflection, even though it were the study of the dead languages themselves*.

I lately heard a curious anecdote related by a gentleman (Mr. S.) to some friends who had been expressing with great vehemence their dislike to learned women; one of them declaring, amongst other apophthegms equally recondite and sapient, that he would rather see a beard on his wife's chin than a Latin book in her hand.

Mr. S. observed, that what he had just heard suggested to him the solution of a difficult question, which had puzzled naturalists and philosophers more able than himself. He had been making some arrangements in his library, and had put a great number of old Latin and Greek books into an out-house whilst the shelves were cleaned and repaired. On opening the out-house a few days afterwards, he found that he had inadvertently

* "If I had a daughter," says Lord Chesterfield, "I would give her as much learning as a boy: for women want more resources than men to keep them out of harm's way, especially when they are married; and if they have not a great deal to do at home, they will find a great deal to do abroad."—Letters to Arthur Stauhope, Esq.

locked up a poor hen. She was reduced almost to a skeleton for want of nourishment, though she had not spared his volumes, but had pecked holes in several, and filled her crop with bits of the leaves. No sooner had he turned her out and given her some food, than the rest of the poultry, cocks and hens, surrounded her, and flying furiously upon her, pecked her to death before he could rescue her from their attack. Various conjectures as to the motive for this ferocious deed, the cause that could produce such animosity to the inoffensive hen, had been made by several learned men acquainted with the circumstance: but for his part, he thought he had now met with a clue to unravel the mystery, for he had no doubt of its being the Greek and Latin she had swallowed that drew down upon her the hatred and vengeance of the whole brood. The most curious and surprising part was, the close analogy it showed between the feathered race and the human species: for if an ill-starred girl should happen to be shut up in the country with some old musty authors, and for lack of better argument, should devour their learned pages, the moment she made her appearance in the world, she would most assuredly be pecked at by both sexes, and probably receive as little quarter from her companions as the unfortunate dame Partlet. He added, in a ludicrous tone—

“ Then ponder well, ye maidens fair,
Touch not a book or pen;
Of Latin and of Greek beware;
Take warning by the hen !”

Several squares in the town of Aix are planted with trees of the same kind with those in the Cours, which are elms, but very different from ours; the leaves being extremely narrow, and the branches so long and drooping, that they hang almost down to the ground in a straight line from the top of the tree, which is of an extraordinary height.

Some of the fountains in different quarters of the town draw their origin from very remote antiquity. The name of Marius is discernible upon one, and there are Latin inscriptions upon others.

At one of the post-houses where we stopped to change horses on our journey, the people took us into a garden to see a curious weeping-willow: we rested for a moment on a seat round its trunk, the pendant branches forming a large umbrella over our heads, and securing us from the wet, whilst water dropped from the leaves and moistened the air around. This fanciful fountain was supplied by a pipe carried close by the side of the trunk to the top of the tree, where the water, spouting from its mouth, fell over the branches in a shower of rain.

Aix was anciently the metropolis of Provence, and the parliaments were held there. Subsequent to the Revolution, it was constituted chief town of the department des Bouches du Rhone; but afterwards Bonaparte removed the prefecture to Marseilles, which was a great mortification to the inhabitants of Aix. Many of the houses are on a scale suitable to people of the first rank. The Hotel du Cours is very elegantly fitted up, and in

all probability was once the residence of some noble family. The town is very pleasant, and would be a most eligible place to live in, provided one had no inclination ever to stir out of the streets; for there is no shade to be found any where else. The mountains that encompass the valley where it stands are white and barren, and a long ridge of bare rock rises to the north-east. The valley is well irrigated, and consequently very productive; being covered with vineyards, artificial grasses, corn, and olives. The kitchen gardens are watered in the same manner, and are filled with vegetables in great perfection and abundance.

In one of the suburbs there is a warm spring, from which the town takes its name. It is covered with a shed, and the well is so clear, and the bottom so distinctly seen, that we did not perceive the water till it was ruffled. The baths, which are near, are filled by pipes from this spring. They are made of marble, and the bathing rooms are neat and well attended. I was tempted from their appearance to order a bath, which was immediately filled for me. The temperature of the water, as nearly as I could guess from my feelings, was much the same with that of Buxton, in Derbyshire. A woman sung a wretched ditty in an adjoining room the whole time I staid. I concluded it was for my amusement, as the song ceased when I opened the door. The price of the bath was twenty sous (ten-pence), but no charge being made for the warbling attendant, I added ten sous, which gave her great satisfaction.

On Saturday, as we were walking in the Cours, we saw a procession of eight or ten figures completely shrouded in canvas, with holes left for their eyes. This was formerly the *costume* of the *penitents*: but their processions had been discontinued long before the Revolution, and it is not very likely they should be resumed. I rather think this was some part of a funeral ceremony; though we could not obtain a satisfactory answer to our inquiries at the time. The people appear to be religiously inclined both here and at Avignon, and maintain a high character for loyalty.

October 13. To Marseilles, 24 miles.

The country continues of much the same description as on the other side of Aix, only that the mountains are higher, and their summits, if possible, more bare and arid. Nature has been a niggard here of some of her best gifts: no spontaneous herbage springs under foot, even in the valleys. But *man* has bestowed indefatigable pains on this burning and barren waste. The smaller hills are cut in terraces, round and round, and planted with vines and olives, so that they are encircled with stripes of green to their very tops. The women are incessantly employed in carrying soil and manure in little baskets to these terraces, to replace what the wind and the rain may have carried away. Firs, resembling Weymouth pines, are planted here and there, and cropped for fuel. The white mulberry-trees flourish in this soil, and the refreshing green of their foliage would be a

delight to the eye, were they not continually robbed of their leaves to feed the silk-worms in the spring, and the cattle in the autumn. The peasants were now stripping the branches without compunction for this grievous waste of beauty. The lower grounds are covered with a variety of produce. We saw some fields of tobacco just in blossom. The maize raises its feathery head on high, and the gourds, swelled to their full size, lie basking their yellow hides in the sun. The grapes hang in purple clusters on the vines. *This* is the very eve of the vintage: indeed in some places it is already begun. The season is reckoned late: for though very little rain has fallen in this part of the world, the weather has not been favourable for ripening the fruit. To-day it was intensely hot; the sun shone full upon us; his beams were reflected on every side by the chalky mountains, and we were surrounded by a blaze of light more distressing to the eyes than can be easily imagined. To travel over this bleached and burning country in August must be dreadful: we found it sufficiently annoying in the middle of October.

The villages are numerous, neat, and well built. The women continue to wear the large black beaver hats of Avignon; but the men's are *cocked and pinched*; and seem to be much worse calculated for defending them from the sun. Fruit and lemonade are set out for sale on a little table at every cottage door by the road-side, and the weary traveller may cool his parched lips for a couple of sous. In all the villages between

Avignon and Marseilles there are long outhouses, with doors opening at each end, designed to give shelter to the people as well as to the cattle. We met with one at every post-house, and drove in at the first door, and out at the other, after having changed horses within; by which means we cheated the flies, who were swarming about, ready to seize upon us if we had stopped in the open air. The sun, too, would have been more free than welcome, and we were as glad to get into the barn as if it had been a palace.

All travellers are liable to have their luggage examined at a custom-house five or six miles distant from Marseilles. One of the gens d'armes in attendance looked at our passports, and inquired if we had any merchandise. He was satisfied with our assurance that we had not, and we proceeded without further hinderance.

The road is very bad most of the way, and near Marseilles intolerable; full of deep ruts, mended with huge blocks of limestone. The jolting was dreadful as we laboured up these blazing hills. At length we gained the summit of the highest and the last, and behold! the Mediterranean, "blue as the cloudless firmament of heaven." We stopped to gaze on its unruffled waters, and to indulge, for a moment, an undefinable sensation of pleasure in the first sight of its classic wave*.

* "The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts,

As we proceeded, Marseilles appeared before us in the extremity of a valley. The surrounding mountains rise proudly above the reach of vegetation, leaving it gasping at their feet. There it is carefully nursed and cherished. The whole plain is most sedulously cultivated, planted with fig-trees and almonds, mulberries, vines, and olives, and spangled over with houses of white stone. We descended a long hill to the town, by a steep and rugged road which led us to the entrance, called the gate of Aix; and it is not very easy to convey an idea of the scene that presented itself to our eyes in passing through the arch into the Cours, which may be called a street; being very broad, and more than a mile in length in a straight line, with handsome houses on each side, and a double row of large trees before them. Between each of the rows is a carriage road; for the centre or main part of the street is properly the walk, and when we arrived, it was so thronged with people, that I concluded they were coming in a crowd from church. This moving multitude, in their various costumes; stalls amongst the trees heaped with fruits and flowers, and shaded with large umbrellas of pink, purple, yellow, and other lively colours; the fountains throwing their refreshing moisture into the air; such an assemblage of objects, at once novel and amusing, filled the admiring eye with surprise and pleasure. Near the middle of

almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 398, 8vo. edit.

the Cours, a very wide magnificent street opens to the harbour. And here again the attention is forcibly arrested. The harbour is circular, and of an extraordinary magnitude, encompassed by a broad quay in the form of a horse-shoe, with only a narrow entrance communicating with the Mediterranean. The quay is entirely surrounded by rows of very handsome houses and public buildings. The hotel de ville, a most superb edifice, stands on the north side. Behind the harbour, several excellent streets run parallel with the Cours; in one of these is the theatre. The fashionable promenades lie in an opposite direction, shaded by lofty trees, and near them are many private houses, built in a very grand and splendid style.

There is something in the appearance of this ancient and celebrated city that makes a strong and uncommon impression on the mind. It is not, perhaps, so much from the beauty of its streets, the grandeur of its stately buildings, the extent and shade of its umbrageous walks, the capaciousness of its harbour, or the magnificence of its quays, as from novelty, the potent charm of novelty, which is thrown over the whole. The harbour is crowded with shipping, and many of the vessels are of a make peculiar to the navigation of the Mediterranean. Pleasure boats line the quays, and they have a form distinct from others, shaped like a walnut shell, and covered with square awnings of silk, of bright and gaudy colours. Though they may not be quite so gorgeous and

splendid as the bark of Cleopatra, yet their gay and gallant trim has a pleasing influence on the fancy, and one might almost imagine

“ Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.”

The quays are crowded with people; and the persons assembled from foreign lands are dressed in the habits of their different countries, few of them familiar to an English eye; Greeks, Turks, Moors, Jews, Spaniards, and Italians. The streets, the quays, and the public walks, are loaded with piles of fruit and different vegetables, and it is the fruit of a warmer clime:—pomegranates, figs, almonds, olives, grapes, melons, limes, and chestnuts, the scarlet berry of the arbutus, the bulky yellow gourd, the glaring tomato, and the bright, purple pod of a species of solanum; whilst the tuberoses and the jasmine, on every stall, exhale the perfume of a southern sky. The very employments of the people are peculiar: winnowing their grain on the quay, twisting coarse grass round their long bottles of Hungary water and other perfumes, to secure them from injury on their way to distant regions. At Marseilles, as well as in most other towns in France, all the petty handicraft trades are carried on in the streets—cobblers, blacksmiths, carpenters, upholsterers: the latter lay the wool out of an old mattress on a frame, and thresh it with a flail, the dust flying out for the benefit of those who may happen to be passing by.

The Hotel des Empereurs displays a superb front in one of the best streets in the town, and is

in great vogue. There are several other capital hotels, and all in good situations. We drove to the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, near the quay, but the best apartments were all engaged by a party of English. We looked at the rooms of two gentlemen, who were going away the next day but one, which were very pleasant, the windows opening on the harbour. The price was eight francs per day, and the dinners six francs each person; but most of the English families dined at the table d'hôte for three francs ten sous a head. We did not choose to wait in back bed-chambers, till these were vacant, but went to an hotel garni, which had been recommended to us at Aix, and engaged a suite of rooms. For two large handsome apartments, with a small one adjoining, we paid four francs a night. Mons. Auguste, the master of the house, was himself a restaurateur, and provided us with excellent dinners at a very reasonable charge; with many delicacies which we had not tasted before, particularly very small birds, roasted in a leaf, or three or four together in a sheet of writing paper. These birds feed on figs and grapes, and are seen in great numbers in the vineyards. We had ducks stewed with olives, pigeons with crayfish, and we had various kinds of fish, but we did not find that they smacked of the Mediterranean; they tasted to us very much like the "native burghers" of our own herring pond. I do not think the French excel in their manner of dressing fish. It is frequently eaten cold, and never served up first, as in England.

The butter here is white and greasy, like lard, and is made of the milk either of goats or sheep; I rather think of the former, though it is called *lait de brebis*, for I often saw flocks of goats driven through the streets to be milked, but never any sheep. However, the milk has a strong taste of mutton; and the first morning that we put some into our coffee, without being aware that it was different from what we had been in the habit of using, we fancied it was mixed with mutton broth. Afterwards cows' milk was procured for us, a few cows being kept in the town on purpose for a supply of milk. Cows' butter is brought from Lyons, but it is apt to be rancid; sheep's butter is generally preferred. As there are no pastures of natural grass in the vicinity, of course there can be no great abundance of cattle; those which are fed for the market are sheltered in the stables, so that a cow is a rare sight. The sheep likewise are housed in the heat of the day. Yet butchers' meat is only ten sous (five pence) a pound, which is not dear. At Tours, where the market is reckoned cheap, it was eight sous when we were there.

The greatest luxury at Marseilles is the fruit, which is in an almost inconceivable profusion, and of the best quality. Besides what is produced in the neighbourhood, the market is supplied from the other ports in the Mediterranean, with all the delicacies of the season. We bought exquisite grapes of several fine sorts, for two sous (one penny) a pound, melons for four or five sous each; but the most esteemed, which are with green flesh,

are seldom less than twelve sous; but one may taste half a dozen by paying an additional sou, and choose the best. They are likewise sold by the slice; a large slice for one sou; black figs twelve for a sou; pomegranates are a sou a piece; their juice is rather insipid, but cooling and pleasant in hot weather. The olives are exposed on the fruit-stalls in great quantities in a proper state for bottling, of a beautiful green, and rather more than half ripe. When they are left longer on the trees for oil, they get quite soft, and the colour of a sloe. We saw plenty of apples and pears, chestnuts, almonds, and late peaches with yellow flesh; but the best peaches, the white figs, the plums, and a variety of other sorts of summer fruit, which are reckoned delicious, are over. But all the fruits of these hot climates, delicious as they are, can offer no adequate compensation for enduring the sun that brings them to perfection. On the 14th of October the heat at Marseilles was so excessive, that we sat in the house till the evening, almost gasping for breath. The hottest days we ever experience in England in the month of August are not more sultry; and the extreme dryness of the atmosphere increases the evil tenfold, and is not only very disagreeable, but, I should conceive, very prejudicial to people in a delicate state of health, and injurious to weak lungs. It parches the frame, disorders the nerves, and discomposes the whole economy of one's feelings.

This remarkable dryness is a circumstance quite

astonishing to me. All through the heart of France we were deluged with rain. At Lyons the weather had been constantly wet during the whole summer; and we perceived no symptoms of any change in the climate in that respect till we reached Avignon; there the appearance of the country bespoke drought, and all the way from thence to Marseilles the want of rain was a subject of complaint. We learnt by the newspapers that at Nismes prayers for rain had been read in the churches. It seemed likely, that as we approached the sea we should find the humidity of the air increase; but it was just the reverse; and why it should be so much drier at Marseilles, on the shores of the Mediterranean, than in the centre of the kingdom, appears inexplicable. No doubt exists of the fact, though in some seasons perhaps there may be a less degree of difference than in others. Is it possible that these thirsty calcareous mountains can absorb all the moisture in the atmosphere, and leave none to fall in rain or dew?

From all the accounts we could obtain, the temperature of the air in the months of November, December, January, and February, must be delightful. Its equability, however, is frequently interrupted by the setting in of a wind called the mistral; which (as we were told by a gentleman to whom we brought letters of introduction) frightened all the English, but braced the nerves of the natives, and did them good. This wind is often accompanied by storms of hail and sharp frosts, too severe for the orange trees, which will

not grow in the open ground in any part of France, except in the sheltered neighbourhood of Toulon and Hyères.

Between twenty and thirty English families spent the last winter at Marseilles; and not only enjoyed good society amongst themselves, but (as the same gentleman informed us) they were well received by the inhabitants, who tried all the means in their power to make the town agreeable to them. In the winter it is very gay with balls and other amusements; but at this season of the year most of the principal people are at their country houses, which are called bastides, and the number of them in the vicinity is said to exceed five thousand. In the gardens that encircle them the vines and figs are trained over hoops, to afford a little shade beneath their foliage. The gardens join one another, so that the bastides do not appear to have any distinct pleasure ground appropriated to each; and their number is more striking than their beauty. In spite of all the culture bestowed upon it, the general face of the country is bare and white.

No sentiment of dislike to the English is harboured, as far as we could ascertain, by any class of society at Marseilles. In some of the towns we passed through it was discernible enough, though restrained in the higher orders by civility, and in the others by fear. At Lyons the English are very unpopular, which perhaps is the reason that amongst so many emigrants from our island not one family has chosen it for a place of abode, though so desirable in many respects.

A slight shower of rain, which fell the second day after our arrival at Marseilles, cooled the air, and laid the dust, and enabled us to walk in the streets with some degree of satisfaction, which was not the case at first.

An abrupt conical hill rises on the south side of the town, crowned with the ancient chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde. The ascent is extremely steep, and though the path is tolerably good, we found it a work of labour to gain the summit. The trouble is amply repaid from the noble view it affords, more than from any thing curious to be seen in the chapel. We were rather surprised to learn from our conductor that the congregation was very numerous at the service of the church every day, and at five masses on Saturday; for, as ascending the hill is no slight task, we imagined but few good catholics would pay their tributè of devotion here, unless it were enjoined as an act of penance. The building appears to be uninjured: the decorations within are of a late date, consisting chiefly of shabby prints, and small figures in wax of legs and arms, nearly covering the walls. These are the offerings of pious people for the recovery from some malady in the limb represented. The model of a ship is frequently given, in gratitude for preservation in shipwreck. It is a mortifying reflection, that a real feeling of piety should manifest itself in such acts of foolish superstition; and that even the mind strongly imbued with the holy religion of Jesus Christ should, from the force of early impressions, be led to exert its fervour in

works puerile and degrading to the faith it professes.

Most of the castles, monasteries, and churches which are built on high rocks, on abrupt points, or on the peaks of mountains, have St. Michael for their patron; but whatever his claims may be to these elevated situations, he has conceded them in this instance to the Virgin Mary, to whom this chapel is dedicated. It occupies nearly the whole of the flat space on the summit of the hill. We found only just room to walk round, and enjoy the panorama of the country below. The Mediterranean spreads its blue waters on the one hand, and a vast amphitheatre of mountains rises on the other. The valley, with its innumerable bastides, the immense town itself, the harbour, with the four small islands near its mouth, on one of which is a castle, fill up the picture.

In looking down on Marseilles, the want of steeples to its churches is immediately perceived. Only two, either spires or towers, are visible; those stand in the old part of the town, and the body belonging to one has been destroyed. The old town occupies a high ridge of ground behind the north quay, where likewise the cathedral, said to be the most ancient in France, is situated; and it was probably built before beauty in architecture was studied in the country, for it is amazingly heavy, low, and gloomy. The walls are the only remains of the adjoining monastery.

We had some difficulty to find the old church of St. Victor, which stands on the south side of

the harbour. A milkwoman, who heard us making inquiries, turned back with good-natured alacrity to show us the way. We reached the church during the celebration of high mass. I presently missed the old woman, but soon caught sight of her again, in the midst of the congregation, kneeling very devoutly with her little milk buckets by her side. It seemed as if, unwilling to lose time, she took the opportunity of saying a prayer or two now that she was in the way; and when the ceremony was concluded, she went off with her milk, without coming near us to receive our thanks, or any trifling donation we might bestow for her civility. We staid to look at the subterranean church which is under the other, where several altars are still remaining, but now are only visited from motives of curiosity. Near St. Victor's is the site of a celebrated abbey, possessed formerly of great wealth, which was seized by the Revolutionists, and the abbey destroyed. There are a great number of churches of a more modern date in the town, but none very handsome. Indeed, most of the beautiful churches of gothic architecture in France are to be found in those districts once in possession of our English kings, under whose auspices they were erected.

Marseilles is plentifully supplied with water, and the fountains are kept constantly overflowing. The water is conducted along the side of the walks, to moisten the earth round the roots of the trees, from an aqueduct which crosses the Cours, by means of the arch called the gate of

Aix. At the other end of the Cours is the gate of Rome, and an obelisk commemorative of the plague, which swept off half the population in the year 1720. Two fine pictures on the same subject are in the Hotel de Ville. Wherever one turns, some memento of this dreadful visitation presents itself. At Lyons the siege and subsequent massacre, in the year 1793, made an impression on the minds of the inhabitants that will be transmitted from generation to generation. Such a fiend as Collot d'Herbois may never vex the world again. But for the plague, considering the low situation of Marseilles, shut up as it is by mountains; the sharp dust flying about in dry weather, and lacerating the lungs; the closeness, narrowness, and, above all, the extreme filthiness of the old streets, which smoke with unwholesome smells—for my part, I wonder that the plague does not visit it with the dog-star every year. It is difficult to form an idea of the stercoraceous state of the narrow streets and alleys; every thing is emptied into them through the windows. The police directs that all nuisances shall be removed every morning, but enough remains to breed a pestilence. In most of the towns of the south of France the rules of cleanliness are offended against in this manner. In the north they are more strictly observed.

The women here are very fair, notwithstanding the exposure of their faces to the sun, without hat or any shade but what a muslin cap with two deep borders affords. They employ themselves

in knitting woollen waistcoats and in needlework, and seem to take some pride in the possession of a large handsome pair of scissors, which dangle at the bottom of their petticoats, being suspended from the waist by a thin chain. We saw some girls in black head-dresses, the shape of a cotton nightcap, the end, to which a bunch of tassels was fastened, hanging half way down their backs. The men have nothing singular in their dress. They are fond of smoking, and are seldom seen without a tobacco-pipe in their mouths. This is rather an agreeable custom, as the smell of tobacco is preferable to that of garlic. They eat garlic in such quantities, that their respiration impregnates the air with its effluvia.

There is a greater cessation from business at Marseilles on Sunday than in most other places in France. The shops are all shut, and no work is going forward on the quays. In the evening the houses are deserted, and the inhabitants repair to the public walks. We mixed with the crowd, and lingered in the Cours for some time after dark. It is lighted, as the streets in France commonly are, by a row of lamps down the centre; a method which answers very well, when they can be hung straight along, at an equal height; but here, the Cours being lower in the middle than at each end, the hollow line has a bad effect. When it grew dark, although the walks were filled by the lower class of people, and the crowd was immense*, yet there was no rioting, or impropriety

* The population of Marseilles is estimated at 100,000 souls.

of behaviour of any kind. The orderly conduct of the French is highly to their credit, and forms a great contrast to the loose manners of the English. Our seaports, nay, even our small provincial towns, are infested in an evening with drunken and disorderly people. Gentlemen prowl about, and set an example of licentiousness, which their inferiors are not backward in following ; and our streets are too often a scene of disgusting depravity.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Marseilles—Le Mistral—Inundation of Sand—Orgon—The Alpines—St. Remy—Tarascon—Anecdote of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu—Bridge of Boats—Beaucaire—Nismes—Roman Antiquities—Amphitheatre—Maison Carrée—The Fountain—Excursion to le Pont du Gard—Table d'Hôte—Journey to Lunel—Muscat Wines—The Vintage—Arrival at Montpellier.

WE had entertained some thoughts of going by water from Marseilles to Montpélier; but on making the necessary inquiries, we ascertained that a voyage on the Mediterranean, however short, would be attended with more difficulties than had entered into our calculations; and we, therefore, thought it advisable to alter our plan, and continue our journey on dry land. Monday, October 21, was the day fixed upon for our departure. When we rose in the morning, we were surprised to find that an entire change had taken place in the temperature of the air: the chillness we suffered was extreme; we had gone to bed in the torrid zone, and we awoke in Greenland. Mons. Auguste told us, that this was a little touch of the mistral, which generally blew after rain, and several showers had fallen in the night. We had no idea that it would be prudent to delay our journey on account of the weather; for we harboured no fears of the mistral; but rather rejoiced that the heat was abated and the dust laid.

We set off about ten o'clock; the wind increased

in violence every moment; and before we had ascended the hill from the town, it raged in a most terrific manner. We looked back on the Mediterranean, no longer the *blue serene*, but a troubled ocean, tossing its ruffian billows to the clouds.

Our postilion had fastened his hat on with two broad leather straps, a very judicious precaution, which a man at some distance before us having neglected to take, his hat presently flew off, and bounded down the hill, hop, skip, and jump; a woman ran after it full speed, and passed us in the pursuit; and as she was right before the wind, her petticoats served her for sails, and she soon got the advantage of the hat, and brought it back to its owner, who was mounted on an ass with a pair of panniers. We concluded, from the appearance of the equipage altogether, that it belonged to the woman, and that the man had been accommodated by her with a ride up the hill. She exercised great authority over the ass, who displayed an invincible dislike to moving forward against the wind, and at last stood stock still. In this dilemma the woman did not follow the carter's example who trusted the affair to Hercules, but pushing him behind with all her might, forced him to proceed, and they all three got safe to the top of the hill. For ourselves, we were in constant apprehension of being blown over; and the cold was so severe, that we stopped under the shelter of a hovel, to get our great coats out of the imperial, where they had lain ever since we

left Tours; and even when wrapped in them, and with the windows all drawn up, we could not keep ourselves warm.

Little plashes of water still remained in the road from the late rain, but the violence of the wind was such, that it raised up clouds of dust, which rolled over the wet. The vineyards were all deserted by the labourers, who had left the vines half picked. The branches were broken, and the leaves turned black, by the withering blast.

We met only a very few travellers, and they were muffled up in great cloaks, and were obliged to use such continual exertions to keep them on their shoulders, that they resembled the figure of the man in the print at the head of the fable of the Sun and the Wind. The wind seemed indeed to be blowing for a wager, and this time with a fair prospect of winning; for although the sun was unclouded, his beams communicated no warmth.

When we reached Aix, we ordered a fire to be lighted in our apartment; and, in the mean while, a woman brought me a chauffe-pied, as my feet, she observed, were probably very cold: but no one, besides ourselves, expressed any surprise at the extreme severity of the weather. This mistral blows sometimes even in the summer; and the people are under the necessity of housing their cattle and sheep. But the spring suffers most materially, and most frequently, from its ravages. Vegetation perishes before its blast; and the da-

mage is often very great. It does not blow in gusts, but with unceasing violence, and affects the feelings in an extraordinary manner; irritates the nerves, parches the skin, and penetrates the very bones. Arthur Young makes heavy complaints of its deleterious effects upon him*. Pliny notices it under the name of *circius*, and observes, that in violence none could exceed it. After having had a touch, a feeling, of this scourge of the south of France, I am at a loss to account for our exposing ourselves to its fury on the following morning. The biting coldness of the air, which prevented our walking out, and the tiresome alternative of remaining shut up in an hotel, with no books or luggage unpacked, and likewise some indications of abatement in the violence of the wind, probably influenced us.

October 22, to Tarascon 60 miles.

We soon found that our hopes of improvement in the weather were fallacious. We crossed the mountains that surround Aix in constant peril of being blown over. The sun shone not in full splendor, but dimly; for the sky had the appearance of being glazed. A thick mist rose in the horizon; and as we proceeded, the country be-

* "At four or five in the morning it is so cold, that no traveller ventures out. It is more penetratingly drying than I had any conception of: other winds stop the cutaneous perspiration; but this, piercing through the body, seems by its sensation to dry up all the interior humidity."—*Travels in France, by Arthur Young*, Vol. I. p. 186, 4to. edit.

neath us lay buried in a fog so dense as to be impervious to the sight. When we had changed horses at le Pont Royal, we congratulated ourselves on the worst part of the journey being over; for our road now led into the valley, where we expected to be more sheltered from the pitiless wind; but a new danger awaited us. The white stony surface, which requires so much ploughing and digging for the purposes of cultivation, under the influence of this mistral, turns all to powder; and not being confined by any turf or herbage, rises in waves, and deluges the whole land. On descending from the heights, we found that the fog which we had seen before us was a moving ocean of this sand, in which we were immediately so completely immersed, that we were in total darkness; the sand beating like hail with such violence against the windows, that we expected they would be forced in: luckily they were not; but the sand found its way, and almost choked us. We were in utter dismay: the horror of the moment admits of no description; no one spoke; a fearful anticipation of being buried alive crossed my mind. In a few moments the darkness was so far dissipated, that we could discover the horses' heads, and they walked on again, for they had stood motionless. We had taken notice that their eyes were defended by a stiff piece of leather before them, which we concluded was to save them from the action of the wind; but we now found that it was a precaution taken to guard them in the event of an inundation of sand. We rejoiced at their

having bells on, as it might prevent other carriages from running against us; but people acquainted with the danger would not risk it, and we met no one.

We proceeded on our journey in this next to darkness, every now and then standing still so entirely overwhelmed, that we could not distinguish the objects that were close to us. The fate of the army of Cambyses never filled my mind with such horror and commiseration as during the time we travelled in "this darkness that could be felt," for twelve such long, long miles, that "methought the road did grow." Suddenly the sand blew off, and a gleam of light breaking on our right hand, we found ourselves on the very verge of the Durance. We shuddered to think how narrowly we had escaped driving into the river in the dark. The stream rose up in waves and froth, and the sand whirled over it in the air. The high mountains of Orgon, close on our left, towered above the mist, which swept along their sides, leaving them visible only in parts, as momentary gleams of light burst through the shifting sands, with black and hideous shadows quivering with the wind. Altogether the scene was wild, strange, and horrid. We experienced no small degree of satisfaction in entering the town of Orgon, situated at the end of this chain of mountains.

Thus far we had retraced our steps on the road to Avignon; for the direct road from Marseilles to Montpellier passing over a valley of bare flints, called the *Craw*, where no relays of post horses

are provided, we were obliged to return the way we came for fifty miles.

From Orgon to Tarascon we were in no danger of being swallowed up in the sand, the soil being of a very different nature on the northern side of those mountains, commonly called the Alpines, where our road now lay. We kept them on our left hand; and their jagged tops reminded us of the heights near Inverary, in Scotland, which, according to legendary tale, were paved with giants' heads, with their faces upwards.

St. Remy is romantically situated at the base of these lofty hills. We only staid to change horses, and reached Tarascon at the close of the evening, and slept at Les Quatre Rois, a very indifferent hotel, which afforded us no luxuries, except one—a good fire; but that was to us more desirable than any other, for we were benumbed with cold.

In the morning, though this fierce, dry, searching wind still raged, yet its fury was so far moderated as to allow us to walk in the town with safety, though not with pleasure. We gratified our curiosity in taking a view of the famous castle, once the residence of the Counts of Provence. It was here that Cardinal Richelieu received a visit from Louis XIII., in his way from Narbonne. The king and the minister being both ill, were confined to their beds in the same chamber; and Richelieu took the opportunity of scolding his master, and insisting on his confessing all that he had heard against his eminence, from his unfortunate favourite Cinquars, who, with De Thou, had

fallen into his hands. The king getting better, went to Paris. The cardinal never recovered sufficiently to bear the motion of a carriage. He was conveyed to Lyons by water, followed by his two prisoners in a boat fastened to his own. When he reached Lyons, he was carried by his guards to a house in the Place Bellecour, and the doors being narrow, he was taken in through the window. De Thou and Cinqmars were tried and condemned for a conspiracy, in which they were implicated with Gaston Duc d'Orleans, who betrayed them. They were executed in la Place Terreaux. Nostradamus, the French prophet, of the same description with our own Nixon, is supposed to have predicted their fate fifty years before, in the following lines :

Quand bonnet rouge par fenêtre entrera
A quarante onces * la tête on coupera,
Et Thou perira.

Richelieu left Lyons on the day of their execution, in a covered litter, carried by sixteen men bareheaded, in which manner he was conveyed all the way to Paris; the walls of the houses where he halted being taken down, if the doors were not wide enough to admit him lying on his bed. From the first stage he wrote to inform the king of the events that had taken place. This celebrated letter rivals in pith and brevity Cæsar's well known despatch, "I came; I saw; I conquered;" containing

* A quibble on the name of *Cinqmars*, pronounced like *cinq mars*, five marks, forty ounces.

only these words, "Sire, your troops are in Perpignan; your enemies in their graves."

Louis, who had been apprized of the time when De Thou and his fallen favourite were to be executed, happened to be walking at St. Germain when the fatal hour approached; and looking at his watch, he observed coolly, that he apprehended Cinqmars was not passing his time at that moment very agreeably:—an odious trait in his odious character.

The castle of Tarascon is now used for a prison; so that we had no great temptation to examine the interior. From the court there is a fine view over the Rhone, which washes its walls, to the town of Beaucaire, on the opposite shore. The church of St. Martha is a very handsome gothic building. The town is gloomy, and the mechanics in the streets appeared particularly clownish in their manners, coarsely dressed, and by no means well favoured. The town owes its name to a monster which was said to come out of the Rhone, and resemble a dragon. It was called a tarasque, and its effigy is still hanging in the church.

October 23. To Nismes 21 miles.

The river at Tarascon is divided by a narrow sandbank in its centre, of considerable length; on which a causeway is raised very high. A bridge of boats crosses the river from the town to one end of this causeway; and at the other end a second bridge of boats is fastened, which reaches to Beaucaire. When we came to the water side,

the people advised us to alight and walk : the severity of the wind, however, was more terrible to us than the danger, and we preferred remaining in the carriage : but the *transit* is not an agreeable operation, there being no railing either on the bridges or the causeway; and they are both very narrow.

The town of Beaucaire, in Languedoc, is famous for its fair; not only on account of the variety and quantity of merchandize exposed to sale from all parts of the world, but also from the influx of strangers, attracted merely by the gaiety of the scene, and the revels and amusements that are carried on at the time. But the ideas raised in my mind by descriptions of this fair are by no means so exalted since the complete disappointment of my expectations at Guibray.

A large venerable castle is conspicuous above the walls of the town. The road winds round them, and after ascending a steep hill, we had a view of the spreading valley beneath; the Rhone appearing at intervals, making the best of his way to the Mediterranean. Afterwards, the country is flat, and the road made of gravel or sand. Much arable land appears between olives, mulberries, and vines; and numerous stacks of corn surround the farm houses. We saw some fields of maize; it is not, however, extensively cultivated either here or in Provence, but is planted occasionally in rows, and affords shade to the gourds and melons which thrive between them. By the time we reached Nismes the weather was become per-

fectly calm, but still so cold, that we ordered a fire in our apartment at the Hotel du Louvre, as soon as we arrived. The next morning the air was clear and very warm. A gentleman to whom we had brought introductory letters assured us that we might depend on having fine weather till Christmas; for that, in this part of France, there was always superb sunshine—no English gloomy sky, no fog, no rain. We were soon feelingly convinced that but little dependence ought to be placed on these vague accounts; of rain, indeed, there was “a plentiful lack,” not a drop having fallen for several months, and the excessive dryness of the air, which in England we so much covet, was exceedingly unpleasant: the dust, one of its concomitants, was beyond measure distressing, and the myriads of flies were no trifling nuisance. The kitchen of our hotel was so full of them, that to see across it was impossible; and they swarmed an inch deep on some of the fricassees that stood upon the table*.

An extensive manufactory of silk is carried on at Nismes. The place appears to be flourishing, and very populous, containing forty thousand inhabitants, many of whom are protestants. They have two churches appropriated to their use, and peace is now restored between them and the

* “Flies are the first of torments in Spain, Italy, and the olive districts in France: it is not that they bite, sting, or hurt; but they buzz, tease, and worry: your mouth, eyes, ears, and nose are full of them; they swarm on every eatable If I farmed in these countries, I think I should manure four or five acres every year with dead flies.”—*Travels in France by Arthur Young.*

catholics; but great heart-burnings still subsist, which, I believe, originate more from their dissensions in politics, than from their difference of opinion in religion.

Nismes is rich in objects of great interest and curiosity, possessing the finest remains of antiquity in France—a Roman amphitheatre, of such breadth, boldness, and strength of construction, as to impress the idea of its being the work of a more mighty race of beings than the men of these degenerate days. The magnitude of its gigantic proportions sets at nought the pigmy efforts of the moderns, and their finest buildings are but play-boxes for children in the comparison. The very people themselves seem to shrink to dwarfs as they approach within its shadow. Although the hand of time lies heavy upon it, and human efforts have not been wanting for its destruction, yet its form remains almost entire, the arches perfect, and the walls unbroken, nearly to their original height*. The interior is in a more ruinous state; but still the rows of seats round the area where the spectators sat to view these cruel exhibitions may all be traced. Cottages had been built against this magnificent ruin, within and without, like limpets on a rock; but when Buonaparte came, he ordered them to be cleared off; and it has since been repaired in such a manner as to secure it, as much as possible, from further injury. Those parts of the inside which appeared to be giving way have

* Its shape is an ellipsis, in length 405 feet; in breadth 317 feet, French. A French foot is thirteen inches English.

been supported by walls, and a door has been put at the entrance, to prevent any future damage from vagrants. But the inhabitants still persist in making it the scene of the most savage cruelty. They bring bulls from the Crau, where a breed of black cattle still subsists in a wild state, and bait them in the amphitheatre ; not with dogs, but men, who display all the barbarity of the Spaniards without their science, fastening lighted torches to the horns of the bulls, and driving them round the area, and tormenting them till they become quite mad with pain and fury.

Mr. Thicknesse, in his Tour, speaking of the amazing size of the amphitheatre, says, that he measured some of the stones, and that they were “seventeen feet in length, and two in thickness ; and most of the stones on which the spectators sat within the area were twelve feet long, two feet ten inches wide, and one foot five inches deep ; and yet,” continues he, “one of these great stones cannot be considered more in comparison to the whole building than a single brick would be in the construction of Hampton Court Palace.” The same author gives a very minute account of another Roman relic, a temple dedicated to Augustus, which stands at a short distance from the amphitheatre, and is called *La Maison Carrée*. He observes, amongst a variety of other interesting particulars, that “the *Maison Carrée* has stood near eighteen hundred years, without receiving any other injuries than the injuries of time ; and time has given it rather the face of age than that

of ruins, for it still stands firm and upright ; and though not quite perfect in every part, yet it preserves all its due proportions, and enough of its *original and lesser beauties to astonish and delight* every beholder, and that too in a very particular manner. It is said, and I have felt the truth of it in part, that there does not exist at this day any building, ancient or modern, which conveys so secret a pleasure not only to the connoisseur, but to the clown also, whenever, or how often soever, they approach it. The proportions and beauties of the whole building are so intimately united, that they may be compared to good-breeding in men,—it is what every body perceives, and is captivated with, but what few can define. That it has an irresistible beauty, which delights men of sense, and which charms the eyes of the vulgar, I think must be admitted ; for no other possible reason can be assigned why this building alone, standing in the very centre of a city wherein every excess which religious fury could inspire, or barbarous manners could suggest, has stood so many ages the only uninsulted monument of antiquity, either within or without the walls ; especially as a very few men might, with very little labour, soon tumble it into a heap of rubbish. The amphitheatre has a thousand marks of violence committed upon it, by fire, sledges, battering-rams, &c. which its great solidity and strength alone resisted. The temple of Diana is nearly destroyed, but the Maison Carrée is still so perfect and beautiful, that when Cardinal Alberoni first saw it, he said, it wanted only *une boîte d'or*,

pour la defendre des injures de l'air; and it certainly has received no other than such as rain, and wind, and heat, and cold, have made upon it, and those are rather marks of dignity than of deformity. What reason else then can be assigned for its preservation to this day, but that the savage and the saint have been equally awed by its superlative beauty?" This exquisite model of perfection in architecture continues still in a state of great preservation; and, all the surrounding rubbish having been removed, it is now kept with the utmost care.

Scarcely a vestige remains of the temple of Diana at the head of the fountain; and the Tourmagne, on a high cliff above it, which was likewise erected by the Romans, has nothing left of grandeur or beauty to distinguish it materially from the body of an old windmill. Its site commands a fine view of the town and the extensive plain around. The fountain is the great pride of the inhabitants. A suite of canals, lined with stone, encompasses and intersects a considerable space of ground laid out for a pleasure garden, in walks and flower knots. The canals are supplied with water from an abundant spring, which sometimes suddenly, and without any rain having fallen in the neighbourhood, pours forth an absolute river. But we were so unfortunate as to see it when very low, and the canals nearly dry. Very few flowers were left in the garden. The seed-pods were hanging in abundance on the Judas tree, which is a particular favourite in France, and planted in every garden; and in the spring the

profusion of its ruddy flowers gives a richness and glow to the scenery, which the pale blossoms of our hawthorns and other common shrubs fail to produce. We observed, that besides those plants which thrive best in a warm climate, roses, and some delicate flowers that cannot endure the rays of a burning sun, grow here in the open ground. They are usually set in pots, for the convenience of being placed under shelter in the heat of the day; nor would they flourish here, but for the shade of the large horse-chestnut trees, which entirely screen the garden from the sun, and render it a cool and agreeable promenade for the inhabitants. The streets in the town are dark and narrow, but those on the outskirts are wide, and planted with trees. The museum suffered no depredations during the Revolution, and is open to the public every day, and, I believe, without any restriction. We were introduced by our friend, and spent a couple of hours in taking a cursory view of this valuable collection of antiquities and other objects of curiosity.

On Friday, October 25th, we hired a voiturier to take us to the Pont du Gard, situated at the distance of eighteen miles from Nismes, near the road leading to Pont St. Esprit. We left our carriage at a small inn, and walking on the side of the river Gard for half a mile, this celebrated work of the Romans appeared before us. The river runs at the bottom of a deep glen, formed by two mountains on its banks. The Pont du Gard crosses the glen from mountain to mountain,

so as to convey water from the summit of the one to the summit of the other, and its arches fill up the space between. Wonderful and magnificent as this structure is, it requires to be seen again and again to form a just idea of its superior grandeur, symmetry, and beauty. It seems to rise before the astonished eyes in majesty and strength; like the genius in one of the Eastern tales, who appeared to the king at first only a dwarf, but increased in stature as the monarch gazed upon him, till at length his giant head ascended to the sky.

The Pont du Gard is 728 feet in length. It is composed of three tiers of arches, six in the first, and eleven in the second, which raise it nearly to its proper height of 174 feet; the uppermost tier being a row of small arches, thirty-five or thirty-six in number. We were at the pains of scrambling up one of the mountains which it links together, to ascertain whether there was any appearance of the stream, which this stupendous aqueduct was built to convey over the chasm, to supply the town of Nismes with its waters, but we could discover none whatever. Its source being at a considerable distance, probably when the remote parts of the aqueduct were broken and neglected, the ignoble rill might find a more vulgar channel, and murmur there unnoticed and unknown, whilst the whole face of the country, in the revolutions of time, changed around, Nismes obtained water from other fountains, and the very purpose of this noble work was forgotten, or only

remembered as a subject of curiosity; but the mighty structure itself has been beheld by generation after generation with increasing admiration and wonder, and stands, amidst the wreck of ages, a proud monument of human power.

Rousseau has most eloquently painted his feelings on seeing this aqueduct. "I took," says he, "a guide to the Pont du Gard. It was the first work of the Romans that I had ever seen. I expected to find a monument worthy of the hands which had erected it; and at the first glance, for the only time in my life, the object exceeded my expectations. It belongs only to the Romans to produce this effect. The appearance of this simple noble work struck me the more from its being in the midst of a desert, where the silence and the solitude rendered the object more astonishing, the wonder greater. This seeming bridge is only an aqueduct. What must be the power which transported these enormous stones so far from their quarry, and brought together the hands of so many millions of men in a place where there is not a single inhabitant! I walked upon the three stages of arches of this superb edifice, which the respect I felt almost prevented my daring to tread beneath my feet. The echo under these immense arches of my steps made me fancy I heard the loud voice of those who had built them. I was lost like an insect in this immensity; I felt in my littleness something of I know not what, which elevated my soul, and I cried with a sigh, Oh, that I had been born a Roman! I remained on

the spot several hours, indulging these delightful contemplations. I returned absent and thoughtful. This state of mind was not favourable to Madame N——. She had taken care to caution me against the pretty women of Montpélier, but not against the Pont du Gard. One cannot think of every thing.”

A bridge of modern construction is shouldered up to the Pont du Gard, above its first tier of arches. This bridge, about seventy years ago, was rebuilt, and made wide enough for carriages; thus enabling travellers, who were attracted from the direct road by this celebrated ruin, to cross the river, instead of going back a couple of miles for that purpose, as before they were obliged to do. This modern bridge is not perceived at a distance; but the ancient Pont du Gard was calculated solely for the conveyance of water, and no path leads to it from the heights on either side. The tunnel on the top, through which the water passed, is so broken and undefended by parapets, that it would be hardly possible to walk along it; and I am persuaded that Rousseau, who was particularly careful of number one, never thought of putting his foot there. He was just as likely to have heard the voice of the Romans on these great arches, as the echo of his own steps; and both were equally the creation of his exuberant imagination, which never failed to supply him with a foundation as well as a superstructure. In his works, both narrative and speculative, there is one great want, the want of truth; truth as opposed

to error. He might not, perhaps, be guilty of wilful falsehood, merely to deceive others ; but he was guilty of a wilful indulgence of self-delusion, both in matters of fact, and in matters of opinion. He delighted to let his feelings beguile his reason ; and he was the first to fall down and worship as divinities the golden images which his own imagination had set up. Whether in the present instance this “ dreamer of dreams ” really did fancy that he was exalted on the highest of the three stages of arches, when he was only pacing quietly along the little bridge affixed to their sides ; or whether the whole promenade was an invention to heighten the beauty, and give effect to his picture, is of little moment. The picture in its original language is beautiful.

On our return to Nismes, at seven o'clock, we dined at the table d'hôte, which was prepared for supper, the dinner hour being one o'clock. Several of the company, which consisted of eight men and one lady, were inhabitants of the town. We were surprised to see them regale upon a hare which was not half roasted, and they observed to us, that it was very like English *rost biff*. An entire change has taken place in the taste of the French in this particular ; for formerly they roasted their meat to powder, and now it is frequently sent up almost raw. When we had finished our repast, another party arrived from the theatre. On play nights a supper is provided at ten o'clock, and it seems to be the custom for gentlemen and ladies to come in and eat before they go home.

The weather changed during the day, and the vintagers were interrupted in gathering their grapes by a shower, which fell when we were returning from our excursion, and towards night the lightning was very vivid. Every body rejoiced at the prospect of rain, and in the morning it poured in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The storm was so tremendous, that it prevented our setting out early, and we did not leave Nismes till noon.

October 26. To Montpélier $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

We passed through Lunel, a flourishing little town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. According to Rousseau, there was only one single house in the place in the year 1738, and that was the inn. Its increase is owing in some degree to the canals, which are cut from the Rhone, the great canal of Languedoc, and the Mediterranean; and all meet here: so that Lunel is become an entrepôt for merchandise from all parts of the kingdom. The vicinity is famous for the vin muscat, called in England. Frontignac, from Frontignan, the name of another place where it is likewise made, but reckoned by the French inferior to the vin muscat de Lunel. The best of these sweet wines is the Rivesaltes, which is richer, and has a stronger body than the others, but is not so highly flavoured. The particular taste of the Frontignac, so grateful to an English palate, is not admired in France, where mountain is considered a wine of much better quality, and is always produced at table with the dessert.

An avenue of maples leads to Lunel. After quitting the town, we observed tamarisks in the ditches, and brambles covered with traveller's joy by the side of the road, which for the first part of the way is very bad.

During our excursion yesterday, and our journey to-day, the road was thronged with vintagers: some carrying tubs filled with grapes between two poles, some driving carts laden with them. In the villages the inhabitants were universally employed in the work of the vintage, which after all is a very nasty piece of business. The fruit, covered with dust and filth, and bruised and broken, is stuffed down into tubs, and when brought home is put into a large vat, and the people jump in and tread upon and crush it with their feet before it is pressed. Then they walk out without shoes or stockings, their legs stained almost to their knees with the juice of the grape. Arthur Young says they boil their white wines. We made no particular inquiries into the process, but understood that they let the must remain in the vat for some days, *pour bouillir*, to ferment or work, and they may probably boil it afterwards; for it is not likely so accurate a writer should fall into a mistake.

We had heard so much of the delightful season of the vintage, and the hilarity of the peasantry, we almost thought to catch happiness by seeing such a display of it; but we were altogether disappointed, for during the whole time of the vintage we witnessed no effusions of *gaieté de cœur*, no manifestations of rural felicity, that could compare

with the sportive mirth, the joyous festivity of an English hay-field. But indeed the fancy can hardly imagine a more enchanting picture than England exhibits in the season of hay-making, when the women and children join in the labours of the field, and the whole country laughs and sings with delight. It is not merely the eye that is gratified by the presence of the fairer part of the creation; for we have so connected the ideas of happiness and a rural life together, that the heart shares in the enjoyment. But no sooner is the hay-harvest over, than the women disappear; whilst on the continent they enliven the landscape the greatest part of the year, and the numerous peasantry of both sexes engaged in their rustic occupations, give to the prospect an interest and a cheerfulness which England wants, though it far surpasses France in beauty of country, in the richness of its verdure, and in the variety and lovely combinations of its romantic scenery. Nor is it the climate of England that confines the women to the house; for in Scotland, where it is not more favourable, they are almost as constantly under the open canopy of heaven as their neighbours on the continent. But our countrywomen entertain a notion that the labours of husbandry are inconsistent with feminine delicacy, and degrade the sex; and they would rather spend all their lives in the unwholesome confines of a manufactory, than be seen with a rake or a shovel in their hands. Nay, in some counties, they have resigned even the office of milking the cows to the men; so that

you may travel from one end of England to the other without seeing a woman out of doors, unless it be when the tinkling bell of some neighbouring cotton-mill proclaims the hour of dinner, and a herd of females issue from its portals—but not with the glow of health and innocence on their cheeks, not with content and virtue beaming in their eyes: on the contrary, their dissolute, depraved, and sickly appearance, instead of adding a charm to the scene, is revolting and grievous to the sight, and fills the mind with the most painful reflections.

The vintage has failed this year, except in Provence and Languedoc, where it is always early, and of course less liable to be overtaken by the winter. The wines however never arrive at the excellence of those of Burgundy or Bourdeaux. But if the best sorts are inferior, the common wines are infinitely better; they have a fuller body, more flavour, and less acidity. The weak wines of Bourdeaux, in a bad season, are little better than a mixture of vinegar and water.

CHAPTER VIII.

Montpélier—Lodgings—Theatre—Mademoiselle Georges—
Botanic Garden—Aqueduct—Place du Peyron—High Winds
—Le Marin and La Bise—Climate—English Custom for Men
to sell their Wives in the public Market—Divorces—Leave
Montpélier—Montagnac—River Herault—Pezenas—Gypsies
—Short Poem.

ON finding that at Montpélier there were no hotels garnis kept by restaurateurs, as at Marseilles, we took a lodging in La Grande Rue, after staying one night at an inn. We engaged a complete story in a large house belonging to a Madame George, consisting of a spacious and very handsomely furnished drawing-room, three bed-chambers with closets, a large ante-room, and a kitchen, at two pounds sterling a week. When hired for a term the price was lower. We made no use of the kitchen, as we had our dinners from a restaurateur. The houses are so divided, that the apartments for one family are all on the same story; which is very convenient, and similar to the mode in Scotland, where each floor of apartments is called a flat. And I wonder that in those places in England which are frequented by invalids, (as Bath and Clifton,) the lodging-houses are not built on this plan, which would be much more eligible than as they are at present contrived. For now, though four or five families should have apartments in different stories, yet their servants must be all on the basement, and a lady's maid

may have fifty or a hundred steps to ascend to answer to her mistress's bell, and the dinners must be carried up from the bottom to the top of the house. Indeed the English seem to have sacrificed the comfort of their houses to economy in the space of ground their foundations occupy. Building the kitchens and other apartments for servants under ground, making them usurp the place of the cellars, may be truly termed an infernal plan, and a radical evil in the construction of modern houses.

We were so fortunate as to be on terms of intimacy with the family of a French lady residing at Montpélier, who not only entertained us at her own house, but introduced us to her friends, and showed us numberless civilities. We went with her one evening to the theatre to see *Mademoiselle Georges*, who was just arrived from Paris, perform in the character of *Agrippina*, in *Racine's* tragedy of *Britannicus*. I am not sufficiently conversant with the French stage to offer an opinion on the general merits of this celebrated actress; but there is one particular in her acting which, being independent of speech, I shall venture to notice. It is observed, I think in the *Spectator*, that one of the most essential requisites in conversation is the art of listening well. Now *Mademoiselle Georges* possesses this art in a superior degree, superior to every body that I have seen, superior to *Mrs. Siddons* herself. *Mrs. Siddons* listened, perhaps, too well, she was too earnestly attentive, she anticipated too fearfully the speaker's meaning.

Mademoiselle Georges gives a less strained attention, but it is deep, natural, and affecting; and, in my opinion, the silent part of her performance in the last interview between herself and Nero is a masterpiece. In every other respect, I give the preference to Mrs. Siddons. The theatre is neither so large nor so handsome, nor are the regular performers so good, as at Marseilles.

The first botanic garden in Europe was planted at Montpélier, and is still kept in great order; near it a grove of ilex, grown to the size of our native oaks, casts a deep and refreshing shade on the walks beneath, and is the spot where the daughter of Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, was buried.

The town is supplied with water from a river at several miles distance by means of an aqueduct, which conveys it over a valley to La Place du Peyrou, where it is received in a very handsome basin, and distributed thence to every part of the town. This aqueduct consists of three stages of arches, the lowest of which are very large, and sixty in number. It was built about seventy years ago at an enormous expense, which was defrayed by the province. Before that time the town had no supply of water but from wells, which was a great evil; an abundance of water being essential to comfort in hot climates, and its display extremely refreshing to the sight: besides which, the French have a particular dislike to water pumped up from a close spring, and will not use it when any from a running brook can be procured. The pipes in

which the water is conducted through their towns are not made of lead, but of earthenware moulded into short funnels, like some of the tops which are put on our chimneys to prevent their smoking. The small end of one funnel screwing into the large end of another, they form a very secure pipe.

La Place du Peyrou is a very handsome square on a considerable eminence in the skirts of the town, and commands a most extensive prospect, bounded by the Pyrenees on one hand, and by the Alps (as we were told) on the other; but though we had several days of fine clear weather, we could not discern the Alps, and the Pyrenees we mistook for a black cloud in the western horizon; but seeing it stationary day after day, when all the "rack of heaven" moved around, we discovered our error. The more immediate view is very pretty, the circumjacent plain studded with neat houses in the midst of vineyards and olive plantations, and the Mediterranean at the distance of a few miles.

The town is large, and was formerly a place of great resort for the English; and appears well calculated for the comfort, convenience, and advantage of invalids, from the goodness of the lodgings and the excellence of the medical assistance. The college for students in medicine continues in great repute; and the advice of the professors may be obtained, which is a matter of consequence to those who are in bad health, for in many of the towns in France the physicians are

not esteemed very skilful: it is not very likely that their education should have been much attended to; for the profits of their profession would scarcely repay them, their fees being so extremely low—in some places only one franc (ten-pence) for a visit, and not exceeding three francs, in any provincial town.

The mode of treatment pursued by these country practitioners is, generally speaking, rather timid than rash; they avoid powerful medicines, and trust to what we term slops. Green tea is almost invariably prescribed at the beginning of an illness, and a decoction of the dried flowers of the lime-tree to assist recovery: this is slightly bitter, and very balsamic and agréable to the stomach. They direct leeches to be applied to the feet, for an inflammation in the face, as they have a perfect horror of placing them near the part affected. Midwifery is practised in France by women, who are educated accordingly; being obliged to attend the hospitals, where they must obtain a certificate of being properly qualified, before they can follow the profession. Some institution in England for instructing women in this branch of surgery might be of advantage.

The inhabitants of Montpélier seemed to expect that many English families would come there for the winter, though only one had yet arrived. But the tide of fashion flows towards Marseilles, which possesses more attractions for those travellers who are not solely in search of health, from its situa-

tion as a sea-port, from its consequence as being one of the most ancient and celebrated towns in France, and from the greater variety of amusements it offers. In regard to climate and accommodation, which are points of importance to invalids, there is no great difference between them.

The salubrity of the air of Montpélier, so long proverbial, has of late years been somewhat called in question, from an apprehension of its being affected by damps rising from the Lake Thau. But there can be no reason why the lake should produce such an effect, more than the Mediterranean itself, with which it communicates, and of which, in reality, it forms a part. It has been alleged also, that marshy grounds were left by the receding of the water; but supposing that to have been the case, the inconvenience is now removed, for the land is in cultivation to its margin.

The drought this summer was as great here as in Provence: no rain had fallen for several months, till the day of our arrival, which was showery. The day following was fair; but the clouds gathered in the sky, and in the evening, a most outrageous gale set in from the south. The clouds moved so low that they appeared to be in the streets; the lightning darting from them, and the thunder crashing in dreadful peals, whilst floods of rain poured down. The storm raged the whole night in a tremendous manner. This high south wind, which is called the marin, is always attended with excessive rain, and is considered by the inhabitants

as very prejudicial to their health, and is infinitely more dreaded than the north-east, which is here denominated the bise.

This boasted climate can make no pretensions to mildness—that word conveys no idea of it. Those who wish for mild weather must seek it in the west of England, for it is totally unknown here. The weather reckoned so delightful during the winter is a mixture of warm, bright sunshine, with a sharp, cold, brisk north wind; and this weather prevails generally, but not continually; being subject to sudden, frequent, and violent changes. If the wind lulls, the heat is extreme; if it rises, the cold is piercing: and in a calm clear day, if a cloud passes over the sun, and a squall comes on, (which is not an uncommon case,) you are whisked in a trice from “Indus to the Pole.” The inhabitants are always on their guard against these sudden transitions. The ladies never appear without a shawl, and wear very warm clothing (Merino cloth) during the winter; with pelisses, and large fur tippets, when they stir out of doors. The peasantry, both men and women, have the addition of a thick knit woollen waistcoat. All the shops, both at Marseilles and Montpélier, were filled with these waistcoats; which gave us a sort of hint that it was not summer all the year, even in this favoured clime*. The use of knit waistcoats

* Thicknesse, in his remarks on the climate, says, “I found the cold intolerable in the beginning of May out of the sunshine, and the sun intolerable in it. In England I never wore but one under-waistcoat; in Spain, and in the south of France, I found two neces-

is universal in France, and probably was so in England formerly; for Shakspeare, sensible of their comfort when warm and whole, in enumerating the delights of sleep, makes it “ knit up the ravelled sleeve of care.”

Our friends at Montpélier had fires in their apartments, and told us that they seldom left them off till May. The weather continued raw, cold, and wet during the time we staid, except two or three days, which were exceedingly warm, and the sky bright and cloudless. One of these days happened to be the feast of All Saints, which is a great holiday amongst the catholics. The shops were all shut, and the men in their best suits, and their cocked-and-pinched hats, and the women with their black silk hoods, their gold crosses, and ear-rings, with drops suspended from one another till they reached their shoulders, all flocked to the churches to mass, and afterwards amused themselves with a walk. There is apparently a great degree of matrimonial union and happiness amongst them; for the man and his wife and children are always together: these family groups fill the streets. The men never think of going to a pot-house for their own gratification, regardless of their wives and children; but in every station,

sary. There is in those climates a *vifness* in the air that penetrates through and through; and I am sure that they who travel to the southward for the recovery of their health ought to be ten times more upon their guard to be well secured against the keen blasts of the south of France than even against an easterly wind in England.”

and in every situation, the women obtain more consideration in France than in England, and share more equally with their helpmates the blessings of life. Some English author has said, that if a bridge were built over the Channel, no English woman would go to dwell under the laws of France, and no French woman would return there. A friend of ours, on reading the passage, observed, that it was the severest libel on the common sense of the sex that he had ever met with.

An account having been copied in the French journals from an English newspaper, stating that a man had brought his wife to a public market, with a rope round her neck, and sold her for half-a-crown, it became the topic of conversation. We were questioned on the subject perpetually, and heard a variety of curious remarks. Some people wondered that a law was not enacted to put an end to such outrages. Others thought it would be a very odd thing, if the legislature of a Christian country should be occupied in the nineteenth century, in framing a law to prevent a man from selling his wife. One gentleman insisted that this proceeding was not only agreeable to the laws of England, but that it accorded also with public opinion; for otherwise the inflictions of the one, or the opprobrium of the other, would have put an end to it long ago. He went further, and asserted that it was practised in high, as well as in low life, with only a trifling difference in transacting the business. The boor, bringing his wife to market, sold her publicly, and received the payment on delivery;

whilst the gentleman was contented to wait till his wife had taken her leave of him, and then brought an action against her new protector for the sum he conceived her society to be worth, and obtained the value in hard cash. Every thing in England, he observed, was estimated according to the price it would fetch. Our countrymen endeavoured to place this matter in a proper point of view: they expatiated on the delicacy of our laws against collusion and connivance; but nothing could possibly rectify his ideas. His answer was, "*c'est égal.*" He maintained, that if a man wished to break his matrimonial bonds, there were a thousand ways of neglect and ill usage, which would as effectually throw his wife into the arms of another man, as a halter round her neck; and these provocations were never made public on the trial, because it was *her* interest to conceal them; for urging them in her vindication could only serve to prevent a divorce, to rivet her chains, and leave her in the hands of a tyrant. For his part, he was not surprised at the number of divorces that took place in a country where a man was so well paid for getting rid of his wife; where, instead of his honour being injured, and his life risked in a duel in consequence of her disgrace, it was a feather in his cap, and money in his pocket.

In considering this subject, and even taking for granted that no instance had ever occurred where the prospect of obtaining money for damages was the direct and immediate cause of a husband's ill treatment of his wife; yet it appears to me, that

it has a general and pernicious effect upon the mind, familiarising the idea, and blunting that nice sensibility of honour that spurns the thought of such a resource; bringing the subject forward as a matter of loss and gain—a business of calculation, till men become accustomed to weigh its advantages and disadvantages, and to think of it, not with abhorrence, but with indifference or levity; and the actions of people are more influenced by these general notions than they are aware of themselves.

Men will naturally grow less anxious to render their wives contented and happy, to establish them in correct society, and guard them from temptation, when their lapse from virtue no longer fills them with horror. The discarded opinion, which attached disgrace to the husband from the loss of honour in his wife, was founded on sound principles, though in some few instances it might be unduly severe in its operation.

The laws of England, which place a woman so entirely under the control and guardianship of her husband, ought jealously to provide against the possibility of his reaping an advantage, of any kind whatsoever, from the commission of a crime by his wife. To award him pecuniary compensation for damages from her seducer is contrary to their spirit, and fraught with incalculable mischiefs; wrong in principle, it encourages the crime it was intended to prevent. Recourse should be had to opposite measures, to measures which tend to make it the *interest* of a husband to preserve the affec-

tions of his wife. A trespass of hers should be to him a disadvantage, and a dishonour. So far from receiving any remuneration in money, he ought not to be allowed even to retain her fortune in his hands, when he had no longer the guardianship of her person. If she had children, it might be immediately secured to them; if not, it should revert to her family. As for the guilty wretch herself, far be it from me to screen her from punishment. If being separated for ever from her children, deprived of her possessions, and banished from society, be not enough, and the law has more severe chastisements to inflict, why, let it take its course; for the crime of adultery, independent of its moral turpitude, strikes so directly at the root of the happiness, the well-being, the best interests of the sex, that nothing should be omitted to prevent it. With respect to her partner in guilt, if justice winks at his crime, and the strong arm of the English law cannot reach him, possibly that sum of money which he would now be condemned to pay to the husband for damages might be levied upon him as a fine, to be appropriated for the purchase of an annuity for the support of the destitute and miserable victim of his licentious amours. If not, her maintenance must devolve on those in whom the right to possess her fortune should be vested.

A considerable number of the population of Montpélier are protestants, and have a church of their own. The place is famous for its liqueurs and perfumes, and also for its verdigris, which is exported to all parts of the world. The society is

said to be very good, but at present in a miserably disjointed state, which is the case in most other country towns, owing to the jarring of political opinions. When Buonaparte returned from Elba, the fort was seized by the soldiery, and “Vive l’Empereur !” resounded through the streets. But the principal citizens checked this ebullition, and defended the town for the king, or at least, till they could ascertain which side would prevail. Many individuals, however, broached sentiments which they had before carefully concealed, and this has left a degree of distrust on the minds of their neighbours very difficult to remove. True, it is that the bulk of the nation would deprecate any change in the government, from a dread of the horrors and confusion attending the attempt; but were any other person once to get possession of the sceptre, there is no sentiment of affection for the present royal family in the breasts of the people that would prompt them to make the slightest effort to dethrone the usurper, and restore their lawful sovereign to his kingdom.

November 3d. To Pezenas, $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The first part of the road is dull, from the great sameness in the landscape, which, however, is not entirely destitute of ornament, being covered with olive trees of a larger growth than those of Provence, and nearly the size of an apple tree; and though their pale and scanty foliage disappoints the eye in the blaze of summer, yet as they are not deciduous, they are an embellishment to the

scene at this season of the year ; for if they do not charm by the variety and richness of their tints, neither do they offend by exhibiting decay.

The road for several miles is on a high causeway, bordering the lake Thau, which is separated from the Mediterranean by little more than a sandbank. On quitting the causeway we ascended a very long hill, and, when we arrived at the summit, were most agreeably surprised by the scene which presented itself to our view, and seemed almost to be the effect of magic. Green pastures appeared in the valley below ; meadows, in which the grass had been lately cut, and the haymakers were at work ; corn fields, where the young wheat was high enough to give a face of velvet to the country ; and the river Herault meandering through it. The Herault is, in truth, the great magician of the place ; this luxuriant vegetation is the work of his " wizard stream." The valley is quite flat, and the road across is a causeway raised upon stone arches, so that probably the whole plain is subject to be inundated by the overflowing of the river in heavy rains ; and in dry weather it is irrigated by art. Montagnac, a large populous town, is pleasantly situated on the borders of the river.

We reached Pezenas soon after four o'clock, and as we alighted at the Hotel de la Paix we met a gentleman with whom we had made some acquaintance at Nismes. He was going on immediately to Beziers, and we agreed to dine together there, at the table d'hôte, the following day.

There is nothing in the town of Pezenas to ex-

cite much notice, except a high mount in the centre. From its conical shape we expected to see a castle on its summit, instead of which we found a garden. The gentleman to whom it belonged happening to stand at the wicket, very civilly desired us to walk in. The pomegranates were hanging on the boughs, and the olive trees were loaded with fruit, ripe enough for oil, and resembling little black plums, but so odiously bitter to the taste, that I repented having touched one with my lips from curiosity. The violets were still in blossom, for in France they are so cherished and sheltered, that they put forth their flowers in almost every season of the year.

In our journey to-day, as we were ascending a long hill, we overtook a gang of gypsies. They were dressed like the natives, and spoke in French; but their countenances were so strongly gypsified, that they could not be mistaken. Our postillion contrived to monopolize their conversation by telling them we did not understand a word they said, which relieved us from their importunity. Several children were with them, whose lineage was written in such legible characters in their faces, that no suspicion could be entertained of their having been stolen from other parents. That these vagrants have been guilty of such practices is notorious; but the thought would probably not have occurred to me on this occasion, if my mind had not been lately directed to the subject by a circumstance of the kind which was communicated to me as having recently taken place in the west

of England, and which made such an impression on my feelings, that I related the story in a little poem. It was printed in 1814; but, being little known, I hope to be excused for inserting it here. *I have made a trifling alteration in the title and some of the stanzas.*

EMMA.

Poor Emma mourn'd her husband dead,
She mourn'd her lot severe,
And on her silent pillow shed
Affliction's bitter tear.

Deeply she mourn'd, though not bereft
Of every earthly joy;
Still to her widow'd arms was left
One little darling boy.

To all a mother's hopes awake,
In him she lived alone;
She loved him for his father's sake,
She loved him for his own.

She gazed upon his cherub face
With pleasure ever new;
Would there his father's features trace,
His eyes so bright, so blue.

And not to outward form or air
The semblance was confined;
She saw, in early promise fair,
The virtues of his mind.

It chanced, in hour of evil fate,
The child strolled out to play.
A gypsy, begging at the gate,
Decoyed him far away.

She dragged him to a secret place,
To none but gypsies known,
Then dyed his hair, and stain'd his face,
And call'd the boy her own.

Paler than death was Emma's cheek,
Her look aghast and wild ;
And faint and fearful was her shriek
When first she missed her child.

With quivering lip she call'd his name,
She call'd him o'er and o'er ;
No little voice responsive came,
She saw his face no more.

The sad expression of her fear
Touch'd every breast around,
All join'd her search, in dread to hear
The hapless boy was drown'd.

But who can tell the mother's pain ?
Her heart with anguish bled,
Thick coming fancies racked her brain,
Her troubled reason fled.

And still to her bewilder'd view
Her child's loved form appear'd ;
She saw his eyes, so bright, so blue,
And thought his voice she heard.

At morning's dawn she 'd bid him rise,
And kneel with her in prayer :
Then start with anguish—not surprise—
She knew he was not there.

And bending o'er his little bed
At each return of even,
She 'd beg for blessings on his head,
“ Preserve him, gracious Heaven !”

Then wring her hands, whilst piteous sighs
Burst from her throbbing breast ;
No tear relieved her aching eyes,
Her temples knew no rest.

Year after year thus pass'd away,
In woe that mock'd control,
When reason's intellectual day
Revisited her soul.

She bows to Heaven, with thoughts resign'd
Nor longer shuns relief ;
Composed is now her shatter'd mind,
Meekly she bears her grief.

Yet still as if her child she sought,
Oft roves her wandering eye ;
Then sudden, check'd by painful thought,
Fixes on vacancy.

And oft she lists the wind to hear
Sigh in the neighbouring trees ;
As if his accents, soft and clear,
Were floating on the breeze.

One morn as she pursued her way,
Two beggars wander'd by,
The first with locks all silvery grey
Implor'd her charity.

“ Your charity, O ! lady, grant,
Nor a small boon deny !
Pity my age, oppress'd with want,
Pity this poor blind boy !

“ Think on our sad disastrous state,
Outcast of human kind !
I'm poor, and old, and desolate,
He's motherless and blind !”

The child his sightless eyeballs roll'd,
And bow'd his little head ;
His face a tale of sorrow told,
But not a word he said.

Ill-fated boy ! thy mute appeal
The sternest heart would move !
E'en silence can thy woes reveal,—
Thus darkling doom'd to rove !"

He started wildly as she spoke :
A gleam of sudden joy,
Like daylight, o'er his features broke,
They beam'd with extacy.

And springing from the beggar's side,
Who check'd his steps in vain,
It was my mother's voice !" he cried ;
" Oh mother, speak again !

Oh speak ! my own, own mother dear !
Do you not know my face ?
You used to see my father there !
His features fondly trace !

And kiss my eyes so blue, so bright—
Oh mother ! ever kind !
My eyes, alas ! have lost their sight—
Yet love me, though I am blind !"

Quick as the vivid lightnings dart
Across the trackless wild,
Conviction flash'd on Emma's heart,
She knew—she clasp'd her child.

She clasp'd him closely to her breast,
Nor word, nor tear, nor sigh
The mother's extacy express'd—
The mother's agony.

Emotions strong, of joy and pain,
Rush'd crowding on her mind ;
Her child—her child was found again !
But oh ! her child was blind !

I could learn no further particulars of this story, except that the beggar had purchased the boy from a gypsy in the state he then was. Whether any means had been used to destroy his sight, to render him an object to excite compassion, or whether his blindness had been occasioned by disease or accident, could not be ascertained; as the gypsy had escaped, and effectually eluded the pursuit of justice.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey to Beziers—Fertility of the Country—Appearance of the Town—Canal of Languedoc—Passage Boats—Mons. A.—English Customs—Horses used in treading out Corn by the Road Side—Narbonne—French Kitchens—Honey—Scenery on the Road—Carcassonne—Tables d'Hôte—Pyrenees—Sudden Change in the Weather—Castelnaudary—Scarcity of Wood for Fuel—Chauffepieds—Reservoir of Water—Canal of Languedoc—Toulouse—Kitchen Gardens—Cathedral—Streets—Shops—Disturbance in the Market-place—Journey to Montauban—Appearance of the Town—Price of Bread—Eligibility of Toulouse or Montauban as a Residence for English Families.

November 4. To Beziers 18 miles.

THE soil here appears to be gravelly, and the country has lost all the glare of a chalky calcareous surface, but is exceedingly fertile, and, as we approached Beziers, particularly rich and beautiful; the early corn springing up of a delicate green, and the mellow tints of the vines, and a variety of trees, interspersed with olives, gave an interest to this well watered and well cultivated valley. The town of Beziers covers a knoll in the centre; and on the highest point stands its stately cathedral. The town is surrounded by walls encircled by rows of trees, and altogether presents a very striking appearance. We entered at the Port de la Citadelle into a large square, open on one side, with a view over the country to the Mediterranean. The streets which lead from this spacious square are narrow beyond all precedent. We entered one just wide enough to admit

our carriage, and drove down a very steep descent to the Hotel de la Croix Blanche, which had been recommended to us in preference to the Hotel du Nord, in the great square. Finding that seven was the supper hour at the table d'hôte, where we had agreed to take our places, we sallied forth to survey the town; and went first to the wharf on the famous canal of Languedoc, having some intention of going in a boat to Toulouse; but we gave up the idea when we found that the boats for passengers would not convey our carriage. These boats are covered, and have sufficient room within for fifty persons; they are drawn by two horses, and are three days and a half in getting to Toulouse: each passenger pays thirty sous a day. This is a very cheap method of travelling; but as the company is sometimes not very select, and is often very numerous, and the boats are changed several times, to avoid passing through the locks, it has the reputation of being more economical than pleasant.

The quays were covered with barrels, and the basin of the canal was crowded with boats, and numerous hands were actively employed in loading and unloading them. Every where the signs of business and commerce were visible.

The canal is brought to the level of the river by eight locks: the wood work of them, as well as of all the machinery near, and also the warehouse shutters and doors, are painted of a bright green, which has an incongruous, whimsical effect. The abundance of verdigris at hand, it being one of the staple commodities of the country, accounts

for the circumstance. Verdigris is obtained with great facility, by laying sheets of copper in the cellars, and covering them with the skins of grapes that have been pressed for wine. This method was discovered accidentally by a woman, who, in feeding her ass with the skins of the grapes from the press, let some of them fall on a sheet of copper, and, on removing the skins, found the copper coated with verdigris*.

A large heavy laden vessel, managed by women, emerged from the last lock just as we arrived there. The women take an active part, not only in the navigation of the canal, but in carpenters' work, and the other trades carried on upon the quays: we saw them assisting to build and repair the boats, to make and mend the barrels, and engaged in every branch of handicraft or traffic that was going forward.

In returning towards the town, we ascended a broad steep road to the cathedral. This majestic pile of building is joined to the bishop's palace on the pinnacle of the hill, and frowns over the town more like a fortified castle than a church: the inside is not handsome. The palace is converted into an exchange. The view from this elevated spot extends over a richly varied country, the river Orbe winding through it to the Mediterranean;

* "Memoir in the Royal Society of Montpélier, by M. Montet, 1776."—At Grenoble verdigris is procured by sprinkling copper plates with distilled vinegar. M. Chaptal, on analysing these two sorts of verdigris, found some difference in their respective properties.

the Pyrenees distinctly seen to the north-west, and a magnificent range of nearer mountains to the north. The town is destitute of the shady avenues, so delightful for public walks: the boulevards on the outside of the walls are planted, indeed, with trees; but they are only of a few years' growth, and afford but little shelter from the beams of a scorching sun. The streets are narrow, filthy, steep, and slippery; and, besides their own proper demerits, they are rendered perfectly insufferable by carts and mules, and asses with panniers, passing and repassing, to the great annoyance of those who are on foot. This is not the case in the other places we have visited; carts are seldom used in the streets of the principal towns. At Marseilles the men are laden with packages so large as almost to overwhelm them; and when the burden happens to be fodder, the porter himself is so entirely concealed, that he appears a very haystack walking on two legs. At Avignon the women carry their goods upon their heads; but here, every thing is conveyed by the four-footed animals: the dirty linen is carried on the back of an ass to the river to be washed, and the clean is returned in the same manner.

I saw but one fountain in the town, and it was surrounded by women with their water jugs; which, in exception to their general practice, they carry themselves, laying them, when empty, sideways on their heads. It must require some art to poise them in that direction, on account of their urn-like shape, which is so classically elegant, that

they might have been modelled from the Etruscan vase, though they are made of the coarsest materials, and daubed over with a glazing of green varnish.

The cattle were grazing in the meadows on the borders of the Orbe, and we had cow's milk, and butter, at the hotel.

When we returned from our walk, the gentleman we had met with at Pezenas, Mons. A., paid us a visit in our apartment. He asked us a number of questions respecting English customs, and made some comments on what he conceived to be the national character. He said he was most surprised at the extremely jealous disposition of the men, which he exemplified by a story taken from an English newspaper, of a gentleman who had sued for a divorce, on no other grounds but finding his wife alone with another man in her bedchamber; a circumstance which, he observed, must often happen, unless a husband was constantly watching his wife; which he therefore supposed must be the case in England. We were at some pains to explain to him, that in England drawing-rooms and bedchambers were quite distinct things, and that no visitors of either sex were ever received in the latter; and this custom of setting the bedchambers apart entirely for the family was so universal with us, in all ranks of society, that nothing revolted an English traveller so much on his first arrival on the Continent, as finding beds in every apartment he entered, and being obliged to eat, sleep, and entertain his guests

in the same room ; that English ladies were exceedingly shocked at the idea of admitting gentlemen to visit them in a bedchamber ; and that it had been mentioned by our moral writers as a want of delicacy in the French. He laughed very much at this.

Supper being announced, we descended to the *salle à manger*. Mons. A. observed, that having been out all day, he had eaten nothing since breakfast, but expressed the utmost astonishment to find that we were in the same predicament ; for he thought that English people always dined three or four times every day. On our smiling at such an extraordinary notion, he told us that a friend of his had been in England, and, when he returned, had given him a very particular description of the manner in which he passed his time, which, at our request, he communicated to us. His friend had been invited from London to spend a few days with an acquaintance, a man of large fortune, in the country. He went in the coach, and arrived late in the evening. The next morning they breakfasted about eleven o'clock on tea, coffee, bread and butter, with the addition of eggs and cold meat. They then strolled into the pleasure grounds, and returned at two, just as some gentlemen alighted from their horses at the door, to pay a visit. They found the table spread with a variety of cold dishes ; and all the party sat round it, and made a very hearty meal. The strangers went away as soon as they had done eating ; but presently a carriage full of ladies

arrived, and the table was again replenished. The ladies took their leave as quickly as the gentlemen had done; and afterwards the family went out in an open carriage. When they returned, the French gentleman understood that they were going to separate to change their dress for some evening entertainment; but on his rejoining the company, he heard dinner announced, and once more found the table covered with a profusion of viands, and observed that this third repast was served up hot, whereas the other two were cold. He staid a week, and no change took place in the economy of the household, except that on the last day, the table was spread four times instead of three. His friends took him one morning to pay a visit at a gentleman's house, where they were ushered into the dining-room, and found a dinner already placed upon the table; and he understood that it was regularly brought in every day immediately after breakfast, and never removed till five o'clock; so that they were actually dining all day long, and, like the princes of Phæacia, "holding perpetual feasts."

We assured Monsieur A. that we did not in the least dispute the accuracy of his friend's account; but that only one of those repasts in the family where he was domesticated could properly be called a dinner, which was the last; the others being merely occasional refreshments. He did not exactly comprehend us; and remarked that it was odd that people who visited each other should not know the dinner hour of their friends, but

should drop in at a wrong time, and expect a dinner to be served up for them as soon as they came. We were obliged to make a comment on the history of the day, to give him a clear idea on the subject; telling him, that the breakfast in the morning, the cold meat at noon (which was called a luncheon), the dinner, at six or seven, and the tea afterwards, were all the regular meals of an English family: but when visitors called in a morning, cold meat was usually offered them, though the family were not expected to join them in partaking of it. He seemed now to be more perplexed than ever, and said, it was a droll thing to pay a morning visit, and eat all the time, instead of conversing, and it must be irksome to the lady of the house to see meat so constantly before her. He inquired, when gentlemen made several morning visits, whether they were obliged to eat at every place they came to. He thought it would be a good plan for all visitors to go into the butler's pantry on their arrival, and satisfy their hunger before they were introduced to the family, with whom they would then be at leisure to hold some conversation. Monsieur A. was curious to know what we meant by a luncheon; he seemed to think it impossible that any body, after eating a hearty breakfast, could be hungry before the usual hour of dinner. The French, he told us, never thought of eating more than twice in one day. Formerly they dined at twelve or one, and supped at seven, and had no regular breakfast; and still, in many parts of the kingdom,

they followed the same plan: but the more prevailing custom at present was, to have a breakfast *à la fourchette* at eleven, and a dinner at four, and to take no superfluous refreshments, such as he considered luncheon and tea to be. These were the hours the common people had always kept, and still adhered to: their meal at eleven, they called dinner; and that at four or five, supper. He could hardly credit that the poorer classes of English householders accustomed themselves to eat three times a day, and the servants in gentlemen's families four or five; for he thought, though the master indulged himself with a plurality of dinners, the domestics might be content with one.

November 5. To Narbonne, $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

When our carriage came to the door, the postillion desired us to walk through the town, down to the bridge; for the streets being very steep and slippery, it was dangerous to do otherwise. "The request was reasonable, and the argument cogent." We therefore gladly acquiesced; and every step we took we became more and more satisfied, that of all the large towns we had seen, Beziers was the worst for a residence, on account of the impracticability of the streets, and the filth and bustle that fills them.

After crossing the valley of Beziers, we travelled through a brown uninteresting country, and at length descended into a perfectly flat plain, divided by deep ditches, bordered with tamarisk bushes,

and rows of willows. The road being raised on arches, the valley is probably subject to be flooded; though I did not perceive any river near. The land is chiefly arable, and the people were at work with small ploughs, fastened to a forked stick; the fork serving for shafts, being just wide enough to admit the mule that drew the plough.

Whilst we were at Montpélier, the market was abundantly supplied with large black grapes, fresh-gathered; but afterwards, as we passed along, we saw very little fruit left in the vineyards; it had been picked almost every where, and the sheep turned in to eat the leaves. The weather being warm and clear, the peasantry were busy with their corn; which they lay on a clean place by the road side, in a circle, and a horse or mule, to whose head a rope is attached, one end of which is either fastened in the ground in the centre or held by the hand, is driven round and round, and treads out the corn, whilst the women and children throw it up into the air to be winnowed by the wind. This work is begun as soon as the corn is reaped, and the greatest part is immediately separated from the straw in this manner. What cannot be done conveniently at the time is put into barns, and brought out again to undergo this operation when the weather is favourable and the people more at leisure; and the great number employed together renders it a very cheerful scene.

Narbonne, like Beziers, is built on a knoll in a flat valley. The cathedral, on the highest point, is a beautiful edifice, or rather, it *was* one; for

only half remains. The body part is destroyed, and the broken walls and fragments stand, the sad symbols of revolutionary devastation. The roof of the choir is supported on very lofty arches by elegant pillars, round, and encircled by other small delicate round pillars, which are continued from the top of the *parent* pillar to the centre of the roof. A large handsome organ is placed at the end where the rest of the church was cut off.

Narbonne is encompassed by walls; a canal, which communicates with the great canal of Languedoc, passes through the lower part of the town.

Having read various accounts of numerous monuments of Roman architecture still remaining in this ancient city, we were somewhat mortified that we could neither discover them by our own endeavours, nor meet with any one able to point them out to us. But we have since been informed that they were all destroyed when the walls were built.

Few of the streets are on level ground, and they have all a gloomy appearance; but the towns in the south of France look more dismal, from the shutters of the windows being on the outside, and always closed in every unoccupied room; in the summer to keep them cool, and in the winter to preserve the glass from the severe storms of hail. On coming to an hotel, it would be no unreasonable thing to suppose the house was uninhabited; for one is conducted to a dark room: the windows are then opened, and the shutters thrown back; but as they are never fastened, they flap backwards

and forwards if the wind blows. The postilions seldom drive to the front door, but into a stable or coach-house, leaving their company to find their way into the hotel through some side door or dark passage, which usually leads to the kitchen. A kitchen in France is not shut up as in England, as if the cook were going to assist in the mysteries of Eleusis, instead of dressing a dinner. Every body goes into a French kitchen, without any apprehension of an addition being pinned to their dress. It is often half filled with dogs and cats, and the floor filthy beyond expression; but the tables and dressers are perfectly clean, and the culinary utensils in proper order. The stew-pans are washed the moment they have been used, and being rubbed bright both inside and out, are "hung high, and make a glittering show" from the roof of the kitchen: the kettles in France have no pretence for calling the pots by any opprobrious appellation.

The Hotel de la Dorade is pleasantly situated on the quay of the canal. With our dessert we had some exquisite honey, transparent as water. We had observed in the streets asses laden with rosemary and lavender for fuel; and doubtless the bees extract their honey from the flowers of these aromatic shrubs, which grow near the town in great abundance. It does not taste of any one in particular, the flavour is so slight as hardly to be distinguished; but it conveys to the palate the most delicate *idea* of a flavour imaginable.

November 6. To Carcassonne, $46\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The whole of our journey to-day lay through a mountainous tract, but the road was good, made with gravel, and winding round the base of the hills, or ascending them gradually, so as never to be abrupt. On quitting Narbonne, we turned our backs on the Mediterranean, and passed over some hilly and waste land, covered with lavender, rosemary, and various kinds of southernwood, and the sweet-scented mignonette, which crept about like a troublesome weed. The road was edged with tamarisks, and small almond-trees. We have seen pomegranates growing wild here and there all the way from Montpélier, but no fruit on them, except in the gardens.

We soon left our spicy heath and narrow glens, for a more rich and cultivated country. The valleys we passed through in succession were flat, and the only variety they presented to the eye was the deep brown of the new ploughed ground contrasted with the beautiful green of the springing corn. They are irrigated in every part, and appear to be extremely productive; and the vegetables in the gardens near the villages wonderfully luxuriant. The villages are tolerably airy—a circumstance not very common in France, where they are generally built round a large church, and at a distance look very respectable; but on entering the streets, they are so dark, narrow, and filthy that one's only thought is, how to get safe out of them again.

The weather was extremely hot during the

morning ; but at noon, in consequence of a slight shower of rain, it suddenly changed to such excessive cold, that we were obliged to wrap ourselves in our great coats, and draw up all the glasses.

We saw Carcassonne at some distance, apparently on a hill, with bastions, towers, and all the "pomp and circumstance of war" around it ; but on our near approach, we found its "occupation o'er:" for passing under its deserted walls, we crossed a bridge over the river Aude, and entered a very good town built on the flat, with wide, handsome, clean streets. We drove to the Hotel St. Jean Baptiste, on the boulevards; and that we might not lose a glimpse of daylight, we determined to dine again at the supper hour, at the table d'hôte, and to set out immediately to take a view of the town. The cathedral is large, but not handsome. We walked round an extensive square, planted with trees, with a fountain in the centre, ornamented with a figure of Neptune. The town on the hill is very old, and thinly inhabited. The church of the Capuchins has some fine painted glass in the windows, and a very handsome entrance. We contrived to lose our way on our return, and did not reach the hotel till it was quite dark, and the dinner, or rather supper, ready. No difference is made in the entertainment, except that at dinner there is always soup, but not at supper; which is reversing the ancient order of things: for the evening repast owes its name of supper to the custom which formerly prevailed of eating soup at that time.

In general, the tables d'hôte are not very sumptuously supplied. On our remonstrating with our landlord at Nismes, for charging us six francs each for dinner, he replied that he had sent us up a better dinner than he should have done for double our number at the table d'hôte, where we might dine for three francs. In Provence and Languedoc, the tables d'hôte are in a much better style, and frequented by much better company than in the northern part of the kingdom. At Aix and Marseilles the dinners are served three times every day; at one o'clock; at five, (on purpose, I believe, to accommodate English travellers,) and again between seven and eight; and the master of the house usually waits on the company: but at Caen, and even at Tours, he sits down to dinner amongst them*. We now took our places with six genteel looking men; one of whom was a Spaniard, just come from Toulouse by the boat. He entered very readily into conversation, and told us, that although there were but few passengers, yet he found the mode of conveyance very disagreeable, as well as tedious.

French people at these ordinaries scarcely ever open their lips, except to put the meat into their mouths. Their gravity and taciturnity are very remarkable: but this is not a new character taken up of late; for Arthur Young notices it in his Travels, before the Revolution†.

* At the Hotel de la Place Royal, at Caen, and at the Faisan, at Tours, and I believe at the other inns likewise.

† "One circumstance I must remark on this numerous table

We called for a bottle of vin de Limouse, a white wine made in the neighbourhood, which sparkles like Champagne, but is sweeter, and without much flavour. The price was two francs.

Nov. 7. To Castelnaudary $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

When we set out, the sun was shining with great splendour, and the Pyrenees displayed their snowy summits free from mist. The distant view of these stupendous mountains is by no means so striking as that of the Alps. With round and majestic heads, they possess the same character of beauty and simplicity which belongs to Grecian architecture, whilst the Alps rise in points and shafts with Gothic magnificence.

After we had quitted Carcassonne, we saw no more olive trees, and so few of any other kind, that we regretted their meagre green. The mules likewise disappeared, the carts being all drawn by horses, and the ploughs by oxen. The whole country is arable, and destined chiefly for maize.

d'hôte, because it has struck me repeatedly, which is, the taciturnity of the French. I came to the kingdom expecting to have my ears constantly fatigued with the infinite volubility and spirits of the people, of which so many persons have written, sitting, I suppose, by their English firesides. At Montpélier, though fifteen persons, and some of them ladies, were present, I found it impossible to make them break their inflexible silence with more than a monosyllable; and the whole company sat more like an assembly of tongue-tied quakers, than the mixed company of a people famous for loquacity. Here also, at Nismes, with a different party, at every meal it is the same, not a Frenchman will open his lips."—*Travels in France in the Year 1787, by Arthur Young*, p. 49, second edition, quarto.

At noon a black cloud rose in the west, and the weather changed suddenly from a pleasant heat to such pinching cold, that although our journey was short, we were impatient to get to the end, that we might warm ourselves by the fire-side.

We found the Hotel Nôtre Dame, at Castelnau-dary, a very comfortable house. The servant, whilst she lighted our fire, told us that nothing but cold weather could be expected from this time till May-day, and that fuel was exceedingly scarce. We paid twenty-five sous for a small faggot and a little bundle of vine twigs to light it.

I have been puzzled to discover where the inhabitants of the south of France can get their wood for burning. There are scarcely any trees except in the immediate vicinity of the large towns, and their shade in summer is of more consequence than the supply they could give for fuel in winter. Round Narbonne and many other places, the large trees were all cut down during the Revolution. Others have been planted indeed, but there does not appear to be a sufficient quantity through the whole country to afford fuel for its numerous inhabitants, and in a severe winter they must inevitably suffer dreadfully from cold. Charcoal is in universal use for culinary purposes, and chauffe-pieds are frequently substituted for a fire in the chimney. The workwomen never complain of cold when they are employed with their needle if they have a chauffe-pied under their feet; and a woman seldom sits down without one. The moment you alight at an inn, in severe weather, a chauffe-pied is brought; and its comfort cannot be

denied. Indeed a Frenchwoman would entertain a very mean opinion of our boasted catalogue of English comforts, if she was aware that chauffe-pieds were not included in the list.

The situation of Castelnaudary is exposed and bleak. The famous reservoir of water near St. Feriol is at about three leagues distance. This reservoir feeds the great canal of Languedoc each way, for it is situated on the highest ground between the Méditerranéan and the ocean. The water from several rivers and springs is conducted between two hills, and confined there by an enormous dam. It is conveyed thence by an aqueduct into another basin, from which the canal is supplied. This undertaking displays such an extraordinary combination of genius and labour, that most travellers go to see it. We were prevented by the state of the weather; the wind high and the cold severe; and by some difficulties respecting horses.

Castelnaudary is memorable for the battle which was fought near it, between the troops of Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, and the army of Louis XIII. commanded by Marshal Schomberg. The latter gained the victory; and the Duc de Montmorenci was taken prisoner, and executed as a traitor at Toulouse, amidst the tears and groans of the inhabitants. His fate was lamented throughout France, for he was a man eminently beloved.

November 8. To Toulouse 42 miles.

A very good gravel road reaches all the way to Toulouse, through a flat country, which being en-

tirely arable, and recently ploughed, presented one surface of brown, except in a few places, where the maize still remained ungathered; and that made but little difference, for, owing to the badness of the weather, the maize was almost as dingy as the soil. We saw an amazing quantity of poultry in the fields, droves of turkeys, flights of pigeons, and flocks of geese; the latter of an uncommon bulk, and their legs so short, that their bodies touched the ground.

We crossed the great canal several times. Poplars are planted on each bank, and about a foot from the margin a thick row of rushes rises out of the water, as trim as a box edging to a flower-plot, and gives a very singular and neat appearance to this noble canal; which, of an ample width itself, and with a broad towing path by its side, sweeps through the country in bold handsome curves, and, in contradistinction to other canals, seldom pursues a straight line.

The landscape loses something of its sameness near Toulouse, and is broken into small hills, and ornamented with villages, country houses, and handsome trees.

A heavy rain began to fall just as the town appeared in view. We went almost round it, between rows of large elms; before we reached the Hotel de l'Europe, where we took up our abode, but not without some demurs, as the apartments which were vacant did not please us; but happening to meet an Irish gentleman on the stairs, with whom we accidentally entered into conversation, he ad-

vised us to remain, as it was by far the best hotel in the town, where he had resided for a twelvemonth. We had no reason to repent following his counsel ; and the next day obtained very good rooms, paying two francs for each bed, and five francs for dinner. We dined once at the table d'hôte, at four o'clock. The company, which we understood was generally select, consisted of four or five officers and a lady, the wife of one of them. One of the officers was a man of rank, just arrived from Paris. He talked occasionally to another officer, but the conversation was neither general nor amusing. We had female attendants again here. From Lyons to this place we had been waited on by the other sex.

Toulouse is situated in a rich fertile plain, watered by the river Garonne, and abounding in a variety of grains and fruits belonging both to the southern and the northern division of the kingdom. But the face of the country has a much stronger resemblance to Normandy than to Provence. The olives and mulberries have given place to oaks and elms ; but tobacco and maize are cultivated with greater success than in any other part of France. The rich deep soil, somewhat approaching to clay, probably suits them better than the light calcareous earth of Provence. The cattle here are large and handsome, and the sheep have fine long silky wool. The town is surrounded by gardens, full of vegetables, now in the greatest perfection and profusion ; cauliflowers, artichokes, and young carrots. This plentiful supply of garden-stuff

almost the whole year round is owing, in a great measure, to the unceasing labour of the French in watering their gardens, and to the care they take to have them in a sheltered spot. Wherever they have an opportunity, they irrigate them by conveying the water in trenches; and when that is not practicable, they have recourse to a well, which they dig in every garden, and the water is raised by very simple means. On a strong post, set upright near the well, or on the stump of an old tree forked at the top, a long pole is balanced horizontally; and being depressed at one end, to let the bucket, which is suspended from it, dip into the well; in regaining its equilibrium, it pulls the bucket, filled with water, up again. At Tours I have seen the people indefatigably watering the plants at night, even when it had rained in the morning: thus fed with moisture to support the evaporation from the intense heat of their summer suns, the progress of vegetation becomes rapid, and the succession of the crops surprisingly quick. The gardeners are never deterred by the expectation of severe weather, from continuing their sowing and planting; and when the frost comes, though the greatest part should perish, yet perhaps something may escape, and repay them for their trouble; if not, *c'est égal*, their time might have been lost some other way, and they begin afresh to sow and to plant.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Sernin, is the largest church I ever saw, but by no means beautiful. It is built with brick, and the roof supported

by a multitude of square pillars. Many churches have been destroyed ; of those which remain, St. Peter's and St. Stephen's are the handsomest, and probably are the best attended, as they are more sumptuously decorated than the rest.

The streets are paved with pebbles, and kept tolerably clean. The houses are of brick, and generally good, and the numerous excellent shops of all kinds give an appearance of business and prosperity to the town. The hotel de ville is a large handsome edifice, but has been much damaged.

We had entertained some design of going from Toulouse to Barrege, but were obliged to relinquish it, from the badness of the weather. Saturday morning was fine enough to allow us to walk to the bridge over the Garonne, and afterwards along the banks of the short canal of Brienne, which is cut from the town, to the canal of Languedoc, near its junction with the river, and below the famous water-mill, remarkable for working a great number of wheels, with scarcely any noise ; but it rained heavily all night, and although Sunday was fair and clear, and gave us another opportunity of admiring the comely heads of the Pyrenees, yet it was so excessively cold, that after we had taken a short walk, we were glad to return to our fireside. Monday was cold and wet, and we could not stir out of doors till three o'clock, when going into the large square in front of the hotel de ville, we found it filled with soldiers ; whilst parties of dragoons were riding up and down the streets contiguous, which otherwise seemed to be very

quiet. On making some inquiries in a shop, one of the young women answered us in English, that there was a disturbance in the market-place, on account of the high price of bread, which had now risen to twopence halfpenny a pound, the usual price being one penny. She advised us not to go towards the market-place ; and as we thought the English were not likely to be popular with the mob at Toulouse, we returned to the Hotel de l'Europe, which being in the skirts of the town, was distant from the riot, and we heard no more of it whilst we staid. The girl in the shop told us she had learnt English in Paris ; but that now almost every body understood a little of the language.

November 12. To Montauban $57\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

When we sent to order post-horses, we were informed that they were all engaged. This was the first time we had met with such a disappointment ; but it did not occur to us that they were put in requisition by the police, which we learnt afterwards was really the case. We applied to a voiturier, and set off without further delay.

The weather continued cold and rainy ; but the peasants were at work in the fields, and the figures of the men appeared particularly queer and grotesque, driving plough in long white cloth cloaks, with jelly-bag hoods over their heads. But neither in high nor low life do the French people shackle themselves so much with attention to appearances as the English. We stopped to bait

the horses at a small inn; and our driver, finding that the rain increased, and that all the cloaks were in use, borrowed a large coarse tablecloth, which he pinned over his shoulders like a shawl to defend him from the wet for the rest of the journey. An English postilion would have preferred a thousand times being drenched to the skin, to exhibiting himself in such a costume.

Part of the town of Montauban lies in a valley on the bank of the river Tarn, and the other part is built on a hill which rises immediately on the opposite side. We crossed the bridge, and settled ourselves in the upper and principal half of the town, at the Hotel du Tapis Vert, where our dinners were uncommonly well dressed. We found we were now in the land of flocks and herds, as well as of geese and turkeys. We had excellent butter; and under the trees on each side of the promenade, the ground was covered with a fine turf, a luxury with which our eyes had seldom been indulged since we left Lyons. This walk being on the high bank of the river, affords a view of a rich cultivated valley adorned with trees. The bridge over the Tarn is a handsome object; and though flat, yet the arches are so deep, that a considerable extent of country, as well as the river, is seen through them, producing a very picturesque effect. The Pyrenees are visible here in clear weather, but the sky was too cloudy for us to discover them.

The market-place is surrounded by colonnades, in which are open shops for various articles, but

chiefly coarse woollen cloth, the manufacture of the place. Grapes, fresh gathered, were still brought to market here, as well as at Toulouse. Near Narbonne the vines had all been picked. But grapes for the table are preserved through the greatest part of the winter, by laying them on shelves in a dry room. The French do not prize them much. A lady told me that grapes could not be called fruit like apples and pears, which indeed they prefer to almost every thing else. The pears are exceedingly good, but the apples in the south are very indifferent: when quite yellow, mealy, and mellow, they presented them to us as delicacies. Their melons they eat with their boiled beef, and their figs during dinner: they never put them on the table afterwards with other fruit. The grapes are sold here by the bunch, and the chestnuts by number, twenty, ready roasted, for a single sou. At Marseilles every thing was sold by weight; apples, pears, and peaches; the latter were four sous per pound: the roasted chestnuts were the same price. In every town the women sit in the streets with pans full of chestnuts on charcoal fires, some in water to be boiled, and some in dry pans, to be roasted: the roasted are best.

On our arrival at Montauban, the people at the hotel asked us many questions respecting the disturbance at Toulouse, as the military had been sent for, and some alarm prevailed. They received the next day more particulars than we had heard upon the spot. The tumult was of a very serious

nature, and had been expected for some time. The officer with whom we had dined in company at the table d'hôte had been sent from Paris, to be on the alert in case of an emergency; and though we heard so little noise in the town, a considerable sensation was excited in the scene of action. The populace pelted the general with stones, and several lives were lost before tranquillity could be restored. The ostensible object of the insurgents was obtained, by the price of bread being lowered; but a spirit of sulky discontent lurks amongst them, which it will require time and skill to appease. The parties are violent, and greatly exasperated against each other. About a twelvemonth ago the commanding officer, who was supposed to be a Buonapartist, having given some offence to the mob on the opposite side, they broke into his chamber, and assassinated him.

The price of bread is fixed by the magistrates in the large towns, and published weekly. It is said that the French government has been under the necessity of assuming the trade of cornfactor in most of the provinces, as well as in Paris.* This has not turned out so profitable a speculation as Pharaoh's of old, the object being indeed very different. Large sums have been expended in the purchase of corn at a high price, to supply the wants of the people on moderate terms.

Montauban is built entirely of brick, and the eaves of the houses project a most unbecoming distance beyond the walls. The streets are wide, paved with pebbles, and kept clean. Several En-

glish families reside here, and others are settled at Toulouse. Both these towns appear to be well adapted to suit those who are not in quest of a warm climate. They are situated in a luxuriant country, are well supplied with provisions, the houses good, and let, I believe, at a very reasonable rate; but the lower classes of inhabitants, particularly at Toulouse, do not take much trouble to conceal their antipathy to the English. The bloody scenes they so recently witnessed were not calculated to conciliate their minds; and the last battle, fought so unfortunately after the preliminaries of peace were signed, still rankles in their hearts.

CHAPTER X.

Journey to Agen—Method of feeding Geese—Their celebrated Livers—Dried Plums—Vines trained to Elms—Ferry at Aguilhon, on the River Lot—Anecdote of Henry IV.—Junction of the Lot and the Garonne—Tonneins—Dress of the Peasants—Pigeon-houses—La Reole—Ferry at Langon—Vintage—Castres—Crucifixes—Religion—Approach to Bourdeaux—Theatre—Quays—Hotels—Dinner in the Country—Streets—Wines—French and English Women—Their Condition compared.

November 14. To Agen, 60 miles.

AFTER crossing the valley through which the river Tarn flows, we got into a very hilly tract, covered with vineyards; and then descending to the borders of the Garonne, we travelled through a level country for the remainder of the way.

Agen is a very dirty ill-built town. We had comfortable accommodations at the Hotel Petit St. Jean. The landlord, who occupied a farm, took some pride in showing us his cattle, and his pigs, and poultry; which gave us an opportunity of making inquiries into the method of managing the geese, so as to produce the celebrated livers. We had tasted them for the first time at Toulouse, and found them such an exquisite dainty, that we lamented not being able to eat them with a quiet conscience, and without the phantom of a gasping goose haunting the imagination: the idea is shocking, that any living thing should suffer torture as well as death merely to

gratify the palate. Having remarked the extraordinary shape and size of the geese in the fields, we might perhaps have persuaded ourselves that nature had given them these delicious livers of her own free will, if we had not previously heard divers stories of the cruelties practised upon them to make their livers increase in bulk. Some accounts of their treatment assert, that the geese are nailed to the floor by their feet, round a large fire; and as they lie panting and half-melted with heat, water or moist food is poured down their gaping bills. In this situation, they soon become diseased, and are killed when at the point of dying from their previous treatment; their livers being swollen to an enormous size, and their bodies wasted away to skeletons, and good for nothing. When we left Toulouse, we did not fail to gather all the information we could upon the subject at every country inn where we halted; and the accounts we received agreed with that which our landlord at Agen now gave us. He said the geese were shut up in outhouses to be fattened, like other poultry, and were fed with maize, boiled or soaked in milk. So far from their being fastened close to a fire, they required to be kept in a cool place: they soon got very plump, and were killed. The livers being then a lump of fat, were sold at a high price: for, besides the demand for them in the neighbourhood, they were made into patties, and sent to Paris. The body of the goose, being too fat to be roasted, was cured in various ways; the legs, in particular, were sometimes potted, and

sent to the West Indies. This account is corroborated by several circumstances. At Marseilles we noticed over the door of a cook's shop, amongst other articles for sale, "*Confiture d'Oie*," and wondered what description of preserve it might be; and we have since been informed that the legs are much prized in the West Indies, and used for soup and other dishes.

Agen is famous for its dried plums, which are sent all over France, and exported to foreign countries. Those not flattened in drying, which we get in England, are brought from this place. The flat ones come from Tours; but there the natives prefer the plums of Agen to their own.

Maize still continues to be extensively cultivated. The children are eating it all day long as they play in the streets; and the under mattresses for beds, which are usually of straw, are stuffed with its leaves. They are not so soft as the common paille, which is made very differently from our hard ones in England; being always filled with soft short straw, and two holes left in the seam of the cover, for the bed-makers to put their hands in, and shake up and arrange the straw every day.

We saw, as we came along, large quantities of tobacco hanging in barns to dry: the government allows it to be planted only in some particular districts, and it appears to succeed very well in this.

November 15. To Tonneins, 30 miles.

We passed through a country of vineyards, of a different description from any we had before seen.

In most parts of France, the vines are supported by upright sticks, and the plant is cut down within a foot of the ground every winter. Here, however, they are trained to elms, set in rows; and this seems to be the most ancient and classic method of planting a vineyard. The union of the elm and the vine is often quoted as emblematical of the marriage state, and is commonly brought forward to exemplify the strength of the one party, and the weakness of the other. It might, however, be placed in different points of view, and serve to show, that the principal use of the one, as well as its greatest merit, is the support it affords to its weak, but valuable neighbour.

At Aguillon, we were obliged to cross the river Lot by a ferry. Our postilion drove us into the boat; one end of which was fastened to a little wharf. Two carriages had preceded us, from which the horses had been taken to give room; but as space enough remained for ours, they were not removed. Henry IV. was put in great jeopardy, by being driven in this manner into the ferry-boat at Neuilly. His carriage was overturned into the river; Henry, the queen (Mary de Medicis), and two other persons were in it. The king escaped through the door which was uppermost; but the queen would certainly have been drowned, if one of her attendants had not jumped into the water, and dragged her out by the hair of her head. The first thing she did when she found herself safe, was to inquire for his majesty; partly from anxiety, and partly, perhaps, from her constitutional jea-

lousy, and mistrust of his regard. She was highly gratified to find, that Henry, with that promptness and good-nature which formed the great charm of his character, had plunged into the river again the moment he was aware of her danger, and was swimming to her relief.

We apprehended that we ran some risk, from our boat being so crowded; three carriages and eight horses were on board, and all the interstices were filled with men and women passengers, not to mention the company in the carriages. The river, too, was swelled with the continual rain, and the current very strong. We were towed up the river by men on the side for a considerable way, and then the stream, with the assistance of two oars, carried us over, and we were safely hooked to another little wharf, and driven on shore without further alarm. We had soon a fine view of the Garonne, where the Lot flows in. The scenery adjacent is particularly pretty, the hills being covered with vines tied together in arches. Afterwards the country grew tame; though our road lay very near the banks of the river, we seldom could see it, and were only aware of its vicinity from the willows and poplars which marked its course, and from the broad white sails of the boats that were navigating its stream.

The banks of the Garonne are high above the usual level of the current; and although it is a fine river, and pours down a noble volume of water, uninterrupted by sand-banks, yet it is not in itself so beautiful an object as the Loire, which flows

even with the margin, nor does it contribute so greatly to the ornament of the landscape. The Loire may indeed be said to constitute the principal charm of the country which it fertilizes; and which is often highly ornamented, well cultivated, rich, and luxuriant, but never rises to the romantic or sublime, through the whole course of the river, from the mountains of the Cevennes to the Atlantic ocean.

We reached Tonneins in a storm of thunder and rain, which continued all night. Our hotel faced a large square or market-place; and in the morning it was completely filled with people, a great majority of whom were women, all dressed exactly alike; their uniform very different from any we had hitherto seen: a large blue cotton handkerchief, folded like a doiley, was put flat on the top of their heads, like a college cap, the corner in front. They had dark-coloured bodices, and red handkerchiefs, and wore so many scarlet petticoats as to increase their circumference to a ludicrous degree. The quality of their clothing appeared to be very good, and they looked cheerful, and were very civil.

I observed in the market green peas, plenty of grapes, a few yellow peaches, and also pomegranates—the first we had seen since we left Narbonne. The vicinity of Tonneins is famous for its fertility, and the excellence of its fruits and vegetables. We noticed large fields of peas still in blossom. When they are too late in the season for the pods to fill, they are eaten like French-

beans, and the cattle are fed with the fresh haulm.

The quantity of garlic in the market almost exceeds credibility; some hundred waggon-loads lay in heaps upon the ground.

The great number of pigeon-houses is a prominent feature in this country: formerly every mansion had one near it; and at the beginning of the Revolution they were considered as appendages to aristocracy, and were the first things denounced. The mansions are empty, or levelled to the earth; the aristocracy is swept away, scarcely a shred of it remains; but the pigeons have returned to their dovecots, and coo in their ancient habitations in peace and security.

Cazeneuf's Hotel afforded us very good accommodations, and the expenses were very moderate; only 17 francs.

November 16. To La Reole, 27 miles.

We travelled to-day through a flat country, with a line of trees on each side of the road, which was enlivened by a great number of people on foot, bringing their goods from market, and driving their pigs and geese. Every small town we passed through had a market; and the weather being dry, those not engaged in the business of buying and selling were sitting at their doors, busily employed in making a sort of brush we use for carpets, of the reeds which grow in the Garonne, by binding several of them together, when the small twigs on their tops form the head of the brush.

Sometimes the twigs are cut from the parent reed, and tied round the end of a smooth stick. We ascended a steep hill before we reached La Reole.

Nov. 17. To Castres, 33 miles.

Our road led us over very high ground, so that we had frequent views of the Garonne, rolling its deep waters in bold meanders through a rich fertile plain. From one hill, in particular, a most magnificent prospect presented itself; but I could not enjoy its beauties, from the alarm I suffered, occasioned by our postilion's driving his horses at full speed, in spite of our remonstrances. He set out at first in a furious manner; and, as one of our wheels was much damaged, I entreated him to go at a slower rate. He asked me if I was afraid of the wheel, and looking at it with the most saucy expression of face possible, cried out, "*Eh bien, à present donc !*" and whipping his horses, kept them on the full gallop, up hill and down, the whole stage, which was short; and I rejoiced to get rid of him, but had no great cause, for our next driver was very little better. All the way from Montauban, except in one instance, the horses have been poor abused things; blind of one or both eyes, and the postilions ill dressed and insolent. One boy flogged his horses to such an inhuman degree, that we threatened to inform the next postmaster, which had some effect. This is an unusual circumstance; for in France the horses are generally exceedingly well treated, never whipped, or pressed beyond their speed, and kept in very good condition.

At the end of the second stage, we crossed the Garonne to Langon, which lies on the south side. We were ferried over with a sail and oars; and, as soon as we landed, were surrounded by women, who were very solicitous that we should purchase their wine, grapes, chickens, &c. We got into the carriage to escape them, and drove to the posthouse; but whilst the horses were changed, they besieged us in our place of refuge, cramming bottles of Barsac, Sauterne, and other wines of the country, in at the windows, and were very troublesome with their importunities for us to buy them.

The vines in this neighbourhood are trained high, and tied to long poles; they have not shed their leaves, and some of the grapes, which are mostly white, are still hanging on the branches, and the people are employed in gathering them.

All the carts we have lately met have been drawn by two oxen abreast, clothed with a piece of coarse cloth like a blanket, and a sheepskin on their heads, hanging down over their eyes.

The town of Castres is built of stone: since our arrival at Toulouse we have seen nothing but brick. A change is observable here, not only in the materials of the houses, but likewise in the dress of the women; who, instead of blue handkerchiefs on their heads, wear caps with a stiff muslin caul, which stands up two feet high, and behind resembles a large open garden fan; a deep border before projects beyond the face, and is very becoming. They likewise wear sabots: in the south they use leather shoes.

The old English custom of hanging out a bush, to designate a public-house, is still preserved by the French. Their bush is, generally, a fir-tree, the root-end crammed into a window or hole in the wall, and the tree, sometimes a pretty large one, sticking out horizontally across the street. At Montpélier they display a small white flag instead, to denote that wine, eau de vie, and beer, are to be sold. Beer is a very favourite beverage with the lower orders; they prefer it to wine of the same price; nay, we were told at Montpélier, that when, in a plentiful season, tolerable wine might be had for two sous a bottle, the country people would rather give six for a bottle of beer. It is now sold in almost every town; the strong is called double beer, which is expressed on the sign by the significant figure of a bottle filling two glasses at once.

November 18. To Bourdeaux, 21 miles.

During the night the frost was very severe; and the ice in the morning more than an inch in thickness.

The country from hence to Bourdeaux is sandy, meagre, and sterile, covered with coppice wood of small oaks, interspersed with vineyards.

We had observed in our journey from Avignon, all through Provence, and as far as Carcassonne, in Languedoc, a great number of crucifixes standing by the side of the road; and in the towns and villages some had lately been erected, and old ones replaced. The churches were repaired and newly

ornamented, and attended daily by crowds of both sexes. From Carcassonne to Bourdeaux we did not see a single new cross, or any others, save now and then one, broken, and lying on the ground in decay. The churches in the towns, too, appeared neglected, and sparingly decorated, and the majority of those who frequented them were women. The catholic religion is calculated so strongly to impel its votaries to manifest their piety by these outward and ostensible symbols, that wherever it is sincerely professed, they must of necessity appear; therefore, in all catholic countries where they are not to be found, it may be fairly considered as indicating an absence of religious feeling in the community.

French people themselves always speak of their defection from christianity as being the work of the Révolution; but the mischief was of an older date. The higher classes had not for years attempted to conceal their infidelity: they affected to consider religion merely as an engine of state to keep the common people in order; and it cannot be a matter of wonder, that by degrees the common people should adopt the opinion, that they were as well able to do without religion as their superiors. Scraps of infidelity, sarcasms on the priesthood, and sneers at revelation, were disseminated amongst them with indefatigable industry; and unfortunately they had no armour to repel these insidious attacks. Ignorant of the grounds of their belief, they scarcely knew the contents of the Bible, but by the ridicule that

was levelled against it. Wherever the Bible is in the hands of the people (which it may truly be said to be, when it is printed in the language of the country, sold openly in the shops, and read publicly in the churches), christianity stands on its own basis: the waves may beat, and the winds blow, it is built on a rock not to be shaken. The Bible is in itself a tower of strength; and although individuals may be drawn aside, yet it appears almost impossible that a whole nation should lose their faith, supported by such a bulwark: the French had it not, and their faith had given way. Sapped by degrees, no apparent change took place in their morals. The power of habit, the long established rules of society, originally grounded on christian principles, the restraint of public opinion, and the fear of the laws, prevent any great aberrations in individuals, whilst these ties remain undisturbed; but put them for a moment aside, break through established habits, the curb of opinion, and the fear of the laws, and then the mischief will stand "bare and naked." The Revolution did all this, and the horrid and unexampled atrocities that ensued proclaimed the people devoid of christianity as loudly as they did themselves when they renounced their Saviour, and bowed the knee to the Goddess of Reason.

We were in Paris in the year 1802, soon after the government had deemed it expedient to re-establish the forms of christianity, and I observed a curious inscription on the door of the church of St. Roch, purporting, that on such a day "the French nation would recognise the immortality of

the soul *.” It appeared to me then, that a total indifference to religion discovered itself even in the very act of resuming its ceremonies. The eyes of the people had been opened to the errors and superstitions of the church of Rome, which had been exposed and ridiculed. If a religious sentiment had really actuated the rulers of the land, they would have considered, while it was yet in their power, whether a creed more enlightened and conformable to the doctrine of the scriptures might not be adopted. I have been told that the Directory had it once in contemplation to establish some form of Protestant worship; but a man of great weight, La Reveillère, opposed the measure strenuously; for being, unhappily, a bigoted deist, he was very anxious to impose his own dogmas on the nation. The rest were afraid of a second edition of the Goddess of Reason; and therefore, to cut the matter short, voted for the restoration of the ancient church with all its imperfections on its head: a most unfortunate decision! Not only religion itself had been vilified in the eyes of the people, but its ministers had also been rendered odious; not as being bigots, superstitious fools, and blind professors of a blind faith, but as being impostors, impostors by trade, who, for worldly purposes, promulgated, and endeavoured to impose on the belief of others, doc-

* The government, some time before, had issued a declaration, that the French people acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being; and one of the wits of the day remarked on the occasion, that Robespierre had restored God Almighty.

trines which they themselves held to be false. Now, there were rascals amongst them, who, by boasting of their infidelity and past hypocrisy, justified the accusation ; and the notoriety of its truth, in these acknowledged instances, gave countenance to the opinion that it was true in all.

The priesthood was thus deprived of the accumulated respect of ages, and loaded with obloquy ; nor could the people be easily brought to listen with reverence to a body of men, whom they had been so sedulously taught to regard with distrust and abhorrence.

Under these disadvantages, it is not so surprising that religion should be slow to revive in France, as that it should revive at all ; however it has revived, though partially. In some provinces the whole population display a spirit of devotion that might shame their more enlightened neighbours ; whilst in others, the men appear to take no interest in the subject, but to consider it as an affair of the clergy, whom they employ as agents to settle their accounts with Heaven in the best manner they can, without their own personal interference : but the women discover every where a pious zeal that does honour to their sex ; and the leaven in their hearts may, perhaps, be mercifully designed to spread, by degrees, its kindly influence through the whole mass.

The approach to Bourdeaux is by no means imposing : the immediate vicinity is not highly improved, nor ornamented with country seats and pleasure gardens. The entrance from Castres

leads through narrow streets to the principal part of the town, which is remarkably handsome; chiefly owing to the beauty of the theatre, a magnificent building, after the model of the theatre at Milan, which it is said to equal in beauty, and far to transcend all others in Europe, except, perhaps, that of St. Carlo. From the theatre a wide street reaches to the river. The quays are of great extent, and the exchange is a very large and spacious pile. Several of the streets are wide and handsome, and lined with trees. The shops of every kind are excellent, and there is a greater display of wealth and commerce than either at Lyons or Marseilles; but, to an English eye, Bourdeaux is not so striking as either of those noble cities, because it bears a stronger resemblance to an English town. The public buildings, indeed, are in a more splendid style, and the houses are on a larger scale; but there is nothing very peculiar or distinguishing in its general appearance.

The whole town is built of stone; the public hotels are superb, and allowed to be excellent. The Hotel Richelieu had been pointed out to us as very eligible, and situated in a good part of the town, near the theatre, and we engaged apartments, at eight francs per day.

We had letters of introduction to several families in the town, who gave us invitations to dinner, and showed us many attentions; so that our time passed pleasantly, though the weather was extremely disagreeable, cold and showery during the day, and a thick fog every evening, which

several times came on so early, that we could not see across the street at three o'clock in the afternoon.

¶ We dined one day with a French family at their country-house, prettily situated in a park. The company consisted of fourteen, gentlemen and ladies: the dinner was exceedingly handsome; the wines of the finest quality, and every thing in the greatest style and order. One circumstance, however, would have been thought, in England, to betray some discrepancy with the rest; the attendants were all females,—three very pretty young women, dressed, according to the costume of the peasantry in the neighbourhood, in cloth jackets and petticoats, with turbans of cross-barred handkerchiefs on their heads. For my part, I see no sort of humiliation in being waited on by females, nor the slightest objection to the custom. Jove himself was content with Hebe for a cup-bearer, till the goddess of *youth* growing, as it should seem, *old* and clumsy, lost her place by her awkwardness.

At dinner we had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with the Irish gentleman we had seen at Toulouse, which place he quitted a day or two before us. He spoke of the disturbances there, and observed, that the populace were extremely disaffected to the present government; that private meetings were constantly held by the men, who were violent Buonapartists. The women were not admitted to these secret cabals; but being equally devoted to the cause, they contrived to

get in by dressing themselves in men's clothes, and although they were easily recognised by their neighbours, their faces not being disguised, yet no notice was taken, and they joined in the debates. Before this gentleman's family left Toulouse, they discovered that the servant-maid, who had lived with them some time, and appeared to be a mild, well-conducted, inoffensive young woman, was one of these choice spirits, and had been constantly in the habit of attending the meetings in male attire. On being questioned, her courageous enthusiasm burst forth, and she said she regarded her life as nothing, and would willingly sacrifice it in the cause of Napoleon and her country!

In many of the towns in the south of France, inscriptions of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive le Duc d'Angouleme!" or "Vive Madame!" were exhibited in the windows, and the heads of the royal family painted over the doors of the small shops. None of these little traits of loyalty are to be seen at Bourdeaux: the lower classes express no sort of satisfaction at the present order of things, and are any thing but loyal. They discover much national spleen against us, and yet many English families, besides those who are settled in mercantile houses, have taken up their abode here, and are very well received in the best society. The inhabitants are reputed to live in a style of greater splendour and luxury than in any other town in France, Paris only excepted.

The streets are extremely dirty, so much so in winter, that men, as well as women, wear pattens

fixed to sabots. Troops of boys ply at every crossing, and every turn, with their little buckets of shoe-blackening, and have learnt just enough of our language to bawl after the English, "Clean soos!" and sometimes *God dem!* which latter expression is, generally speaking, not meant to convey more disrespect than the appellation of *Mounseer* does in England; but it ought to convey a strong reproof to the English for their constant use of those words, till at length they have become a nickname, and certainly a term of contempt, though not of such strong intentional offence as our countrymen are apt to imagine. We happened to be walking in the public garden belonging to one of the towns on our road, when a youth, who followed us at some distance, threw a stone amongst a party of his comrades, who were just before us, and hid himself behind a wall. The young men looked round, and then walked on. Their concealed friend presently joined them, and a loud laugh ensued: they told him they were quite at a loss to guess who threw the stone, for they did not suspect the *Messieurs God dem*, and they could see no one else. We were glad to hear this; for we thought ourselves in rather suspicious circumstances, and did not presume on their giving us so much credit, particularly as they had repeated *God dem* several times in our hearing.

The carts and sledges are drawn by oxen in the streets of Bourdeaux, which is a very great annoyance. The women do not roast their chestnuts in pans on charcoal fires, but in iron cylinders, which

they whirl round over blazing faggots, and never cease screaming, "*Marons tout chauds!*"

The oysters are excellent here, and have green fins : they are always brought to table either immediately before or after the soup ; and are thought to whet the appetite rather than satisfy it.

The best claret is made on a farm called la Fite, which is not large, and can furnish but a small portion of the wine sold under that name. People say that the quality of the fruit differs on the adjoining ground, even close to the partition fence. This wine is supposed to have a perfect flavour. The next in reputation is from le Chateau Margot. The wines of Bourdeaux are considered as superior to any others in France ; because they are not injured by crossing the sea, nor by a warm climate ; whereas the wines of Burgundy, it is said, will not bear either. In a bad season a certain quantity of strong wine is allowed to be imported from Spain, to mix with the claret for foreign consumption. A good vintage seldom happens more than once in seven years. This has been extremely unfavourable, half the grapes not ripening ; and what wine has been made is so acid and meagre, that the merchants have agreed not to send a drop of it out of the kingdom, for fear of lowering the reputation of their wines in the foreign market.

It happened one day in a mixed company that a dispute arose, whether the laws of France or of England were most favourable to the female sex. An English gentleman observed, that there could

be no doubt that the English women were in a much better situation than the French, for they lived in comparative ease, the laws being so much in their favour, that the charge of their maintenance was thrown upon the men, who were condemned to all the laborious employments ; whilst a married woman seemed to be exonerated from business and trouble, as her husband was under the necessity of providing for her support. A French gentleman, Mons. F., who had lived some years in England, said, though that circumstance was very specious, yet it was of no real advantage to the sex ; for it placed women in a state of such extreme dependence, as tended to destroy all energy and exertion, and to occasion such a degree of indolence, nay, imbecility of body and mind, that it reduced the value of their labour almost to nothing, in comparison with the price of the labour of the other sex ; whilst in France the difference was trifling : so that if wives were benefited by the English laws, yet considering the number of unmarried girls and widows, the sex upon the whole was in a worse condition than in France. A French lady, who had but an imperfect knowledge of our language, in which the dialogue was carried on, caught the observation, that a man was obliged to maintain his wife ; and now joining in the conversation, remarked, in French, that it must be very agreeable to English ladies to have husbands who were at all the expense of housekeeping, whilst they might spend their own money as they pleased. Mons. F. undertook to explain to Ma-

dame H. that an English wife was incapable of possessing any property at all ; that whatever devolved to her, became immediately at the disposal of her husband ; and that she could not spend a single farthing without his authority. Madame H. thought she did not rightly comprehend the business, and therefore stated a case. "Suppose," said she, "that after I am married some friend should die, and bequeath me a thousand guineas, without once mentioning my husband's name ; I might then receive them myself, and dispose of them as I chose?" "You are quite mistaken," replied Mons. F. ; "your husband would be put in possession of the sum total ; and might, if he pleased, spend it on a mistress, lose it at a gaming table, or leave it by will from you and your children." "Mon Dieu !" exclaimed the lady, "what wicked laws ! Why do you talk of English liberty and equality, when one-half of the community is left so entirely at the mercy of the other ? and for my part I do not see that a wife is under any great obligation for her maintenance, if she is deprived of her own property, and even of the fruits of her own industry." "Why," resumed Mons. F. "I have always been of opinion that bragging of that indulgence was like drawing one's teeth, and then making it a favour to feed one with pap."

One of our countrymen urged in reply, that the English enjoyed a greater share of domestic happiness than any other people upon earth ; and that so tenacious were both sexes of their present condition relative to each other, that any change

would be scouted by the men as invading their prerogatives, and reprobated by the women as intrenching on their privileges; that the property of both being consolidated, and the entire management confided to the husband, was a contrivance which reached the *ne plus ultra* of human wit, for the entire satisfaction and happiness of both parties: and he appealed to his countrywomen then present, which was rather a hazardous experiment, for they were all married women; however, they kept a profound silence, except an old lady, who merely said that there was no possibility of accounting for the power of custom over common sense and common feeling. She had heard that in China, when a young lady arrived at years of discretion, she was utterly inconsolable if she found that her nurse had neglected in her infancy to take bones enough out of her feet to completely cripple her; and would never forgive the injury of being left in so inelegant and unfeminine a condition as to be able to walk*.

Mons. F. resumed the debate, by saying that the expedient so extolled by his opponent appeared to him to be more calculated to produce a separation of interests, than a real union of them; for the husband having the absolute direction of the joint stock, might be tempted to the constant

* Maiming a woman in her infancy secured her from being employed in laborious occupations; and "we may observe, that these disabilities are for the most part intended for her benefit. So great a favourite is the female sex of the *customs of China*."—See *Blackstone's Commentaries*, i. 15.

exercise of his power, without thinking it necessary to consult his wife, who would, in consequence, dwindle to a mere cipher; and finding herself thus held in no account, she would naturally abstract her thoughts from his concerns, and turn her attention to her own individual interest; considering her husband merely as a banker, to whom all the wealth of the family was entrusted, and that her business would be to obtain the disposal of as much as she could by any means get into her hands. This would create a mercenary disposition, and turn all generous love and confidence into a fawning spaniel-like semblance of affection, that submits to any thing to gain its object.

Our champion rebutted this charge, by assuring his antagonist that English husbands always reposed unlimited confidence respecting pecuniary affairs in their wives; and that they, in return, manifested an equal interest in the common welfare.

Mons. F. then gave up that point; but he contended that, on public grounds, it was a great national evil to have property almost exclusively in the hands of one sex, as it left the other a burden on the community, and vitiated the character of both, inclining one to insolence and tyranny, and the other to indolence, dissimulation, and despondency. When he was in England, he had often looked with pity on the females of the lower orders of the gentry, as there appeared to him no way for them to support themselves except by prostitution; whilst the meaner classes must depend on the

funds of the parish for subsistence. "But after all," continued he, "different customs suit different people. The French take their wives for companions, the English choose them for playthings; the French consider them as helpmates, the English treat them as appendages." "Well, sir," cried a gentleman, who had listened, with great irritation, to the discourse, "well, sir; and the real truth of the case is, they *are* appendages; they were originally designed for such by nature. They were given to us, to soften our manners, to humanize our hearts, to nurse us in sickness, to amuse us in health. They can scarcely be said to have an identity of their own; all their duty consists in their obedience, and all their happiness in contributing to ours. And nature, sir, has fitted them for their situation, for they take pleasure in being thwarted and controlled, and are never so miserable as when they have their own way." "What you have said, sir, is quite unanswerable," returned Mons. F.; and the conversation ended.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure from Bourdeaux—View of the Town from the Ferry over the Garonne—Prisoners—Passage over the river Dordogne—Cavignac—Barbezieux—Perigord Pies—Angoulême—Jarnac—Cognac—Native Place of Francis I.—Learned Ladies—Brandy—Town of Saintes—Rochefort—River Charente—Garden where Bonaparte made his last public Appearance in France—Anecdote—Flatness of the Country—View of the Atlantic—La Rochelle—Harbour—Blockade by Cardinal Richelieu—Brick Floors—Gens-d'armes—Police—Passports.

Nov. 27. To Cavignac 33 miles.

THE direct road from Bourdeaux to Nantes is so intolerably bad, that we determined to go round by Angoulême, in order to avoid the worst part. We crossed the Garonne at a ferry below the town; and looking back on this great emporium of commerce and riches, with all its magnificent buildings, quays, and shipping, fresh upon our mind, we could not help feeling some surprise and disappointment at the insignificance of its appearance. All effect is lost by the flatness of the town's situation, which prevents its real magnitude from giving it proper consequence to the eye. The country around is level and swampy, overrun with osiers, willows, and poplars, intermixed with vineyards and plantations of oaks, which are cut down once in ten years for fuel.

After ascending a considerable acclivity, we saw the Garonne for the last time. It joins the Dor-

dogne three leagues below Bourdeaux, and is afterwards called the Gironde; which is twelve miles across in the widest part.

We overtook in our road a party of people chained and guarded by gens-d'armes; we counted seventeen men and one woman; some were in a cart, and some on foot. We have frequently met with culprits on their way to jail; but never before more than four or five together; nor had we seen one woman amongst them till now, which led us to suppose they were deserters from the army; but on inquiry, we found they were offenders of all descriptions. The circumstance is remarkable, that the women in France are so seldom guilty of any crimes or transgressions of the laws of their country, that it is quite a rare occurrence for a woman to be sent to prison.

At the end of the stage we found ourselves on the banks of the river Dordogne, which we were obliged to cross at a ferry, and to wait a few minutes for the boat. The party of delinquents came up just as we got on board, and we were apprehensive of being favoured with their company; but they waited for another boat, and we had only one fellow passenger, a respectable countrywoman, who expressed much surprise at the number of the prisoners, as she had heard of no particular depredations in the neighbourhood. She concluded the woman was wife to one of the men, for women did not often get into mischief by themselves; "but when their husbands lead the way, you know, madame," continued she, "it is but natural for

them to follow." I agreed with her so far; and added, I was glad the women in France were so much better than the men. She smiled, and said archly, she thought that had been the case every where. I told her, I apprehended it was rather a doubtful point; but I hoped the fair sex would all improve in virtue, when so laudable an example was set them by the women of France. The good dame seemed to think, with the characteristic vanity of her nation, that she had a large personal share in my general compliment; and with a look of extreme self-complacency thanked me for my good opinion.

The Dordogne is wider here than the Garonne, at Bourdeaux, and its banks are flat and devoid of beauty. We slept at Cavignac. The weather was exceedingly cold; and all the lettuces planted in the garden of the hotel to stand the winter had been cut off by the frost the preceding night.

Nov. 28th. To Angoulême 78 miles.

The country, as we advanced, did not appear to be thickly inhabited; we saw but few villages, and not many people, either in the fields or the road; vineyards here and there, and much coppice wood, chiefly oak, which is the prevailing tree of the country. We had seen very few oak trees before we reached the environs of Bourdeaux, and scarcely any others since.

We arrived at Barbezieux by three o'clock; a place famous for the pies called Perigord pies, which are filled with partridges and truffles, and

sold at the rate of fifteen francs for every partridge the pie contains. Truffles have been a principal ingredient in all our ragouts for some time past. I thought, on first tasting them, that they were very little better than the heel of Lady Fanny Touchet's shoe might have been when sliced and fricasseed in a tavern in London, as related in the *Connoisseur*; but by degrees I discovered their flavour to be very palatable.

We intended staying all night at Barbezieux, but the mistress of the inn was so exorbitant in her demands, that we would not submit to the imposition, and therefore ordered horses immediately, and continued our journey; but we were obliged to the moon for what light we had the greatest part of the way.

Angoulême is built on a hill; and the ascent is so steep, that although the postilions are allowed the price of three miles for going into the town, yet they prefer driving to an hotel in the suburbs, La Fleur de Lis; where we were well accommodated at a fair charge.

The hill on which the town stands rises suddenly in the centre of a charming valley, interlaced in a beautiful manner by the silver stream of the river Charente. A walk on the ramparts extends nearly round the town, which is well built, the houses good, and the streets clean. The cathedral has a very handsome entrance, and a roof with five domes. The suburb at the base of the walls appears to be almost as large as the town itself; and a great paper manufactory is carried there.

November 29. To Cognac 30 miles.

We quitted the Paris road here, and turned our faces westward to Jarnac. We crossed the Charente at a ferry near the spot where the battle was fought between the catholic and huguenot armies, in which Louis, Prince of Condé, was killed. Henry, Duke of Anjou, afterwards king of France, then very young, displayed such courage and ability in this engagement, as raised great expectations of his future character; but, like the aurora borealis in a beautiful passage in Montgomery's poems,

"It was the promise of a morn that never turned to day."

At Cognac we drove to the hotel des Trois Marchands. We have been at Les Trois Maures, Les Quatre Rois; and we observed in one place Les Trois Rats, and at Angoulême Les Trois Vieillards, which, by looking on the painted sign, we discovered to be the sun, the moon, and a star.

Les Trois Marchands we found exceedingly comfortable, the larder well stocked with hares, partridges, wild ducks, and good butchers' meat. The market next morning was full of excellent provisions: grapes were still in plenty. The country people assembled were well clothed; and the weather being excessively cold, the women covered their heads with large white flannel hoods over their caps. The men wore enormous round hats; they were civil, and bowed as we passed. Cognac appears a very flourishing little town, and carries on a considerable trade with England in brandy, which is reckoned the best in France, and is always coloured at the time it is made. Formerly

all other brandy was sent to England as limpid as water, and was coloured afterwards; but now, I believe, the French in some other districts have adopted the method of tinging their brandy, both for foreign and home consumption, before it leaves their cellars, in order that it may resemble, as nearly as possible, the celebrated Cognac.

Wood for fuel is very dear; we paid ten sous for one log of oak, which is burnt without being stripped of its bark. We found the room floors boarded at every hotel from Tonneins, and rubbed over with coarse red paint, to make them resemble brick as much as possible.

Cognac is the birth-place of Francis I. His father dying when he was only two years old, he was educated under the eye of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, a woman of great talent and acquirements. Her daughter Margaret, queen of Navarre, was celebrated for her learning, and for the patronage she gave to literature. She was likewise an excellent nurse, her brother Francis always acknowledging himself indebted to her care and attention for his recovery from the severe illness under which he languished when kept in captivity by the Emperor Charles V. Learning was not considered as an unsuitable accomplishment for the female sex till long afterwards. Lady Jane Grey was not thought less amiable for her acquaintance with the Greek language. Sir Thomas More recommends literary studies to his daughters; and it was enumerated amongst the other excellencies of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, that she was learned:

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast killed another
Fair, and *learned*, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

But now, in these more enlightened days, the epithet of *learned*, when applied to a lady, is a term of severest reproach. We have confounded learning with pedantry, but they are not necessarily united. Dr. Johnson says, we ought not to reject a positive good for fear of its attendant, but contingent evil. In our abhorrence of pedantry we have banished learning, and, for our punishment, pedantry remains behind; for, according to the definition of the Spectator, pedantry is not confined to books, but may be displayed by a girl in her frivolity, as well as by a scholar in his learning. Nay, a spice of it is discernible when women plume themselves on their ignorance and imbecility, as being indications of true feminine delicacy, or artfully plead the weakness of their sex to account for their own proper quantum of folly*.

It has been objected to learning, that it sets a woman above her household cares, renders her less attentive to her husband, the management of her children, the economy of her table, and to her own personal cleanliness. If this were really the case, it could not be too severely reprobated: but, for one instance of such neglect, proceeding from

* I have heard it observed, that silly men, who have no merits of their own, endeavour to maintain their consequence in society by vaunting the dignity of their sex; and that silly women dwell on the weakness of theirs, in the hopes of making it responsible for their superabundant failings and frailties.

learning, a thousand and a thousand arise from idleness, frivolous pursuits, and senseless dissipation; and I am persuaded, that a taste for polite literature is more consonant to domestic habits, and more favourable to domestic virtues, than a taste for any fashionable accomplishment whatsoever. I do not pretend to say, that the study of Greek and Latin is a necessary or ornamental part of female education; I only contend, that, if a girl has leisure, opportunity, and inclination to learn those languages, the acquisition is no disparagement to her character. However, I by no means think it essential to her education; but I do think good instruction in the literature of her own country absolutely necessary, and that no gentlewoman can be truly called well educated, who is not very conversant with the best authors in her native tongue*.

* Mr. Addison says, " I have often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improvable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method: why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other? There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male; as, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life: their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures; in which order of beings, the *female* world is upon the same level with the *male*; we ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong: at least, I

November 30. · To Saintes, 19½ miles.

The road is very bad, but the aspect of the country unusually cheerful; the farm-houses being all whitewashed, and no ragged fences appearing, but hedges of clipped hawthorn, inclosing fields of turnips and cabbages, amongst vineyards and coppices of oaks, which are a valuable growth where fuel is so dear.

The town of Saintes is built on the face of a hill, opposite to the road; so that the whole is displayed to view. The houses being whitewashed, renders them still more conspicuous; and the high and massive towers of two large churches, rising one above another in the acclivity, add something of dignity and grandeur to the pleasing effect produced by the peculiar situation of the town; reflected on the smooth bosom of the river Charente, as it rolls its deep and clear waters through the suburbs, and is crossed by a bridge, on which stand two Roman arches of marble, which probably formed the gateway of the ancient fortifications; one being designed for those who entered the town, and the other for those who left it. The road now passes under one of these arches; and, the moderns contriving to come and go through

believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This, therefore, is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss to employ those hours that lie upon their hands."—Guardian, No. 155.

the same arch, its fellow gapes by its side in total neglect.

In the upper part of the town a noble ruin of an amphitheatre still remains, but is sinking fast into decay; and is so little an object of attention to the inhabitants, that we had some difficulty to find out where it was situated. After repeated inquiries, we at length learnt that it stood near the well of St. Eusalie; and afterwards, by asking for the saint's well, we found our way to the amphitheatre. The cathedral, during the Revolution, was much injured; its organ and all its ornaments were demolished. The pillars, fortunately, were too strong and massive to be easily damaged. A great number of religious houses are now empty, or converted to other purposes. A delightful promenade borders the pretty river Charente, and is enlivened by a number of boats gliding swiftly down the stream, which is remarkable for its great rapidity; being exceeded in that respect by no river in France except the Rhone.

The Hotel de la Couronne is near the water side, the situation very pleasant, and the accommodations good. The coldness of the weather was excessive, and the wood for burning dear: we gave twenty sous for one log and a faggot to light it.

December 1. To Rochefort, 30 miles.

This morning we had a sharp frost, a keen north-east wind, and a rough disagreeable road. We crossed a ferry at a town called Charente, and

kept the river in sight till we arrived at Rochefort, which stands on its northern bank, fifteen miles from its mouth. This town was built by Louis XIV.; and its flourishing state sufficiently demonstrates with what consummate judgment the site was chosen. Its great advantage was the facility afforded by the Charente for making dockyards for ships of war, and a harbour so far inland as to be secure from a naval attack. This river is very narrow, but so deep that it is navigable almost up to its source in the Angoumois.

Rochefort is regularly fortified, and the boulevards which are on its walls are shaded with handsome trees. The streets are uniformly built, as well as several squares. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 16,000. Strangers are not allowed to visit the port and dockyards without an order from a magistrate, and we did not apply for one; so could only see the masts of the ships, and two really elegant windmills, one with six sails, and the other full of windows. We were informed they contained machinery for making ropes and sawing timber into planks. The botanic garden is kept in good order, and is contiguous to the gardens belonging to the prefecture, where a handsome promenade runs behind the docks in a parallel direction with the river. Here it was that Bonaparte was seen for the last time in France. On this terrace he walked publicly during the few days that he remained at Rochefort. We were told that a Danish vessel had been prepared for his escape: it was freighted with wine, and one of

the barrels being left empty, was fitted up with a mattress and every thing necessary for his reception; but when it came to the point, he declared that he never yet had concealed himself, and he never would.

Some people are of opinion that he had reason to suppose he was narrowly watched, and was apprehensive of being taken prisoner in his hiding-place.

It must, I think, be allowed that the conduct of the French people to their emperor, after his second abdication, was not only injurious to him, but disgraceful to themselves. They had received him from Elba with open arms, reinstated him in his authority, and restored him to his throne; but no sooner had the loss of the battle of Waterloo obliged him to resign the sceptre, than the whole nation seemed to have forgotten his existence. No effort was made on his behalf: no stipulations were suggested for even his personal safety; no conditions were proposed to the Allies for his life: nay, the means of flight, which might have been afforded him, were neglected or withheld, and he was left to wander through the empire, and to escape or not, as chance and accident might determine.

Napoleon had advanced to Paris from Elba in the midst of the acclamations of the people, the sounds of triumph, the loud demonstrations of joy, of devotion almost approaching to idolatry: he left it in silence and solitude. The contrast was striking; and it might truly be said of him, as

it has been of others, that he rose like a rocket, and descended like the stick. The dread of death appears to have haunted him, and at last to have driven him into the toils: for had he acted with tolerable self-possession, and joined the fragments of his disbanded army, he might at least have been in a situation to make more advantageous terms for himself; and, considering the temper of the soldiers, if he had set his life upon a cast, the hazard of the die might have been in his favour.

December 2. To La Rochelle, 24 miles.

Our road lay through a coarse level country. We had soon a view of the vast Atlantic; all around appeared a dead flat. The islands are flat; the shores so very flat as to inspire a degree of wonder that the "yesty waves" do not spread over the whole country, and "swallow *vegetation* up." At the end of the first stage, we came close to the beach, which was covered with birds; and at the crack of the postilion's whip, they rose up in such numbers, that they appeared like a thick cloud over our heads.

A singular accident happened to me at the entrance of La Rochelle. The postilion, in flourishing his long whip over the horses, struck the knot of the lash against the front glass with such force, that it cut out a piece the size of a sixpence without cracking the rest. The bit of glass, shivered to powder, was driven full into my eyes, and blinded me for a moment so completely, that I

apprehended a pistol had been fired into the carriage, and that the shot, penetrating my eyes, had entirely extinguished my sight. A suffusion of tears, and of blood from one of the balls, which was wounded, relieved me. The surgeon for whom we sent at La Rochelle endeavoured to remove some particles of glass from under the lids, and I suffered so little pain, that I walked out the next morning. The town is very handsomely built; the houses in several streets stand on arches, which form arcades on the sides of the streets: the shops, which seem to be very good, are under these arcades. The harbour is circular; the entrance very narrow, and defended by a fort on each side. It excites greater curiosity from the circumstance of its blockade by a mound thrown across its mouth. This was projected by the commanding genius of Cardinal Richelieu, which displayed itself in the conduct of the siege, to the astonishment of all Europe; arresting the ocean in its course, and surmounting all the obstacles that nature and man opposed to his designs.

In the evening my eyes grew so painful, and the balls so much swelled and inflamed, that I was obliged to exclude all light, and keep my bed entirely for four days, the surgeon attending me twice a-day. At the end of that time, we thought it advisable to dismiss him, and prosecute our journey; but I had suffered so much from pain and apprehension, that when I attempted to get up, I found I was not able to stand, and we were under the necessity of remaining some days longer.

The frost, which commenced the day we left Bourdeaux, continued exceedingly severe, and the cold was more intense than I ever felt it in England before Christmas. On the 6th of December the weather changed to rain.

The next apartment to ours, at the Hotel des Princes, was occupied, for the first three or four days, by a general officer, lately arrived to review the troops; and the house, of course, was filled with the military, passing and repassing on business: but I was not disturbed by any bustle or noise. The brick floors have this great advantage, that they do not shake from the carriages driving along the streets, nor do they convey the sound from one room to another, either above or below. In a warm climate, they are infinitely preferable to wood, from their not affording shelter to insects, and from their being easily kept cool, by sprinkling them with water; they are also a great security from fire; and I am surprised that in England the staircases, and the floors of the chambers for servants, and the offices, are not all laid with stone, brick, or stucco; which would be some safeguard from the carelessness through which so many houses are annually burnt to the ground. But possibly the servants might disapprove the plan. An acquaintance of ours who lived in France was at the expense of procuring a piece of tapestry to cover the floor of the servants' apartment; whilst all the gentlemen and ladies, both French and English, in the town, were content with the bare flags.

To add to my misfortunes at La Rochelle, I contrived to overturn a jug of boiling water on my arm. The girl who waited upon me said, that a woman who lived near would easily cure me without any application, as she had a charm for the purpose; and when any one was burnt or scalded, she was always sent for, and never failed. Notwithstanding her strong recommendation, I preferred trusting to an ointment of starch and oil, diluted with a little cream.

This girl attended me with the greatest kindness and assiduity, and executed whatever I desired her quietly, and without effort or parade. The surgeon having ordered my feet to be bathed in hot water, she told me with great satisfaction, that she had got a bathing machine from England, on purpose for the feet. It proved, however, to be a tinned plate basket, and answered very well for a bath; but she was disappointed when she learnt that it was not originally designed for that use.

I concluded the town was without a watch, as I had never heard the sound of a watchman's voice; but she informed me that the gens d'armes patrolled the streets the whole night, but took care not to make a noise, lest they should give warning of their approach to those who were engaged in mischief. The gens d'armes are employed in the duties of constables and police-officers; they are men chosen from the ranks, and receive double pay: they are appointed by government, and are under the direction of the civil

magistrate. Nothing can be better regulated than the police in every part of France; and when any depredations are committed, it is not easy to imagine how the perpetrators can escape.

Bonaparte brought the whole country into such complete order, that no one could go twenty miles from his own home, be his rank what it would, from the meanest to the highest, without a passport; and this regulation continues in full force. Foreigners leave the passport they bring from their own country at the first town they enter, and receive a new one instead, for which they pay two francs, and that is the whole expense; for nothing is charged when it is altered, which it must be whenever they change their route. There is no difficulty in the transaction; for constant attendance is given at the proper office in every town.

No inhabitant can go further than the limits of his own division (*arrondissement*) of the department, without a passport; but he has no trouble or expense in obtaining one. The gens d'armes having the power of demanding to see it at every inn, and even on the public road, it must be very difficult to elude the pursuit of justice. Travellers on their arrival at an hotel are required to write their names and place of abode in a book kept for the purpose; and the gens d'armes go round, at the tables d'hôte, after dinner, to examine every person's passport; and they are generally more particular respecting French travellers than foreigners; by whom they might be easily

deceived; but any attempt at imposition by the natives would be quickly detected. In some parts of the country we were asked for our passport every time we stopped at an inn, whilst in others we went on for several days together without inquiry.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey from La Rochelle—Bad Roads—Luçon—Bourbon Vendée—Anecdote of Bonaparte—Return of Louis XVIII—Montaigu—Attention of a French Servant—Arrival at Nantes—Situation of the Town—Excellent Hotel—Bonaparte—Iron Foundry—Journey to Ancenis—Angers—Saumur—Its Bridges—Monastery of Fontevrault—Madame Dacier—Margaret of Anjou—Villages cut in Limestone Cliffs—Arrival at Tours.

December 10. To Luçon, 37½ miles.

Our impatience to quit La Rochelle was great; and one of my eyes being now able to bear the light, we resumed our journey. The morning was tolerably fair; and the whole family at the hotel assembled at the door, to express their kind wishes for my recovery.

We had taken care to have new wheels put to our carriage at Bourdeaux, and a most fortunate circumstance it was; for every aid is necessary to preserve one's integrity in this road of millstones and saw-pits. No description can do justice to the jolting; one wheel mounted on a rock, the other sunk into the fearful chasm of a rut; or both plumping down together, three feet deep, into a hollow, and then bolting up, with jerk upon jerk, to the surface again. It is no uncommon occurrence for the diligence to stick fast in one of these hollows, till a yoke of oxen can be procured to drag it out.

Nothing astonishes travellers more than that the direct road between two towns of such con-

sequence as Bourdeaux and Nantes, and passing through Rochefort and La Rochelle, should be suffered to remain in this horrible condition! Bonaparte took especial care that all the roads to foreign countries, where his armies were likely to go, should be well repaired; but most of those in other directions he totally neglected. By his orders, however, there is one newly made through Bourbon Vendée, which is not more than three miles further to Nantes than the other; and though we were told it was not better, yet, as we were morally certain that it could not be worse, we determined to try it, and found it bad enough, but somewhat less dangerous than the old one, which we quitted before we reached Luçon.

We slept at a very comfortable hotel, Les Bons Enfans. The charges were remarkably low; only fifteen francs for our dinners, beds, breakfasts, and fires.

The hearth in the kitchen, through which we passed, was occupied by seven large cats. We were not surprised at their number; for there is nothing extraordinary in a French kitchen being half filled with animals; but we were struck with the circumstance of the cats being all without tails. The landlady told us their tails had been cut off when they were young, to make them fierce, that they might kill rats. We assured her that in England they would kill rats very well, without undergoing so cruel an operation. She replied, it might be so in other countries, but the case was different in France: there were many cats

in the town, but none of them were fierce enough to kill rats, but those whose tails had been cut off. Perhaps the same notion was once current in England; and Shakespear, in allusion to it, wrote, "Like a *cat* without a tail," and not *rat*.

December 11. To Bourbon Vendée, 28½ miles.

A heavy rain continued falling from the time we set out, till we reached Bourbon Vendée. This place was originally named La Roche sur Yonne, and was probably of some consequence, as it gave the title of prince to a member of the house of Bourbon. The town had sunk into obscurity and decay, when Bonaparte thought proper to rebuild and constitute it the chief place of the department of La Vendée, appointing it for the prefecture. He gave it his own name, Napoleon; made it a military station; had a barrack, a guildhall, an exchange, and a handsome hotel erected, and streets and squares planned; so that there are all the requisites for a principal town, save houses and inhabitants. He wished to induce the people of La Vendée to live in towns, where they would be less under the influence of their chiefs, and more orderly subjects: but it is not easy to break through national habits; the Vendéens preferred remaining in their half-burnt villages to settling in his new town, which, no navigable river being near, offered them no facilities for trade, nor any other advantages to allure them from their rural haunts, their rural employments, and their rural sports.

Bonaparte, when he came to view the works, endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the people of La Vendée, and to conciliate their affections; but he always entertained a great suspicion of their attachment; and we heard an anecdote, which marks his distrust very strongly.

The sub-prefect of Montaigu came to attend him at Bourbon Vendée, then Napoleon; and when the emperor set off from thence for Montaigu, the sub-prefect took his horse, and riding across the country, reached home in time to receive him when he alighted from his carriage. Bonaparte looked at him very earnestly, and asked if he had not left him at Napoleon? He replied in the affirmative; but thinking his duty called him to wait upon his majesty, he had speedily returned with that intent. It seems the emperor was not much pleased to be excelled in any thing, not even in expeditious travelling; and he received very ungraciously this instance of celerity in his service in the magistrate of Montaigu. The empress, who accompanied him, had desired to have a glass of water; and being suddenly seized with vomiting, Bonaparte fixed his eyes sternly on the sub-prefect, and pouring out a glass of water, bid him drink it, and kept him half an hour in his presence; and when the empress recovered, and they went away, he left an officer, with orders not to quit him for a certain time, that if the water was poisoned, he might have no opportunity of taking any thing to counteract its effects.

When Louis XVIII. was called to the throne, the name of the town was changed to Bourbon

Vendée, and when Bonaparte returned from Elba, to Napoleon again; and it is now Bourbon Vendée once more.

On our arrival at the hotel we found a regiment of soldiers mustered before the door, in order to be reviewed by the general who had been our neighbour at La Rochelle.

December 12. To Montaigu, $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

We were rather surprised this morning to see our carriage drawn up in a line with two belonging to the general; and we all started from Bourbon Vendée together. Our postilion kept pace with the others pretty well for the first stage; but the general having previously engaged all the horses, we were obliged to proceed with those we had; and the road being knee deep in water and mire, and the rain pouring on us in torrents, they were soon so dreadfully jaded, that we gave up all thoughts of reaching Nantes, and took shelter at the Hotel de la Poste at Montaigu.

The whole country from Bourbon Vendée is covered with wood; no opening on either side of the road, save here and there a small space for a cottage, or cabbage garden, or for fields of broom; which at a distance have a rich velvet appearance, being of a beautiful green. These woods and these cottages were the last retreats of loyalty; and here, in spite of the ravages of the conquerors, it was still cherished in secret, and at the return of Louis, burst forth in joy.

When the white cockade was displayed in every hat, and the white flag waved over every town,—

when Bonaparte was hurled from his throne, and Louis proclaimed king, it might be presumed that the nation, released from the bondage of military tyranny, had awakened to a sense of loyalty, and turned with one accord to their banished sovereign, striving, like Israel and Judah, who should be foremost to bring back their king. Nothing was ever further from the reality. The allied troops at the gates of Paris; the English army threatening Bourdeaux; the emperor beaten on every side, and “at his wits’ end” to escape danger;—it appears to have been the prompt and politic stroke of a few leading men to place Louis on the throne, and thus undermine, as it were, the war,—save the country from pillage,—and obtain more favourable terms of peace than could otherwise have been expected. This measure was embraced by the nation as a last resource. No return of affection, no sentiment of loyalty towards their native monarch, was displayed by the populace; on the contrary, they submitted with gloomy discontent, and were ready to seize the first opportunity to shake off the yoke. No sooner had the Congress completed their arrangements and established peace, than the whole nation seemed to be possessed with the opinion, that the main object which they had in view, in the restoration of their king, was secured; and on the return of Bonaparte from Elba, they hesitated not to break the oaths they had so lately taken; and were mad with joy, that the man who had been brought from his quiet asylum in England, and set upon the throne,

was deprived of his power, and banished from his kingdom.

The battle of Waterloo changed the face of affairs, and the great nation was once more obliged to truckle to circumstances, and to have recourse to the same means of preservation; but not exactly with the same success: the conditions of peace which had been before granted were better than the French themselves expected. The allies, assembled on Mont Martre, might have dictated their own terms,—might not only have insisted on the restitution of their stolen treasures, but they might have sent commissioners to the Louvre, to choose the best specimens of the French school, the chefs d'œuvres of Le Brun and Vernet, to ornament their palaces; and thus have shown to France that the same measure she had meted withal should be measured to her again. They might have done all this, but they did it not: they took no advantage of their power to depress their fallen foe, who, with presumptuous vanity, attributed their forbearance to latent fear, rather than to moderation. The allies again at the gates of Paris, and the French again conquered at their feet, all claims on a generosity so ill requited were at an end. Not even the re-instatement of Louis could prevent their seizing on their own works of art; whilst the French, with perverted ingenuity, defended their right to retain the possession of these treasures, on the plea that they had not been taken from them before; and bitterly complained of the injury they received in being forcibly de-

prived of what they had forcibly obtained, and “brought from the banks of the Tiber, to adorn *for ever* (according to their own vain boast) the borders of the Seine.” The contributions levied by the foreign powers to defray the expenses of the war were galling to the people; and with extraordinary delusion, instead of imputing their distress and misery to the mad ambition of Napoleon, and considering the restoration of Louis as their own expedient to preserve what remained, they only speak of the emperor as a conqueror and the glory of the nation, and annex all the ideas of submission and mortification to the return of their king.

The small town of Montaigu suffered dreadful ravages during the civil wars. The skeletons of burnt houses may be seen in every street.

The natives of La Vendée are reckoned very hospitable, and fond of society; and when they meet together, the wine circulates very freely. At a wedding, when a large company usually assemble, a barrel of wine is tapped, and they never separate till it is finished.

In our way from Rochefort we noticed that the ploughs were drawn by six, eight, and sometimes by as many as ten oxen. The soil is marshy, but not heavy; and we understood that so many oxen were employed for the purpose of being trained, and likewise to prevent any from being over-worked; for the cattle bred in the country in great numbers constituting the riches of the natives, they are very careful of their oxen, as they sell them to great profit.

December 13. To Nantes, 24 miles.

Whilst we were changing horses at the end of the first stage, the postmaster came to the carriage to speak to us, and no sooner perceived the bandage over my eye, than he exclaimed, "Ah Madame! we expected you last night." We could not guess his meaning; but he presently explained the matter by telling us the general's servant had informed him, that a lady who suffered from an accident in her eyes was travelling on the road, and he desired the horses might be ready to put to her carriage the instant she arrived. This servant usually waited at La Rochelle in the ante-room belonging both to his master's apartments and ours, and whenever he saw my son, he inquired after my health. At Bourbon Vendée he met us at the door of the hotel, and was the first to show us our room, expressing satisfaction that I was so far recovered from the *malheureux accident* as to be able to travel; and thus, on the road, he could not resist doing a good natured thing *en passant*, to help us on our way. This alacrity to oblige, without wishing or expecting the slightest recompense, proceeding neither from impertinence nor a meddling disposition, but from real kindness of heart, is an amiable and distinguishing trait in the French character.

Nantes is built on the banks of the Loire, where that river forms two arms. Its suburbs are likewise intersected by two other rivers, the Edre and the Sevre, which divide into branches; and we crossed seven bridges before we reached the main part of the town. The waters being out, it ap-

peared almost as if it were stationed in the sea, and rose, like Venus, from the waves.

Nantes is a very handsome town, built of white stone, and has a more cheerful appearance, from the window-shutters not being on the outside, as they generally are. The Hotel de France, situated in the higher part of the town, in the Place Graslin, was built by subscription before the Revolution, and called the Hotel Henri IV. It is one of the best in France, and not particularly expensive. The theatre, which is very handsome, is in the same square. An Exchange has lately been erected near the quay, and the cathedral has undergone very considerable repairs. When Napoleon visited the town, he directed that all the public buildings should be put in order; but as he provided no money for the purpose, it has been a heavy tax on the inhabitants.

We happened to be in Nantes in the year 1802, when the question was agitated, whether Bonaparte should be declared first consul for life. Meetings had been appointed in every department, to collect the sense of the people; and we saw advertisements posted up at Nantes, requiring the inhabitants to give their votes on the occasion. The majority in favour of the measure was immense throughout the empire; but at Nantes one whole regiment voted against it. We now felt some curiosity to know whether any notice had been taken of the circumstance, and were told on inquiry, that the regiment was immediately reduced. We had no means of ascertaining the truth of this

information, nor had we any reason to doubt it; only, that after a lapse of time, people are apt to persuade themselves and others of the actual occurrence of an event, rather from its probability, than from any positive recollection of the fact. Whether the vote of the men was attended with any sinister consequences to the regiment or not, it serves to show that the influence which Bonaparte exercised over the minds of the French was not at that time so general and paramount as it afterwards became.

There is something very extraordinary in the popularity of this man: one might almost be tempted to believe in magic, and fancy that he had a spell to bind the hearts of the people to him, and that they could not all, like Desdemona, be in love with him for the dangers he had past, and the battles he had won. True it is, that the despotic power of an individual is not so galling to the bulk of the community as the oppression of an overgrown aristocracy. And under the weight of an overgrown aristocracy France laboured, till by one great convulsion it was swept away. But the convulsion was such as tore asunder all the bonds of society, the ties of kindred; covered the land with crime, and deluged it in blood, whilst the poor bark of the state drifted to the storm,

“ The crew all mutinous, the pilots mad.”

To this state of anarchy, the most abject slavery was paradise, and the people were ready to run about like Sancho's fat pigs, crying, “ Come *govern*

us." Bonaparte seized the opportunity, and they bowed their necks to the yoke. He restored order: his discipline might be severe, but it was salutary; nay, palatable, after the bitter fruits of confusion they had tasted. He loaded them with heavy burthens, it is true; but the building being reduced to one story, none were in greater danger than the rest of being squeezed into the cellar*. The internal economy of the empire was well regulated, the laws were well administered, and every part was so adjusted, that the immense population was brought almost into as accurate a state of organization as an army. No partial or obnoxious laws were framed, no acts of wanton oppression were risked, no arbitrary or violent measures were pursued—except solely, the conscription, which was indeed grinding the face of the nation. But though so odious, it was followed by extraordinary results. Those very men who were dragged from their families in transports of grief and rage, were so gratified with favours, and so animated by the zeal which Napoleon diffused with such incomparable address throughout the army, that instead of harbouring feelings

* One of our taxes, during Pitt's administration, having been compared to a weight laid on the top of a building; where the pressure being equal, no part suffered from it in particular, although the whole building might sink a little; Gilbert Wakefield, in reply, said, that those who lived in the upper and middle stories might not indeed be subjected to any inconvenience: but for himself, who inhabited the ground-floor, he was apprehensive of being squeezed into the cellar.

of resentment and discontent, they became his warmest and most devoted partizans.

That Bonaparte did not, however, use any of the common arts of popularity to win the affections of the people is notorious; therefore it must have been his resolute and decisive character, his absolute power, the efficiency, the vigour, the energy of his government, which awed and charmed them; which made each individual feel and see, that although curbed himself, yet the bridle was on the neck of every member of the community, as well as on his own, and that whilst he suffered restraint, he obtained protection, and enjoyed security. Pity that a man so gifted, so able to command the world in peace, should have directed the force of his mighty mind, and the resources of his mighty empire, to war; that he should have given the reins to his wild ambition, spread desolation through distant countries, and brought down ruin on his own!

We had some very valuable friends who resided at Nantes. which had been one great inducement to us to choose that route from Bourdeaux; but I was not able to profit by their many civilities, nor to enjoy so much of their society as I wished; for I was confined to the house most of the time we staid, on account of the inflamed state of my eye. I was under the necessity of consulting a surgeon, from whose advice I received much benefit; his name was La Fonte; his fee was three francs. He was a man of high reputation in his profession, and in ability and skill he greatly surpassed my medical

attendant at La Rochelle, who had the conscience to ask fifty francs for nine visits; when probably, had he been attending a neighbour, he would have thought himself amply paid with ten.

Near Nantes, on a little island in the Loire, there is an iron foundry, and a machine for boring cannon, which was constructed under the direction of an Englishman of the name of Wilkinson. The French being previously ignorant of the method of boring a solid mass of metal, their cannons, as we were informed by one of the workmen, were cast hollow. The *amor patriæ* can have no place in the breast of a man who instructs a rival nation in the art of making weapons of offence; nor let him hope that superior abilities will rescue his name from the reproaches of posterity.

When we were in this neighbourhood before, we went by water to see these iron works, and nothing struck me so much as the difference of manners between the English and French, even amongst workmen employed in the same business. In England, when the caldron boils, the men are all hurry and bustle; here, they ladled out the melted ore, and carried it to the moulds with the utmost composure, not making the least alteration in their pace, but performed the whole matter with such impenetrable sang froid, that I could compare them to nothing but Sir Harry Wildair, in the comedy of the "Constant Couple," when beating Smuggler, the old usurer, "with the temper of a philosopher."

The rain fell incessantly from our arrival at

Nantes till the 19th of December, when the wind changed to the north-east, and a most severe frost set in.

December 22. To Ancenis, 27 miles.

The meadows had all been under water for some time, and were now covered with ice, and the stream of the river was partially frozen.

The road in several places was filled with ice; down one very steep descent it was absolutely like a sheet of glass. We found a woman standing with a horse in readiness to assist, for a trifling remuneration, any travellers who might be in need of such aid. Our postilion gladly availed himself of it. The horse was fastened to our carriage behind, and being pretty well used to the work, hung back with all his might, and prevented our too rapid progress. Some parts of the way were so very dangerous and slippery, that we got out and walked.

In spite of the severity of the weather, the road for several miles was thronged with people going to church. The women had defended their persons from the cold with such a number of cloth petticoats, that the rotundity of their figures was quite ludicrous. The church at Ancenis was so excessively crowded at vespers, that no additional person could possibly get in. The town is built on a hill on the northern side of the Loire, and seems to be in a flourishing state.

December 23. To Angers, 39 miles.

We lost sight of the river for the greatest part

of the way to Angers, which is a large old town, situated on an eminence, and appearing from a distance to have more consequence and beauty than it really possesses. The streets are narrow, steep, and ill-built. The churches and public edifices suffered dreadful spoliage during the Revolution, when many of them were pulled down. Angers stands on the river Mayenne, at the distance of three miles from the Loire, and contains twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. We slept at the Hotel du Cheval Blanc, which afforded us good accommodation at a very dear rate, though provisions in the town were plentiful and cheap.

December 24. To Saumur, $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A rapid thaw had commenced in the night, attended with drizzling rain, and the valley round Angers was completely under water, from the overflowing of the Mayenne. Our road was on a high causeway, and we could see nothing on each side but water, with the round heads of willow-trees peeping out of it, till we reached Charlemagne's mound. The Loire now chafed its banks with abundant waters: the surface was covered with large masses of broken ice, resembling great rafts laden with snow. They whirled round and round in the stream, as it carried them along with prodigious velocity; and their spinning motion and circular form (their angles being probably worn off by collision) presented a curious spectacle to the eye. We proceeded on this great mound to Saumur, which stands on the south bank of the

Loire, a little above its junction with the Vienne. We crossed the rivers by several stone bridges: the last, at the entrance of the town, is handsome and modern; the others are of a more ancient date. But there was no bridge at all at Saumur till the year 1161, when the inhabitants built wooden bridges; upon which, the abbé of Saint Florent presented a formal complaint to Henry II. King of England, and Duc d'Anjou. The profits arising from the ferry had been bestowed on the monastery by Fulk Nerra, Comte d'Anjou, and the abbé demanded of Henry to have the bridges destroyed, and the ferry re-established. The king would not consent to this; but to do justice to both parties, he put the monks in possession of the bridges, with the power of exacting the same toll that was paid to their ferry, from every body except the citizens of Saumur, to whom he gave the privilege of a free passage, and likewise directed that they should be reimbursed for the expenses they had already incurred; and he further decreed, that the monks should build an arch of stone every year, to replace by degrees the wooden bridges—so that they were not very well pleased with his decision.

The town was originally called Mur, from the houses, which were cut in the rock, having the appearance of a wall. Subsequently, huts were built on the lower ground, and called Saulmur, and at length the whole town took that name.

The famous Abbey of Fontevrault is situated at nearly the distance of twenty miles from Saumur.

The abbey was founded by Robert Abrissel, who was commissioned by Pope Urban II. to preach in favour of the first crusade. His success was almost incredible. His eloquence was such, that he was followed from place to place by crowds of both sexes, and of all ranks and descriptions. At length he halted in the forest of Fontevrault, in a wild, desolate, barren spot. His followers, amounting in number to three thousand, made cabins for themselves of boughs of trees. The fame of his sanctity spread through the country ; the rich and the great resorted to him ; and the foundations were laid of one of the most celebrated monasteries that ever existed, peculiar in this respect, that the religious orders of both sexes were governed by a woman. Robert resigned his authority into the hands of Petronelle de Chemillé, and set an example to the monks of submission to the jurisdiction of their abbess. He died in the year 1117. The remains of several of the sovereigns of England were interred in this monastery : Henry II. and his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who by his own desire was buried at the feet of his father. Eleanor, the wife of Henry II., died within its walls. The hearts of Henry III. and King John were deposited here in golden urns. What is now left of the building is fitted up for a prison.

Saumur has the honour to be the birth-place of Madame Dacier, Anne Le Fevre, who was born in the year 1651, in the house No. 1, Rue du Paradis. I envy France this woman, fulfilling, as she did, all the relative duties of life in the most

exemplary manner, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, and being at the same time so bright an ornament to the republic of letters.

It was here that one of the most unfortunate of her sex, Margaret of Anjou, wife of our King Henry VI., ended her wretched days. Her father, Regnier, nominal king of Sicily and Jerusalem, resigned all his claims to Provence, Anjou, Touraine, and Bar, to Louis XI. on condition that he would procure the liberation of his daughter from the English. When that was effected, she joined him at Aix; and, after all her troubles, had the consolation of administering to his comfort in his declining years, and of closing his eyes in peace. Regnier spent his time at Aix in rural employments, and took great delight in the cultivation of his garden. He brought the large cabbage roses from Provins, in Champagne; and they are still called roses de Provins*. He likewise first planted the muscadine grapes in France; and introduced the red-legged partridges and white peafowl. When he died, Margaret, friendless and destitute, sought an asylum at Saumur with one of her father's faithful followers, who had spent forty years in his service: his name was La Vignolles. She lived under his sheltering roof for two years; and died on the 25th of August, in the year 1482, at the age of 53. Her remains were taken to Angers, and deposited in the magnificent

* These roses are frequently called in England Provence roses, instead of Provins roses.

monument which was built by Regnier, in the choir of the church of St. Maurice; and which, with a painting, supposed to be executed by the good king himself, was destroyed in the year 1793.

Le Duc de Choiseul, during his administration, established *un école d'équitation* at Saumur, and built a very handsome barrack; and it remained for a long time the principal station of the carabiniers, a regiment formed by Louis XIV. in the year 1693*.

This town is said to have lost two-thirds of its population by the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and it is remarkable, that out of ten thousand inhabitants, there is not now one protestant family.

We spent several very pleasant days with some friends at Saumur, who had remained in France during the visit of Bonaparte from Elba, when most of the English made a precipitate retreat. They were then at Angers; and their account coincided with what we had heard in other large towns, of the joy expressed by the populace at the arrival of their emperor, and their mortification and anguish at the result of the battle of Waterloo; and also of the distracted state of society, and the distrust of each other, which prevailed amongst the French afterwards.

December 27. To Tours, $51\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

* Recherches Historiques sur la Ville de Saumur, par F. Bodin.

We continued our journey on the north border of the river, at the base of a range of limestone cliffs, which are hollowed out into cavities, and serve for houses, windows being put into the front. These subterranean dwellings form whole villages, and are very thickly inhabited; they appear to peep out of the rock, and extend more than half the way to Tours.

We were exceedingly glad to come to a place where we proposed to remain some months, for we were heartily tired of winter travelling. We had experienced for the last six weeks dreadful weather : an alternation of heavy inundating rain, and of bitter pinching frost, more severe than occurs in England one year in ten.

Another great inconvenience attending a journey in France in the winter, is, that the linen is always, not to say damp, but absolutely wet; and there being no possibility of airing it in the kitchen, the operation must be performed in one's bed-chamber; and the plague of having the sheets smoking before the fire, with the probability of the chimney's smoking also, is an annoyance of which experience alone can give an adequate idea. Whoever travels in France in the winter should carry bed linen; in the summer there is no necessity, for it is then very dry, having been sufficiently aired in the sun. All the linen in France is washed in the running brook, and usually dried on its bank : it has then a fresh wholesome smell, "as of the dew of the morning." Every family, even the inhabitants of a cottage, possess a large

stock of linen, and very seldom wash in the winter. Now and then we have seen a few poor wretched old women breaking the ice with a hatchet, and washing their rags in the hole; but, generally speaking, this work is done in the summer. In the vicinity of large towns boats are moored on the rivers, near the current, on purpose for the washerwomen, who stoop over the edge to perform their work. The linen is hung to dry on the banks, and is an intolerable nuisance to those who walk for pleasure, and a dreadful eye-sore to every body. At Lyons it intercepts the view of the Rhone from the quay St. Clair. The walk at Tours from the bridge down the side of the Loire, under the large planes, would be very pleasant, if the space between the trees and the river were not occupied by lines filled with wet clothes, the sheets and shirts flapping in the wind. In some places the wet linen is hung on a cord from the upper windows of the houses, across the street, without any commiseration for the passengers below, who receive the droppings on their heads. When thoroughly dry, it is put into a large press; and after a very rainy season, or in the middle of winter, when of course it becomes damp, it is taken out, and laid on the bed, without the slightest attempt to air it by a fire. When we hung the sheets before ours, they generally exhaled a little fog. Whether the good people at the inns suspected that we islanders could not exist in a dry air, and therefore contrived to raise a fog on purpose, I cannot tell; but they all seemed to be of opinion

that putting the sheets before the fire could answer no possible end, but to make a mist in the room.

After staying a week at the Hotel d'Angleterre at Tours, in search of lodgings, we engaged apartments at No. 66 in the Rue Royale, and took up our quarters there on the 5th of January, 1817.

CHAPTER XIII.

Public Schools in France for Boys—Hours of Visiting—Dancing—Dress of the Ladies—Balls—Le Compte d'Autichamp—Madame de la Roche Jaquelin—Ready furnished Houses—Price of Provisions—Traiteurs—Col. Pinckney's Travels—Family Harmony—Servants—Anecdote—Laws in France favourable to the Women.

THE principal object which we had in view when we left England was to place our son at school in France, or in a private family, where he might improve himself in the language ; whilst we pursued our rambles without him. But we found greater difficulties in the choice of a situation than we expected. The lycées, or public schools, which were established after the Revolution, were regulated, and the masters appointed, by government ; and no person was permitted to teach the learned languages without a licence. These rules are still in force. The lycées are now called royal colleges ; and the expenses being small, they are filled with boys of all ranks and descriptions. The masters in general are not celebrated for classical erudition. The total extinction, during the troubles of the Revolution, of all the learned part of the society, left a chasm, not likely to be soon filled up, considering the little encouragement given to literary attainments, in comparison with the attention bestowed on military affairs. The military

schools were put on the best footing possible by Bonaparte, and conducted with the greatest skill and regularity; whilst, on the contrary, very little discipline was introduced into the institutions for learning, and accordingly, in most of them, the masters are not eminent for ability, and are possessed of no authority. The pupils learn nothing but what they choose; and no order or subordination is preserved amongst them. We frequently heard of the English boys in the college at Tours striking their preceptors with impunity, or, at most, they only incurred a trifling punishment. Besides this, the habits and manners of a promiscuous assemblage of French boys are by no means such as one would wish a child to imitate. We soon, therefore, gave up all idea of sending ours to a public school, and turned our thoughts towards a private family, where he might be domesticated. But here again objections arose, which we had not foreseen. In those families where boarders are admitted no regular plan of education is pursued. The pupil is treated as a visitor; and except at meals, and an hour or two spent in conversation, has the entire disposal of his own time; and no application to study or employment of any kind being enforced, we thought the risk of falling into habits of idleness and dissipation of time was too great to be hazarded. Having continued our inquiries, and persisted in these schemes for our son till our first visit to Tours, we there relinquished them, and determined to take him with us. We proposed to spend the winter either at

Marseilles or Montpélier. A variety of circumstances prevented us, and occasioned our return ; one very strong motive for which, amongst others, was, that the language is spoken with a peculiar accent in the south ; and with such great purity at Tours, that a just pronounciation might almost be caught from the casual conversation that daily occurs with the inhabitants.

We found a great accession of English families in the town, and there being no Protestant church, one of our friends amongst the sojourners, who was a clergyman, undertook, in a manner highly creditable to himself, to perform the English service, and give a sermon every Sunday. A subscription was set on foot to hire a room for the purpose, and an old chapel, which had been converted into a concert room, was fixed upon. The congregation soon amounted to more than a hundred families.

The inhabitants were on very good terms with the English, but it is not their custom to visit foreigners in the first instance. They expect foreigners to call upon them, if they wish to enter into their society, and they return the visit in a few days. The English residents at Tours have adopted this plan amongst themselves ; and it is the etiquette for those who arrive last to pay the first visit ; and the reception they meet with amongst their own countrymen influences the conduct and opinion of their French acquaintance, who are very observant in this particular, as it is the best criterion they have to judge of their respectability.

The time for visiting is in an evening: the French never call on their acquaintance in a morning but on matters of business. They pay their visits of ceremony generally between seven and ten o'clock, and stay only a few minutes. But in friendly parties, which are called *soirées*, they play at cards for a low stake, or amuse themselves in conversation for an hour or two. No refreshments are given, except sometimes a little sugared water. The ladies never make any alteration in their dress for these *soirées*, but sit in their bonnets and pelisses. It is customary to fix on one day in a week or fortnight, when the lady of the house is always at home to receive her friends; and during the winter, few people pass an evening without visiting or being visited. But the mornings they have entirely to themselves, without interruption. This was formerly the mode in England; and I question whether it is not as rational a disposition of time as that which at present prevails. Besides these little parties, which are considered as things of course, the French sometimes give handsome dinners. The mistress of the family never sits at the head of the table, but on the side, with a gentleman on each hand. Her husband takes his place opposite to her, between the two ladies of highest rank; the ends of the table being left for the company of least consequence.

Concerts and balls are likewise occasionally given; in which suppers and refreshments of various kinds are introduced. Formal invitations are sent for these entertainments, and the company are more splendidly dressed. The carnival—that

is, the interval between Christmas and Lent—is the favourite season for all these amusements. During that period, there is a public ball at Tours once a week, to which the elderly ladies may go in their bonnets and pelisses, and sit quietly on the back benches. At Nantes, the theatre being used for a ball-room, those who do not dance occupy the boxes to look on. Indeed, the dancing seems to be designed more for an exhibition to please the spectators than for an amusement to the dancers. But let it not be supposed, that the young ladies make a greater display of themselves than in England, for the purpose of attracting the attention and admiration of the gentlemen; for that does not appear to be the case. They never enter into conversation with their partners, either when they dance contre-dances or waltzes, and the serious modesty of their looks and demeanor is striking; particularly in the waltz, which has been so much reprobated with us, but which, in their manner of dancing it, cannot give the slightest offence to the most scrupulous rules of decorum. The gravity and reserve of their carriage and countenance afford no sanction to any immodest suggestion, and totally forbid the slightest improper liberty. The ladies who intend to dance are placed on the front seats in the ball-room, and are generally elegantly dressed in white satin, covered with crape or net, and variously trimmed. They so seldom appear in silk without some kind of gauze over it, that when an English lady went to a ball at Tours in a plain white satin gown, they

thought she had forgotten her gauze drapery. In no part of France do the ladies wear silks in summer—not even in Paris: their dress is uniformly muslin; and unless at a ball, it is not lined with silk, but is of a thick texture, and trimmed with fine and expensive work. Lace is very little used. Our cambric-muslin is in great request; and they express their astonishment at our wearing silks, when so many pretty kinds of muslin are manufactured in England. Their style of dress is very simple, and what is of greater moment, very modest. The short petticoats, bare necks, and bare shoulders of the English, excite their animadversions: their own gowns are always long, and are usually tied round the throat; if made low on the bosom, they wear a habit-shirt and frill, except in full dress.

The black or coloured silk petticoat, with a white body, which was the common costume of English travellers last summer, was quite offensive to all the ideas which the French ladies entertain of taste; and when a trimming of different coloured ribbons was added, exceeded every thing they could imagine of ill-chosen finery. Having been made acquainted with their opinions by our friends who resided amongst them, I was always sorry to see my country-women in their short petticoats of different colours, and sometimes in an evening with their elbows and necks quite bare. Indeed, we could distinguish the English in the public walks in every place we passed through, by their silken attire, which made them appear conspi-

cuously gaudy amongst the crowds of French women all in white.

Even in the winter, very little silk is worn, and none but of the richest quality, which is made into pelisses, trimmed with handsome fur, or a sort of uncut velvet. The Merino cloths take the place of muslins when the summer is over. The ladies carry their dislike of silk even to their stockings: they prefer cotton, thinking it quite incongruous to wear silk stockings with muslin dresses; but at the same time, they make no scruple of wearing gauze caps, and gauze and silk bonnets, and satin shoes, which assuredly do not assimilate a jot better with their muslin. The low-priced cotton stockings are much inferior to those manufactured in England; but some, woven in open work, and of a very delicate texture, are sold from twenty to forty shillings a pair.

An idea of the beauty of the quality, and the expense of the articles, which, in France, compose the dress of a very fine lady, may be gathered from the catalogue of a bride's wardrobe, in the popular work entitled "*l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin**;"

* BRIDE'S WARDROBE.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Two dozen cambric shifts, embroidered and trimmed	5	16	8	140	0	0
Two dozen cambric handkerchiefs, open-worked	4	3	4	100	0	0
One dozen petticoats	3	15	0	45	0	0
One dozen ditto, embroidered and trimmed with lace	12	10	0	150	0	0
<i>Carried forward</i>				435	0	0

mentioned indeed as an example of extravagance, and designed to expose the folly of spending such immense sums in this way: for it is still customary for the wedding clothes of a bride to consume half her patrimony. They are the subject of great pride and ostentation, and are displayed before the marriage to the friends on both sides; and if the parties are in high life, the bride's wardrobe becomes a matter of curiosity to the public, and is visited as a *spectacle*. The fashion in France not changing so rapidly as in England, renders it of less consequence: the lady is provided with apparel for life, and seldom makes much alteration in its form.

	£.	s.	d.	£	s.	d
<i>Brought forward</i>				435	0	0
One dozen frills and tippets . . .	8	6	8	100	0	0
One dozen embroidered dressing gowns	12	10	0	150	0	0
Two dozen India handkerchiefs	2	1	8	50	0	0
Two dozen pair of silk stockings	1	0	10	25	0	0
Two dozen pair of cotton stock- ings for the morning	2	1	8	50	0	0
Two robes of white cashmere; one embroidered for a morning dress, the other trimmed for the evening	75	0	0	150	0	0
Two Merino cloth pelisses	0	0	0	33	0	0
Twelve robes of cambric muslin, trimmed and embroidered, for the morning	25	0	0	300	0	0
Twelve fancy dresses for the evening	12	10	0	150	0	0
One dozen pincushion covers . .	0	0	0	50	0	0
One dozen cambric night caps and morning head dresses . . .	0	0	0	100	0	0
				<hr/>		
				1593	6	8

A friend of mine was at the wedding of a girl in Paris, who appeared four years afterwards in the same dresses, without thinking it possible they could be considered as antique in so short a time *.

Indeed it seems to require in France the impulse of some powerful agent, or extraordinary event, to effect any decided innovation in the established modes. The Revolution, by denouncing powder, pomatum, brocades, and rouge, wrought a complete metamorphosis in the outward woman; and a considerable time elapsed before any articles, of equal fascination, could be substituted for those ancient and steady auxiliaries of beauty and nobility.

The ladies vacillated between the costumes à la sauvage and à l'Indienne, till, in the year 1802, they were seized with classical enthusiasm, and copying the ancient statues in the arrangement of their drapery, *appeared* à la mode Grecque—I do not say *dressed*, for that was but a doubtful point. The operation of dressing consisting simply in changing the chemise of cambric for one of muslin,

* “In England the mass of mankind wear much better things (to use the language of common conversation) than in France. This struck me more amongst the ladies; who, on an average of all ranks, do not dress at one half of the expense of Englishwomen. Volatility and changeableness are attributed to the French as national characteristics; but in the case of dress, with the grossest exaggeration. Fashions change with ten times more rapidity in England in form, colour, and assemblage. The vicissitudes of every part of dress are fantastic with us: I see little of this in France.”—*Travels in France in the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, by Arthur Young.*

there was some difficulty in deciding whether la belle Françoise was dressed or undressed; and between the ladies and the statues, I have often suffered the embarrassing dilemma of the ass with his bundles of hay, not knowing on which side to turn, or which way to look. The painter, David, has obtained the credit of being very instrumental in diffusing this classical taste amongst his countrywomen; and many of them died of catarrhs, in consequence of their plentiful lack of clothing.

By what means the next important change in fashion was brought about is a matter which, like many other momentous events in history, is wrapped in obscurity and doubt. Some grave authors inform us, that a favourite actress, after representing Iphigenia in Aulis, one night, "in nought but native beauty clad," appeared the next in the character of a Chinese girl, muffled up to the chin, and frilled and furbelowed from top to toe, according to the French idea of a Chinese habit. The contrast was so extreme, that it produced a revulsion in the public mind; and the following day all the milliners and mantua-makers in Paris were employed in flouncing and frilling, and the whole town was equipped à la Chinoise, in the course of a week. Other writers of credit affirm, that the prodigality of clothing and trimming was introduced by Marie Louise on her marriage with the emperor. All, however, agree, that this change of fashion was sudden and violent, and the only one of note that has occurred since the Revolution.

I went to a ball and supper given by an English family, but the company were chiefly French. Contre-dances and waltzes were danced alternately; the movements in the former are always extremely slow; and at every change in the tune the musicians proclaim aloud what is next to be done. The figure is complete with eight persons; but it will admit of twelve or sixteen: when danced by only four, it is called a quadrille; which distinctive appellation has been adopted in England as the general name for the contre-dance. English country dances are sometimes introduced; they are called *les colonnes*, or *les danses Angloises*.

Part of the company were engaged in another room, in little conversation circles, at *tric trac*, and different games of cards. I sat down to a whist table. We played for the usual stake, a five sous piece (the smallest silver coin), a point. My partner was *le Compte d'Autichamp*, and he appeared to be as much interested in the game, and was as attentive, as if we had been playing for a large sum. We won two rubbers, and gained half a crown between us.

Le Compte Charles d'Autichamp, who had the military command at Tours, is a man universally and deservedly esteemed. His manners are particularly unassuming and prepossessing; and after reading the memoirs of *Madame de la Roche-Jaquin*, it would be impossible not to feel an interest for him. His hair-breadth escapes during the cruel wars of *La Vendée* recur perpetually to the mind; and though he was then but young,

he claims high consideration, as being one of a band of heroes, whose gallant actions, disinterested attachments, patient endurance, and romantic exploits, have but few parallels in the page of history.

To Madame de la Roche-Jauelin, who was an eye-witness and partaker of the glory and misery of these disastrous wars, we are indebted for a circumstantial relation of facts, so simple and so touching, that one cannot read it without a tear. The dispersion and escape of the vanquished, the attachment which defied all bribes, and the concealment and protection afforded to the fugitives, at the hazard of life itself, bear some analogy to the transactions in Scotland, after the efforts that were made in favour of her ancient kings.

When we were at Angoulême, the mistress of the hotel told us, that Madame de la Roche-Jauelin and her family had slept the preceding night in the rooms we occupied. I had not then read her memoirs ; but have since regretted that, by being a day too late, we missed the chance of seeing one of the heroines of La Vendée, who shared with their fathers, husbands, and sons, the fatigues, the perils, the horrors of this bloody conflict ; maintained so long, by whole families of men, women, and children, against the regular and disciplined troops of the republic.

At an evening party at the prefect's, in addition to sugared water, glasses of beer were handed round to the company ; whether introduced in compliment to the English present, or from the custom of the town, I cannot say ; but certainly

it is a received opinion amongst the French, that in England the gentlemen drink beer all the afternoon; and I have frequently been asked, if they did not get so intoxicated, after the ladies left the dining room, as to fall under the table; nor could they be easily persuaded to the contrary.

A strong prejudice exists in France against the rough and blunt manners of John Bull. I heard a gentleman observe, that the English vulgar, even when they aimed at performing an act of civility, did it in a *gauche* way; and he gave an instance which occurred to himself at Canterbury, where he went to see the cathedral. The woman who conducted him was exceedingly attentive, and took particular pains to make out his broken English, and to explain whatever he desired. At last she pointed out to him a monument, which she begged him to notice; "for," said she, "I should be sorry you should miss seeing *that*." On his thanking her, and inquiring whose ashes it contained,—“Well, to be sure!” exclaimed the woman, “I thought you would have found it out: why it is the tomb of the Black Prince, who gave you Frenchmen many a good drubbing.”

The rent of ready-furnished houses in Tours is higher than in most other towns in France. A handsome house in the Rue Royale was let to an English family for 150*l.* sterling a year, and another at the rate of twenty-four guineas a month.

For our lodgings, which consisted of a very handsome drawing-room, two bed-chambers, an ante-room, and two closets adjoining, we paid

4*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* per month. The floor of our drawing-room was parqueté, that is, inlaid with oak, cut in short narrow planks, and placed in different directions, to form a mosaic pattern. These floors are waxed, and kept bright, by being rubbed with a brush fastened on the foot of the person who cleans them. The general method of sweeping apartments is not remarkable for neatness. The windows are first thrown open, and then the servant whisks the dust about with a large hair broom, to raise it from the floor as much as possible. If the windows open to the bottom of the room, it can easily be driven through them for the benefit of those who are walking in the street below; but if the windows are not on a level with the floor, considerable exertion is required to make the dust fly out at the aperture.

The houses are cheaper in other parts of the town, and are, in general, well fitted up, and very warm. The walls are very thick, and the windows close one over the other, and exclude the air more effectually than our sashes. The sitting rooms have always an antechamber, which prevents any draughts of cold wind when the door opens. In England, where comfort is so much studied, it is surprising that the common run of houses should not have a vestibule with a stove in it, which would be a great improvement on the long passages, with the wind whistling in it at every door.

Wood fires are exceedingly comfortable and pleasant. The ashes are reserved from year to year, as a good fire cannot be made without a bed

of ashes to lay the logs upon ; which, when lighted by a faggot of vine twigs, do not blaze, but heat, till they are covered with a red glow ; and, being on a level with the feet, diffuse their warmth from toe to top, in a very delightful manner ; and certainly have a more approachable and agreeable appearance than a fire perched in the wall, confined by shining bars, and barricadoed by a polished fender, raised in front so high as effectually to exclude the feet from the influence of the fire ; for which cruel deprivation, no hearth-rug in the world can offer an adequate compensation. It possibly might not add to the beauty of our apartments, but it would certainly increase their comfort, if the grates were placed very low, leaving but just sufficient room for the ashes to fall, and to admit plenty of air. They should only come in contact with the wall behind ; so that the front, sides, top, and bottom, might cast forth their warmth around. Instead of which, as they are at present contrived, they are so inclosed, that the two sides and the bottom are of no use. The old-fashioned grate, made entirely of bars every way, and standing on four feet, with its back against the chimney wall, was better calculated for the purpose designed than these brilliant affairs, which, like Cowper's ice palaces, "shine, and are cold."

A great number of ready furnished houses are to be let in the vicinity of Tours, as well as in the town : the price, of course, varies according to their size and situation ; and is likewise influenced by the demand there may happen to be for them.

We were asked 80*l.* sterling per annum for a tolerably good house, with six bed-rooms, in a very eligible situation, and a garden adjoining. So many English families being scattered in the neighbourhood, and resident at Tours, raises the rent of houses; but can have very little effect on the price of provisions, in a town which contains twenty thousand inhabitants. The market is plentiful and reasonable. Butchers' meat in the winter was eight sous (fourpence) per pound; eggs, eight sous per dozen; vegetables, excellent and cheap; and milk in abundance, and genuine. In every part of France the milk is sold as it comes from the cow; even at Marseilles, where it is very scarce, if it can be procured at all, it is unadulterated. Shame to England! with all her green fields and beautiful cows grazing in them, and not a drop of milk to be purchased in London, or even in a provincial town, that is genuine. Let us not talk of the impositions of the French, when we suffer ourselves to be thus treated at home, and the whole community submits to be daily abused. Imposition, as to price, is a trifle, in comparison with the deterioration of the article sold, especially when it is an article of food of such importance as milk.

The poultry at Tours is very good, and the price generally low; one franc for a couple of chickens; but it varies very much with the season of the year: a fine turkey may be bought for two francs in the autumn, which cannot be had under four or five in the spring. The market is well

supplied with wild fowl and game. Capons and poulardes are brought from Le Mans, and are of an extraordinary size, and very fat. They are sold at a high price, seldom for less than seven or eight francs each; and when stuffed with truffles, from eight francs to a louis: they are then reckoned the greatest delicacy of the season. The bones are taken out, and the truffles give the flesh a very peculiar flavour, not agreeable at first, but liked by most people on a second trial. Fish is not in great abundance or variety; salmon, carp, and plenty of eels and lampreys.

The facility of procuring accommodations, and of obtaining every thing necessary for the table, is one of the great delights of France. A traiteur will supply table linen, knives, silver forks and spoons, and plates, and will send a dinner at any price, from two francs to twenty. In every town and village there are traiteurs, and in all large places restaurateurs.

The difference between them is, that the former furnish the dinners at so much a head; the latter charge by the dish, and you can choose your own dinner by the bill of fare with the prices marked. The expense is nearly the same. A room is generally fitted up at the restaurateur's like a coffee-room, where people may dine whenever they please. In Paris the ladies frequent them as well as the gentlemen; but it is not so customary in country towns.

The mistress of a family in France has little trouble or care in providing a dinner, or in giving

an evening entertainment; for the whole matter in either case is managed by one of these public cooks, in any style that may be required; and the expense is trifling in comparison to the cost when every thing must be provided at home.

A Scotch gentleman, who was a great invalid, told us that he had been induced to visit Tours from the representation given of it in a book said to be written by a Col. Pinckney, but which he supposed was the fabrication of some bookseller at home, and "made to sell;" for the matter it contained was at variance with the truth from the beginning to the end, and had misled several of his friends as well as himself. He lent me the book to read, and I could hardly help laughing at the fictions it relates. The author's description of the manners of the people outrages all probability; and the account he gives of the climate, and of the prices of houses and provisions, is equally incorrect. His description of the town of Tours is a pretty fair specimen of the accuracy of the whole narration. He speaks of the church of St. Martin, and of a black marble monument he saw in it, in the year 1808; whereas this said church was destroyed before the year 1797, when nothing remained of it but its two towers. He says the trees in the Mall were as old as the town; but Arthur Young happened to be at Tours in the year 1787, when they were offered for sale, and were cut down in less than two years afterwards: young trees were planted in their stead, which have not yet attained to any very

large size. The author talks of *descending* the Loire from Nantes to Orleans; when, if he went that way at all, he must have ascended the river, the stream running in the opposite direction. He asserts that there was neither bed linen nor table linen to be met with at the inns in 1808; when, on the contrary, linen is an article plentifully supplied in France, even in the public-houses in small villages; as we experienced in the year 1802, when we went down the Loire from Orleans to Nantes.

The houses in France are on a larger scale and more roomy than ours, being calculated to hold not only the heads of the family, but likewise all the branches. A man does not turn out his children to seek their own habitations the moment they marry, but they bring their helpmates home, are established in a suite of apartments under his roof, and all meet at their father's table; and a constant interchange of sentiments, and a reciprocation of good offices, bind the family together, and their kindness and affection for each other is not entirely lost by absence, or dissipated by other pursuits. There is no absolute rule to determine whether a young married couple should reside with the husband's or wife's relations; it is frequently decided by common convenience; but the usual way is, for the eldest son to bring his wife home, and for the daughters, if they marry younger sons, to bring their husbands also to their father's house. Thus the younger sons are generally domesticated in the family of their wives.

Arthur Young observes, that the distinguishing feature in the French nation is good temper ; as a proof of which he brings forward the circumstance of families living together so happily. The kindness, nay, the friendship with which they treat their domestics, and the attachment of the servants in return, bear also strong testimony to the truth of his remark. The great freedom of speech in the servants has been mistaken for an effect of the Revolution ; but those who had been in France prior to it, and those who are at all conversant in French literature, are well satisfied of the contrary. The old French plays in particular afford very strong evidence of its prevalence long before the Revolution was dreamt of.

'We were dining some time ago at an hotel at Rouen ; one of our friends, a young Oxonian, was going to cut off the wing of a boiled chicken, when the waiter with the most obsequious respectful air imaginable, said, " Monsieur is totally ignorant of the method of carving a chicken." " The devil !" cried the gentleman, throwing the knife and fork down ; " pray, sir, let us see you do it." The man took up the knife and fork with great gravity, and sticking the fork under the pinion, held it for an instant, as if to show what was to be done ; then tearing off the wing, he laid it down, and bowing, said in the civilest tone possible, " I have had the honour of teaching monsieur how to carve a chicken." The Oxonian, who was on the point of exclaiming, " Impertinent coxcomb !" could not resist the obliging air the man

assumed, but cried good humouredly, "Thank you, my friend ; you are a devilish clever fellow." In England, no servant but an impertinent coxcomb could have done this : trained to habits of distance rather than respect, nothing short of impertinence can break through them ; so that an English servant is seldom free without intending to be saucy.

The house we occupied at Tours belonged to Madame B., who let us the apartments, and received the rent, without any interference on the part of her husband. There is nothing extraordinary in this circumstance in France, where a woman usually retains the right of managing her own property after she becomes a wife. If no contract is made at the time of her marriage, the law gives to the husband the administration of their joint income ; but if she has reason to apprehend that he is dissipating their stock, so far as to endanger the security of her property, she can, by a very short legal process, have their substance (*biens*) separated again : this arrangement must be advertized in the public papers ; and is not thought to be any cause of quarrel between the parties, or of animadversion by indifferent people*.

But the custom is so general of making an agreement by marriage articles that the parties shall retain their own property separately, except a certain sum for household expenses and the education of their children, that, if that sum is not specified

* Code Napoleon, articles 1443 and 1445.

in the settlement, the law fixes the proportion the woman ought to contribute, which is one-third of her income*

In no case can the husband dispose by will of more than his own share of their joint property †. The wife possesses the same right to bequeath hers ‡. But neither men nor women have the power of disposing of the whole of their property if they have children or near relations; as a certain part of it reverts to them, and the proportion is regulated by their number. If a man has only one child, he has the disposal of half his property; if two children, of one-third; and if three or more, only of a quarter of it ||.

The power given to the women over their own property would be of little advantage to them, if that property did not bear a fair proportion to the

* Lorsque les époux ont stipulé par leur contrat de mariage qu'ils seraient séparés de biens, la femme conserve l'entière administration de ses biens meubles et immeubles et la jouissance libre de ses revenus. Chacun des époux contribue aux charges du mariage suivant les conventions contenues en leur contrat; et s'il n'en existe point à cet égard, la femme contribue à ces charges jusqu'à concurrence du tiers de ses revenus. *Code Napoleon*, articles 1536 and 1537.

† La donation faite par le mari ne peut excéder sa part dans la communauté. *Ibid.* article 1423.

‡ Elle n'aura besoin ni de consentement du mari, ni d'autorisation de la justice, pour disposer par testament. *Ibid.* article 905.

|| Les libéralités, soit par acte entre-vifs, soit par testament, ne pourront excéder la moitié des biens du disposant s'il ne laisse à son décès qu'un enfant légitime; le tiers s'il laisse deux enfants; le quart s'il en laisse trois ou un plus grand nombre. *Ibid.* article 913.

property in the hands of the men. By the laws of France it is equal. Every child has an equal share in the possessions of the parents; no distinction is made in favour of sex or primogeniture*. This equality with the other sex in the possession of property is of the utmost importance to the interests of the women. It is the great palladium of their happiness. From this source flows their energy, their application, their industry. The sickly languor of indolence is banished from amongst them. Every where they take a part in the active pursuits of life; in commerce, in agriculture, in the various mechanical trades and manufactures. And it is not only in the petty traffic and detailed concerns of commerce, but in the great mercantile speculations; they are engaged in the counting-houses of bankers and merchants, where they transact business with ability and despatch; their sons and daughters employed at their desks around them. A woman is at the head of the firm of one of the principal banks in Caen; and the banking business is conducted by women in many other provincial towns. These laws, so favourable to their interests, have been framed since the Revolution; but they resulted from the previous sentiments, opinions, customs, and habits which had existed in France for ages. And for-

* Les enfants, ou leur descendants, succèdent à leur père et mère, aïeuls, aïeules, ou autre ascendants, sans distinction de sexe, ni de primogéniture, et encore qu'ils soient issus de différents mariages. Ils succèdent par égales portions et par tête. *Code Napoleon*, article 745.

fortunate it was for the women, that the laws were enacted which have fixed their happy privileges on a firm basis, before any alteration had been wrought in men's minds by the total change society underwent, and which had an apparent tendency to diminish the influence of the sex.

In England the state of society was formerly more in favour of women than it is now. When property was less divided, and the eldest son inherited all his father's estates, the younger children with small portions had a *lien* on their elder brother, and were regarded as members of his family, receiving consideration and attention as such from the community at large. But the order of things was changed, in many respects, for the better. All panted for a more equal distribution of the goods of this life: younger brothers wished for independence; the fortune and consequence of the head of the family were diminished; and in return, he exonerated himself from the claims of kindred; and each individual stood on his own ground. The world was open to the boys: commerce spread her riches before them: the church, the army, and the navy, were ready to receive them. But for the girls, no beneficial succedaneum was adopted for them. Their fortunes were not increased (as in France) in an equivalent proportion to the advantages they had lost: no means being put into their hands for improving them;—the tide of opinion running in favour of riches, in contempt of birth, and all other artificial distinctions;—thrown like an atom on the wide world,

without consequence or consideration, it is become a matter of imperious necessity that a woman in England should marry, to be supported in the rank of life in which she was born, and in which she lived under her father's roof. No wonder, that to obtain this one object, her time, her thoughts, the whole of her education should be directed—to attract—to allure—to marry. To love, and to be loved, is a beautiful vision of former days, and has vanished into "thin air." A woman has no time to lose in such speculations; and, "Marry first, and love afterwards," should be the motto used now by the young, as heretofore it was the favourite precept of the old.

"Get married, my daughter; love, if thou canst; but at all events get married;" is a proper modern supplement to that ancient and approved piece of advice, "Get money, my son, honestly if thou canst; but at all events get money*."

* My friend, get money, get a large estate,
By honest means; but get at any rate.

Francis's Horace, epistle i. line 65.

CHAPTER XIV.

Missionaries from the Pope—Erection of a Cross—Religion—Bonaparte—Clergy—Female Accomplishments—Education of Englishwomen—Climate—Sufferings of the Poor—Combination against the Farmers.

THE pope having, with the approbation of the French government, sent missionaries to preach in all the provincial towns, eight of them arrived at Tours. Their first discourse was delivered by the Abbé Jonson, in the cathedral, on the 21st of January, the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. after a grand procession had been made through the streets. The cathedral was so crowded, that few strangers could get in. Some of these missionaries preached in four of the churches twice every day, at five o'clock in the morning and at five in the evening; and though in the midst of winter, the churches, even at that early hour of the morning, were constantly full. The congregation generally consisted of persons of both sexes; but sometimes the service in the evening was designed only for the men, to avoid the great concourse of people; and then a particular discourse was addressed to the women at ten in the morning; and the multitude that assembled is almost inconceivable. L'Abbé Jonson and L'Abbé Fayet were the two principal missionaries. One of them had been a colonel in Bonaparte's army, and had requested leave to retire and enter into the church;

and being refused, he made his escape out of the empire, and concealing himself in a religious society, took priest's orders.

The catholic clergy wear little black conical caps when they preach, which they take off when they pronounce the name of our Saviour, of the Virgin, and of the pope. They never use notes, but deliver their sermons from memory. Their manner is very impressive, animated, and energetic, which keeps attention alive; and sometimes the congregation are affected even to tears.

L'Abbé Jonson observed in a discourse on the relative duties of life, that soldiers should be always ready to defend their king and country; when the soldiers, who were dispersed in different parts of the church, started simultaneously from their seats, and put on their hats for a moment, in token of their willingness to obey the call.

I went one morning at ten o'clock to the service for the women in the cathedral. The Abbé Fayet delivered a short but eloquent sermon on divine providence; and when he had concluded, he descended from the pulpit without ceremony, and another of the missionaries took his place, and gave us rather a prosing lecture on the indulgence of bad habits. This was likewise short, and I heard nothing which was not as applicable to one sex as to the other, except the frequent repetition of "*mes chères sœurs.*" When the last priest quitted the pulpit, the service ended; but the Abbé Fayet begged our indulgence for a few minutes; and stepping into the pulpit again, said,

he had a little admonition to give to his dear sisters, to which he hoped they would attend. He had observed that the ladies sent their servants to secure seats in particular places; others had their chairs marked*; and when the congregation assembled, a general altercation ensued.—“Pardon me, madame, this chair I keep for Madame such a one.”—“Impossible, mademoiselle, impossible! this is the very spot I chose for myself.”—“Bless me! who has removed my chair?”—“Really, madame, you should have come sooner; I could not possibly keep it any longer.” He went on, changing his tone, and imitating these disputes in the most ludicrous manner; and then gravely observed, that as there was room for all, he hoped in future the ladies would take their seats quietly when they arrived, and none but the deaf or the lame provide themselves with places beforehand.

I observed a group of women coming into the church as the service ended. They were dressed in cloth jackets and petticoats, and coloured handkerchiefs; and I concluded they were farmers' daughters, who, living at a distance, had arrived too late; but I soon found that they were the ladies' maids, bringing umbrellas for their mistresses, a sudden shower of rain having come on. I could not help drawing a comparison between these damsels and the waiting gentlewomen of my

* There are no pews or seats in the churches in France, but chairs are provided by the attendants of the church, at a stated price, generally something less than a sou each.

own country, who mince up and down the streets of Tours in fringed half-boots, silk petticoats, silk spencers, merino cloth pelisses, hats and feathers, fur tippets, and lace veils. I leave others to decide whether the dress of the French or English lady Abigails is most suitable to their employments, and most becoming their station in society.

The missionaries appeared to be actuated by a liberal spirit; for one of them, in declaiming against the profanation of the Lord's day, said, they might take example in that respect from the protestants of a neighbouring kingdom, and copy the conduct of those few who were living amongst them (alluding to the English, who had declined attending public amusements on Sundays.) He had been informed, that in England the whole day was spent in religious duties, and no one scarcely ever walked abroad.

It is customary in catholic countries, during the last three days of the carnival, to have a sort of general masquerade. People visit each other, walk in the streets, and attend public amusements in masks and dresses to represent different characters.

A masked ball had always been supported with great spirit in the theatre at Tours. But the missionaries inveighed so strenuously against the custom, and the licentiousness it encouraged, that this year it was given up; much to the disappointment of those tradespeople who had sent for masks and dresses from Paris, and of the English, whose curiosity had been excited by the various descriptions and accounts they had heard.

Whilst the missionaries were at Tours, a cross was erected with great ceremony near the cathedral. It was previously carried through the streets, by relays of eighty men, attended by a procession of the magistrates of the town, the clergy, the military, seven hundred girls dressed in white, and almost all the rest of the inhabitants. When it was raised on its stone base, L'Abbé Jonson harangued the crowd; and from that time, whenever we passed by, we saw people kneeling on the stone steps, in silent devotion. During Lent it was surrounded by the poor peasants, singing hymns and psalms till midnight, in the severest weather. Their zeal might be mistaken, but their devout disposition is worthy of the respect, and their piety of the imitation, of their more enlightened protestant brethren. They have a superstition in regard to nailing their hearts on the cross, which are represented by bits of tin, in the shape of a heart; and they were so eager to make this offering, that in a short time the cross, which was forty feet high, was completely covered with these *sacrés cœurs*.

The country people repaired in crowds from a great distance to hear the missionaries. It seemed as if deprived of some great blessing for a long time; they seized it with avidity, nay, with enthusiasm, when again within their reach; for although in those classes of people who pique themselves on being enlightened and freed from narrow prejudices, an evil heart of unbelief is still cherished; yet its influence is not predominant amongst the vulgar, who seem to pant for some-

thing to believe, and something to hope ; and to be overjoyed at the prospect of seeing their religion once more venerated in the country.

During the troubles of the Revolution so many of the churches were destroyed, and the clergy murdered or banished, that when the profession of Christianity was resumed, a sufficient number of priests could not be found to perform its ceremonies ; and many of the country parishes continue to this day without either churches or ministers. All the church property was seized and dispersed, so that no provision was left for the few remaining clergy. The government was under the necessity of providing a maintenance for them, and granted to each a stipend of 500 francs (20*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*) per annum. This pittance can but just keep a man from starving ; and I am surprised that any boys should be educated for the profession. Several seminaries are established, but unless some great alteration should take place in their favour, most probably the number of students will annually decrease.

It does not appear that the protestants in France resisted the torrent of infidelity more firmly than the catholics ; but those who were protestants before it overwhelmed them are protestants again, now that it has passed away. Their number is very considerable, but does not increase, except as their population increases. I mean, that their opinions do not spread out of the pale of their own communion ; for, however indifferent the catholics may be respecting their own tenets, they

discover an invincible repugnance to those of the reformed church in France.

The free exercise of their religion was granted to the protestants by the Directory, and further secured to them by *Napoléon*, who allowed them, when a certain number of families were collected in one district, to choose a minister, on whom he settled a salary of 1000 francs, which was double that of a catholic priest. The reason he gave for this seeming partiality was, that a protestant clergyman might have a wife and family, but a catholic could not. He appointed the elders to be elected according to the amount of the taxes they paid; but he reserved to himself the nomination of their president. This did not exactly accord with their wishes, they preferred regulating their ecclesiastical affairs themselves; but it was his pleasure to have all his subjects under his immediate control. On his observing to one of their ministers, that their church allowed no Pope, he replied, "Sire, your majesty is our Pope."

The emperor having commanded, on a particular occasion, that a deputation from all the different sects of protestants in his dominions should attend him in Paris, they were presented to him in state, and were informed that they must bow without speaking. One of them, however, who had been ruminating on an address all the way from Switzerland, would not be so balked; but when he was presented, after making a low bow, began an oration in an audible voice, to the utter astonishment of all the court; but it was so

highly seasoned with panegyric, that the emperor, although at first he looked exceedingly black and angry, was much pleased, and condescended to answer him. His majesty's speech was greatly extolled, and afterwards printed. He promised liberty of conscience to all his subjects and their posterity for ever ; and if any one of his line should dare to infringe it, he gave his people leave to stigmatize him with the name of Nero. The salary he settled on the clergy was very irregularly paid ; but he often said that he was sure of the support of the protestants, and considered them as his firmest adherents. Since the return of Louis, their pastors have been paid with the most scrupulous punctuality, and all their privileges have been confirmed ; yet still they do not cease to regret the loss of the emperor.

On the 28th of March an English boy was buried according to the rites of our church, by an English clergyman, in the cathedral churchyard, where there is a corner allotted for strangers ; and catholics and protestants may rest together unmolested.

Besides the English who resort to France for amusement, for health, or for convenience, a great number of families have settled in the large towns for the education of their children. Masters for music, dancing, drawing, and the French language, may be met with every where, on moderate terms : their general charge is one franc (tenpence) each lesson. At Bourdeaux and Nantes, where they are reputed to be superior, they have three francs.

At Tours the best dancing-master, Mons. Norris, charges strangers two francs : but at Valognes, and other small towns, their terms are still lower ; they give six or seven lessons for five francs.

French people are astonished beyond measure at this passion for educating children abroad : they inquire if nobody can be found in England to instruct them in those things which it is necessary for them to learn, to conduct themselves properly in their native land. And what answer can be made ? That the expenses of a school in England are so enormous, that no family of moderate income can afford to pay them ! Why, what a crying sin is this ! A fortune to be spent upon a boy before he is fit for any thing ; and no mean sum thrown away upon a girl. I say thrown away ; for what on earth does she acquire ?—Accomplishments ;—accomplishments, such as might fit her to be the darling of a harem, but add little to the account of domestic usefulness or domestic happiness. To dance, to sing, to play upon the harp—there is nothing objectionable in the things themselves, but in the importance attached to them. These might be done, if every thing else were not left undone ; if they were not considered as the one thing needful, for which time, health, fortune, comfort,—all must be sacrificed. Surely some more simple mode of education for women might be adopted, both in schools and at home. And at home it is, at the knees of their mother, that children of both sexes should imbibe the instructions of their early years, to the age of twelve at

least. In a family, improvement goes on without effort, and without parade; the young affections open, the heart expands, the judgment strengthens, and every thing around imparts knowledge, or excites exertion.

Not that I think it requisite, or even desirable, for a mother to enter into the minutiae of instruction; it is the superintendence of the education of her children that is required of her; the care that all is done. The *mechanical* part, it would be better, perhaps, to consign to other hands; as by that means, subjects of irritation would be avoided, which sometimes weaken affection, both in the teacher and in the pupil. To give instruction in reading, writing, drawing, and music, requires but little power of mind; and a person might be provided for that purpose in the family, if convenient; or what is still better, children might be sent to learn the rudiments of these things at a day school. Day schools appear to me to combine more advantages, with fewer objections, than any other mode of education. The children are taught, and their time employed; whilst the direction of their mind, their temper, and their manners, is still in the mother's power.

But an abuse (for I can call it by no other name) has crept in amongst us, which threatens to nip all family affection in the very bud; I mean, preparatory *boarding* schools for young gentlemen, from three years old to nine. If any thing can destroy the kind charities of life, this will. And what can these poor outcasts learn, to repay them

for the thousand little family joys and freedoms they have lost? the thousand little family lessons of kindness and forbearance they have missed?—Why, they will be taught to read and to write, and to walk two and two abreast, and to sit in a row on a bench, and to forget every body but themselves!

The care of infancy belongs to a mother: it is a right she receives from the great law of nature, written by the finger of God in every heart; inso-much, that if the institutions of any particular country should militate against it, and vest in an individual (even a father) the power of parting a mother from her child, it would in some measure be rendered nugatory, by the superior sense of justice that every one feels, and its exertion would be stigmatized by the community as an outrage against human nature.

This great privilege has been to woman a blessing from the beginning of time. Her support in society, her staff of defence in oppression, her comfort in suffering.

The passion of love, so much vaunted, is but of doubtful benefit to the female sex; for although it is a source of happiness, it is also a source of misery. This truth wants no elucidation; if it did, the wretched state, at this moment, of the unfortunate women who drag on a loathsome existence in our streets, and die the victims of licentious passion, would sufficiently evince it. But the reciprocal affection of a mother and her child is productive of nothing but good. Oh! let my countrywomen

cherish this sacred feeling! Let them not suffer their children to be estranged from their bosoms; let them not tamely resign the trust Providence has reposed in them; let them not desert their post. To them it is committed to foster all the kind affections of the heart, to correct the temper, to check the first propensities to evil, and to encourage virtue, to form habits of piety and imbue the mind with religion, to lay the foundation of all that is good, of all that is praiseworthy. If it be said, that English women are not capable of doing this; if they cannot manage their children—are too indulgent to some, harsh to the rest, and one way or other spoil them all: if this be really the case, it is time, for the benefit of futurity, that we should look to the education of our daughters. Nature designed them for the task; and it must be their education—their frippery education—that counteracts her plan.

Here I beg leave to indulge myself with inserting a few lines, descriptive of the feelings of tenderness and pleasure experienced by a mother for her infant from the moment of its birth; although they have been frequently the subject of more able pens than mine.

A MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

With fond delight the happy mother sees
Her lovely baby smiling on her knees;
With fond delight she lulls him to repose,
Whilst oft his drowsy eyelids ope and close!
His little rosy outstretch'd hand she takes,
Touches his dimpling cheek—the infant wakes,

Turns his young eyes to meet the quivering light—
Fill'd are his mother's still with fond delight ;
Joyful she watches him from morn till even,
And pours her soul in gratitude to Heaven !

Let future plans his father's thoughts employ,
He may indulge in day-dreams for his boy ;
View him in Fancy's glass aspire to fame,
And earn in honour's cause a deathless name ;
Assert the people's rights, or guard the throne—
Enough for her, the present hour's her own ;
She hears him, sees him, clasps him to her breast ;
“ My child ! my child ! ” she cries, “ thy mother's blest ! ”
Through all her frame the chasten'd pleasure steals ;
How pure ! how tender is the joy she feels !

The soft sensations in her breast that glow
'Tis not permitted thee, proud man ! to know ;
Heav'n has its thousand, thousand blessings shed,
And placed dominion's crown upon thy head ;
It bids thee in thy strength and pow'r rejoice,
And brings forth hidden treasures for thy choice ;
Bids thee, erect, through all creation go,
Thyself supreme, the lord of all below.

Be with thy lot content, for all is thine ;
Nought is withheld, save this one boon divine !
This bosom joy, to woman only known ;
Pearl of great price ! 'tis hers, and hers alone !

On the 20th of March, a very severe frost, attended with a high wind, snow, and hail, cut off all the blossom of the almonds and apricots.

The inhabitants of Tours seemed disappointed that we were not in raptures with the climate of this garden of France ; though for the last three months there had not been three fine days together*. We were frequently asked if we did not

* I made a memorandum every night whilst we were at Tours of the state of the weather during the day, which may serve to

find the weather very different from what we had been accustomed to in England; where the French

confirm the account I have given of its extreme changeableness. The spring of 1817 was, it is true, a remarkably cold, wet, and uncertain season throughout Europe.

From the 27th of December, 1816 (the day we arrived at Tours) to the 8th of January, 1817, we had continual heavy rain.

Thursday, 9th.—Very cold north-east wind, sharp frost.

Friday, 10th.—Same weather—Loire partially frozen.

Saturday, 11th.—Cold, frosty.

Sunday, 12th.—The same.

Monday, 13th.—Very cold, but no frost.

Tuesday, 14th.—Rainy.

Wednesday, 15th.—Rainy.

Thursday, 16th.—Rainy.

Friday, 17th.—Rainy.

Saturday, 18th.—Fair, but damp.

Sunday, 19th.—Fair morning, rainy evening.

Monday, 20th.—Heavy rain all day.

Tuesday, 21st.—Fine morning, rain at noon, fair evening.

Wednesday, 22d.—Dry till 12 o'clock, constant rain afterwards.

Thursday, 23d.—Rainy.

Friday, 24th.—Very damp. Drizzling rain.

Saturday, 25th.—Misty.

Sunday, 26th.—Clear bright beautiful morning, warm as in June.

Monday, 27th.—Cloudy, thick, and foggy.

Tuesday, 28th.—Misty damp morning.

Wednesday, 29th.—Raw misty morning, fair evening, wind S. W.

Thursday, 30th.—Cloudy, misty. Wind W.

Friday, 31st.—Fine morning. Wind N. E.

Saturday, February 1st.—No rain, no sun, gloomy. Wind E.

Sunday, 2d.—Cold, raw, misty.

Monday, 3d.—Beautiful fine clear morning. Wind cold.

believe there is rain one half of the year, and a thick fog the other. They expatiate on the clear-

Tuesday, 4th.—Clear and warm as in June. Wind W.

Wednesday, 5th.—Stormy, cold, and raw.

Thursday, 6th.—Drizzling rain all day.

Friday, 7th.—Dry, gloomy.

Saturday, 8th.—Dry, gloomy.

Sunday, 9th.—Very cold, dry day.

Monday, 10th.—Foggy and damp.

Tuesday, 11th.—Drizzling rain all day, and a very thick fog in the evening.

Wednesday, 12th.—Rainy morning, fair evening.

Thursday, 13th.—High wind, shower at noon.

Friday, 14th.—Misty, rain at intervals.

Saturday, 15th.—Damp morning, rain now and then.

Sunday, 16th.—Damp morning, fine day.

Monday, 17th.—Showery.

Tuesday, 18th.—Fair day, no sun.

Wednesday, 19th.—Fine, clear, warm as in June.

Thursday, 20th.—Windy and cloudy, rain in the evening.

Friday, 21st.—Showery.

Saturday, 22d.—Windy, raw, and cold.

Sunday, 23d.—Gloomy day, no rain.

Monday, 24th.—Shower in the morning, gloomy.

Tuesday, 25th.—Dry.

Wednesday, 26th.—Cloudy damp morning.

Thursday, 27th.—Windy, dry.

Friday, 28th.—Cloudy.

Saturday, March 1st.—Dry.

Sunday, 2d.—Rainy.

Monday, 3d.—Rainy.

Tuesday, 4th.—Rainy.

Wednesday, 5th.—Stormy.

Thursday, 6th.—Showery, thunder and lightning.

Friday, 7th.—Showery, heavy rain at night.

Saturday, 8th.—Violent storms, fair between.

Sunday, 9th.—Cold raw day.

ness of the air, and the brightness of the sky in France, as things to which we are strangers. They form their opinion, partly from the influx of invalids, who cross the Channel for their health, and partly from the accounts they read and hear of the fogs that wrap our metropolis in darkness. But they do not make any allowance for the smoke of our coal-fires, which gets entangled with the fog, and gives it body and blackness; and even in fine weather spreads over London and other large

Monday, 10th.—Drizzling rain all day.

Tuesday, 11th.—Fair day.

Wednesday, 12th.—Fine clear warm day, as in June.

Thursday, 13th.—Drizzling rain.

Friday, 14th.—Bright sun. Wind E.

Saturday, 15th.—Bright sun, cold. Wind E.

Sunday, 16th.—The same.

Monday, 17th.—The same.

Tuesday, 18th.—The same.

Wednesday, 19th.—Drizzling rain. Wind W.

Thursday, 20th.—Severe cold, snow and hail.

Friday, 21st.—Hard frost, exceedingly cold, river partially frozen.

Saturday, 22d.—Frost, cold.

Sunday, 23d.—The same.

Monday, 24th.—Not cold, but dry.

Tuesday, 25th.—Heavy rain.

Wednesday, 26th.—Fine warm morning.

Thursday, 27th.—Fair.

Friday, 28th.—Cold and clear.

Saturday, 29th.—Windy.

Sunday, 30th.—Fine morning, shower at noon.

Monday, 31st.—Fine day, but cold.

Tuesday, April 1st.—Fine weather, with a very cold N. E. wind.

towns, and envelopes them in shade, so that they cannot be distinctly seen from any height above; whilst Paris, without a streak of smoke to interrupt the sight, is as clear to the view as a picture: a circumstance so unusual to us, that we are apt to attribute it (like the natives) to a natural superiority in the transparency of the atmosphere. But except on the shores of the Mediterranean, the difference in climate between the two countries is not so great as people imagine. The summer in France is certainly hotter, drier, and longer, as it trespasses on the autumn, and extends, with little variation, through the months of June, July, August, and September. Though subject to violent storms, it is free from the soft showers and cloudy skies which prevail in England; and this constant blaze of sunshine is very annoying. Every day has a garish eye, and one longs to have it wink.

The sun has so much greater power, that all the fruits which we are obliged to have recourse to art to bring to perfection are ripened by the unassisted force of his beams; and peaches, apricots, figs, and almonds are produced on standards. Melons and grapes ripen without trouble; and all the delicate annual plants, that require with us a hot-bed to make their seeds vegetate, and glasses to solicit their reluctant flowers, spring up and blossom in the open ground; every thing flourishes that is not exposed to the trial of winter, but no tender perennials can stand its rigour unsheltered; and such evergreens as myrtles, geraniums, and

orange-trees must be housed or lost. The winter is not shorter in France than it is in England: the frost sets in as early, and is more intense; the winds are more violent and piercing, and the rains heavier and more lasting. A hot day will occasionally intervene in the midst of the most severely cold weather, as if it had strayed from the torrid zone by chance. Three or four such days arrived whilst we were at Tours, and the days which preceded and followed each of them were remarkably raw and cold.

In that part of the western coast which opens to the Atlantic the fogs are more dense, and charged with greater moisture, than elsewhere; but no part of France is exempt from fogs. In the neighbourhood of Tours, they are neither so heavy nor so frequent as might reasonably be expected, considering that the valley between the Loire and the Cher is entirely under water the greatest part of the winter. The inhabitants boast that they are exempt from the ravages of the *bise*: but as Louis XI. ordered prayers to be read in all churches that the east wind might not blow, I conclude he found it, as we did, very keen. But I believe the climate at Tours, take it for all in all, is as serene and pleasant as in any other quarter of the kingdom*. The same uncertain weather as in England

* In a letter I received in March, my correspondent says, "I have now been fifteen months in Normandy, and have not seen eight fine days together. They say it has been bad weather in England: may be so. But if the weather in France is only fine when it is fine in England, there is no use in crossing the water for the sake of climate."

prevails in the spring months of March, April, and May, with nearly perhaps the same proportion of heat and cold, but not so much blended together. They recur alternately with greater force; and in the hot fit the progress of vegetation is more rapid, and in the cold fit receives severer checks. In May, the fruit-trees are frequently injured, and the young shoots of the vines are sometimes cut off so late as in June*. Only one month in the year resembles our autumn, and that is October; which is reckoned the pleasantest month of the

* “Towards the end of May, in 1787, I found all the walnut-trees with leaves turned quite black by the frost south of the Loire; and further to the south, at Brive, we no sooner saw fig-trees, than we remarked them bound about with straw, to defend them from the frosts in June. Still more to the south, about Cahors, the walnut-trees were black on the 10th of June, by frosts within a fortnight; and we were informed of rye being in some years thus killed, and that rarely there is any spring month secure from these unseasonable attacks. I found, in 1787, the frost of the preceding winter had made sad havoc amongst the walnut-trees; most of which were killed in Alsace, and the dead trees made a strange figure in summer. They were left in expectation of their shooting again; and some few did. From Autun, in Burgundy, to Bourbon Lancy, the broom was all killed. About Dijon, they have spring frosts, often late, and they damage and destroy every thing; and all the countries within reach of the mountains of Voge are affected by the snow that falls upon them, which was, in 1789, on the 29th of June. As spring frosts are as mischievous in France as they can be with us, so also are they troubled with autumnal ones earlier than is common with us. On the 20th of September, 1787, on going on the south of the Loire from Chambord to Orleans, we had so smart a one, that the vines were hurt by it, and there had been for several days so cold a N.E. wind (yet with a bright sun) that none of us stirred abroad without great coats.”—*Travels in France, by Arthur Young*, p. 310, second edit. 4to.

twelve, and is most commonly as warm as our September. The change is very great in November: winter approaches with hasty strides; heavy rain and frost succeeding each other, with but little perceptible alteration in the weather for the better, till towards the end of February.

The blossoms of the fruit-trees have been destroyed by the coldness of the spring, and the harvest by the unusual wetness of the summer, in both the two last years, and the poor have suffered much distress from the badness of the seasons. They were very peaceable in the Touraine, which is a plentiful part of the country, but in many places they became extremely violent and clamorous.

A dreadful combination of poor wretches took place in the winter, at Chateauneuf, where they went from house to house demanding bread, in a tone too peremptory to be refused. They assembled together in this manner frequently; and at last concerted a scheme to murder the farmers who employed them as labourers, and to plunder their houses. The plot was discovered by one of their confederates, and at the first house they attacked, four of them were taken into custody by the gens d'armes, who lay in wait for them. They were guillotined at Orleans, and no further disturbances occurred.

The giant hand of the Revolution seized, as it were, on the whole property of France, and disposed of it at will. The wealth of the cities was wrested from the rich, and scattered amongst the

poor. The merchants were dragged from their gorgeous palaces, and crowds of artificers established themselves within their walls. The nobles were driven from their mansions, and their tenants took possession of their estates. The land, freed from tithes and all seigniorial claims, was distributed amongst the peasantry, and every man sat under the shadow of his own vine and his own fig-tree.

Drawing a veil over the horrors with which all this was effected, was it not a consummation devoutly to be wished, and calculated, above all other things, to produce the greatest possible degree of individual and national prosperity?

The picture is indeed full of fascination, and at the first glance delights the eye with its beauty; but on a closer inspection, flaws and inveterate stains appear to mar and disfigure it.

After all that has been done in France, a considerable number of the population are still suffering the utmost extremity of poverty and want.

The kingdom was divided and subdivided, it is true; yet some of the people were of necessity left to earn their bread by the labour of their hands: and the condition of these, whether husbandmen or mechanics, is but little improved. The landholder, whose farm affords but just sufficient profit for the support of his family, is careful to give the lowest possible wages to his labourer, and has not the power to assist him in sickness, or in times of scarcity. There is a greater proportion of artificers in the several trades than of purchasers

for their goods. The rich capitals, which the people shared amongst them, no longer exist to set their looms at work; and in dispersing every accumulation of wealth, instead of enriching themselves, they only killed the goose: for employment to the needy is as a golden egg.

CHAPTER XV.

Departure from Tours—Appearance of the Country—Loches—Agnes Sorel—Manufactures—Vines—Chatillon—Chateauroux—Argenton—River Creuse—Shepherdesses—Pastoral Scenery—Morterol—Good Road—Currency of France—Limoges—Churches—Beauty of the Woods—Price of Labour—Scenery—St. Leonard's—Cattle Fair—Dress and Appearance of the Peasantry—Bourganeuf—Aubusson—Villeneuve—Price of Labour and of Provisions—The Mountains of Dor, and of the Puy de Dôme—Pont Gibaud—Volcanic Rocks—Ascent of the Puy de Dôme—View of the Plain of the Limagne—Arrival at Clermont.

April 1, 1817. To Loches, 30 miles.

WE had passed our time so agreeably at Tours, that we could not leave it without reluctance. There is always something melancholy in the idea of quitting a place to which we are never likely to return. The regret of parting with friends is the tribute we pay for the pleasures of society. But we could not lengthen our stay without deviating from the plan we had laid down for ourselves. We proposed to visit the romantic country of Auvergne; to extend our rambles into Switzerland, to spend a short time in Paris, and to return to England in July.

When every thing was ready for our departure, and we were on the point of stepping into the carriage, we were detained for a moment by Louise, the servant of the house who had attended us, and who took leave of us with so many expressions of concern, offered so many affectionate wishes

and adieux, and testified so much good-will and kindness towards us, both by words and looks, that she quite overcame my English frigidity, and when the tears started from her eyes, mine, by the force of irresistible sympathy, "dropped fellow drops."

We left Tours by the avenue of Grammont. The elms were so full of blossom, that at a distance they appeared to be in leaf. We heard that they were all destined to the axe very soon. The poplars, which we had admired so much last year for their uncommon height and thick foliage, were cut down before our return, and we saw them lying by the river side, a heap of planks.

The meadows between the Loire and the Cher, though but just emerged from the waters, were covered with a beautiful verdure. The quickness of vegetation in this rich valley, when the floods subside, is wonderful. The flowers were all beginning to open, the horse chestnuts to burst into leaf, the plums and blackthorns to blossom. Spring seemed to be peeping forth from every alley green. But when we had ascended the hill of Grammont, we found the country with a very different and wintry aspect: the land coarse, in a bleak and exposed situation, vegetation backward, and the husbandry slovenly. Sometimes the ploughs were drawn by a couple of asses, sometimes by an ass and a mule, or a horse and a cow, together.

We crossed the river Indre at Cormery, and kept it in sight, meandering through flat meadows, till we approached Loches. Here the limestone

cliffs, rising by the road-side, are excavated, and filled up with habitations like those near Saumur.

Loches is a fortified town, with a castle of prodigious height and strength. In this castle Louis XI. confined his captives, shutting them up in iron cages. Ludovico Sforza was the last prisoner who experienced such rigorous treatment. He was confined here by Louis XII.; but in the latter part of his life he was used with greater lenity, and allowed the liberty of walking and hunting in the vicinity. He died in the castle in the year 1510.

The church is large, but not handsome, several domes forming the roof. The beautiful mistress of Charles VII., Agnes Sorel, was buried here. The charms of her conversation, are said to have equalled those of her person. One instance of her wit is celebrated for the delicacy of the reproof it conveyed to the king, who was loitering away his time with her, whilst Henry VI. of England was crowned in Paris. An astrologer having told her in the presence of Charles that fate had decreed that she should be loved by the greatest monarch upon earth—"Your majesty, then," said Agnes, "must allow me to go to the English court to fulfil my destiny."

A large handsome building, which stands on the river Indre, near the Hôtel de la Promenade, was built some years ago, for a woollen manufactory, by an Englishwoman, as we were told, of the name of Armfield, who conducts the business herself.

The very fine broad cloths in France equal, if they do not excel, our own. But those which are of the second quality are many degrees inferior to the English cloths of the same description. Indeed the middling cloths are of a very coarse and clumsy fabric. But the French have an article which far surpasses in beauty and delicacy of texture any thing of the kind manufactured in England. It is an imitation of the Cashmere shawls, made of merino wool, prepared differently from ours, and drawn in spinning almost to a single hair. The ladies in France are all clothed in it during the winter. It is woven, with a mixture of silk, into shawls, which are so universally worn, that no woman above the rank of a peasant is ever seen without one upon her shoulders, either in winter or summer.

All our imitations of India shawls have an alloy of cotton in them, which makes them cling together; nay, even our kerseymeres are often deteriorated with a mixture of cotton, which is not perceived when they are new, but must eventually bring them into disrepute. The French procure all their flannel from Great Britain; they have nothing that resembles it of their own manufacture but a sort of serge, very harsh and unpleasant to the touch. They cannot vie with us in articles of hardware or in leather; but a report has been spread, that a great manufacturing house in Paris has engaged two of our countrymen to teach them our method of preparing leather. They are to remain in the manufactory without stirring out of its

precincts for two years, and to receive 3000*l.* for their services.

The French have either themselves discovered, or some other *patriotic* Englishman has taught them, the art of imitating lace in a loom, of which they were ignorant in the year 1802, and expressed great admiration of the patent net which was brought from England; but now they weave it themselves, and it is become such a favourite article, that it is universally used, made into gowns and caps, and introduced into every part of their dress, and will probably injure their lace trade; for which I am sorry, as making lace gives bread to a number of women, and is one of the employments exclusively their own in all countries. This imitation is of silk, and called tulle, from the name of the town where it is principally made.

The vines in the neighbourhood of Loches are trained to rails, which are sloping like the roof of a house, in order to catch the sun. The last year's shoot is brought to the top of the rail, and turned down again to the bottom. The vines in France are most commonly pruned short, only one or two eyes being left. But when they are trained against a wall, and the branches left long, they are nailed in a horizontal direction, but waved up and down, and the end of the shoot is invariably turned downwards.

April 2d. To Chateauroux, 51 miles.

On leaving Loches we were struck with the figure of a hill, about a mile in circumference, in

the shape of a mushroom, hollow under the edges, in natural arches, some of which were filled up with habitations. The country is green and pretty, dotted with handsome single houses, surrounded by lofty trees, the river Indre winding through the meadows to Chatillon, a town with its church, fortifications, and immense castle, in a state of dilapidation. The people are remarkably ill-favoured, and the scenery is exceedingly meagre from hence to Chateauroux; which is 'a melancholy place, with three large churches in it, all gloomy and out of repair. We had very indifferent accommodations at the Hotel de la Promenade.

April 3d. To Argenton, 21 miles.

The first part of the way the land is sterile and full of stones; afterwards it improves both in richness and beauty, and the approach to Argenton is exceedingly picturesque. Part of the town lies in the bosom of a valley, watered by the river Creuse; the rest creeps up the front of a steep hill, crowned by a rock, on which stands a chapel and the remains of an old fortress.

The inhabitants were neatly dressed, and civil. We happened to look into a garden through an iron gate, which a woman immediately opened, and desired us to walk in. The owner was absent, and she had the care of the garden. She declined accepting the trifle we offered her for her civility. The gardener, then at work, she informed us, was employed all the year round, and received twelve sous a day; but the usual pay of an occasional

gardener was one franc (ten-pence) a day without victuals.

The Hotel de la Promenade is delightfully situated close to the river. The landlord had been cook to Lord Dunmore. He gave us a well-dressed dinner, on reasonable terms. When we asked him if there was any thing worthy of notice in the town, he replied, we had no occasion to go further than his garden, as the beautiful prospect it afforded was one of the seven wonders of the world, and company often remained a week at his house, for the pleasure of walking in his garden, and fishing in the river.

April 4. To Morterol, 42 miles.

The country through which we travelled to-day might fairly be called pastoral, the first of that description we had seen in France: small commons, with flocks of sheep and goats; and near the villages young lambs and kids playing together, with abundance of shepherdesses to attend them. How the rural nymphs contrived, in days of yore, to preserve their beauty when exposed to summer's heat and winter's cold is a secret of which these modern Arcadians are ignorant. The roses and lilies which of old blended their charms on the cheek of youth have totally disappeared; and nothing on earth can exceed these sylvan damsels in coarseness of complexion, harshness of feature, and clumsiness of person, except the swains who assist in the labours of the field. As all notion of beauty must be extinguished

amongst them, they may compose sonnets to their mistress' eyebrow, and possibly see Helen's beauty in these brows of Egypt. I am apt to think that some such optical delusion prevailed when the poets celebrated their Phyllises and Dorises in the ancient time; for I cannot give them credit for braving the sun and the wind with impunity to their complexion, even in the golden age.

We slept at Morterol, a small town, which preserves the same pastoral character with the scenery on the road. I believe every house in the place had an apartment appropriated to the lambs, or else the run of the whole mansion was allowed them; for in my life I never witnessed such a scene, or heard such a noise, as on the evening of our arrival. In France the sheep are always folded at night, and turned out in the day-time; but the lambs are kept near home till they are two or three months old, and are not suffered to go to a distance with their dams. We took a walk in the village after these young things were housed: the old ewes were not returned from the mountains; but suddenly the whole flock appeared in view, running down the hill in full speed, and in full cry; the lambs in the houses responded with all their might; "you would have thought the very windows bleated:" the doors opened; the sheep ran into some, and the lambs ran out of others, and a general greeting took place on the threshold, to the satisfaction of all parties, whilst the whole country rung with their mutual congratulations. A woman brought a lamb, two days old, in her

apron ; seeing it jet black, and the dam milk white, we inquired whether it was her own. The old ewe likewise seemed to have some doubts upon the subject, and turned and examined it a good while before she would suckle it. The sheep are exceedingly small, and many of them spotted ; the lambs are scarcely larger in the body than a squirrel.

The inhabitants of Morterol are very ill clothed, and without shoes or stockings, a very unusual deficiency. The women's caps have long square ears, that hang to their waists, and they all wear black rug cloaks.

At the Hotel de la Poste we had half a kid roasted for dinner ; the flesh was very white, and we thought it delicate food ; the legs were not larger than those of a turkey. There could be no great extravagance in dressing a kid of this size for a friend ; and if the fatted calves in Judea were proportionably small, the profusion of meat at a patriarchal feast was not so enormous as might be imagined.

The kids are killed very young, and their skins sold for ten sous each, to make parchment. A leg of mutton here usually weighs between two and three pounds.

We found by an inscription over the door of our apartment, that it had been occupied by Pope Pius VII. on the 27th January, 1814. The circumstance served us for conversation ; but the beds were very good, and my sleep was so sound, that I did not dream of his holiness.

April 5. To Limoges, 33 miles.

The country from Morterol is of a very mountainous description; but cultivated, and adorned with fine woods of chestnut, oak, and birch.

This road, made of gravel, and uncommonly good, with a row of trees on each side, was the work of the celebrated Turgot, who planned and executed it when he was *intendant* in the Limosin; but as it lies in the direct line from Paris into Spain, by way of Toulouse, we thought at first, that its excellence was owing to the care taken by Bonaparte of all the roads leading into foreign countries, for the sake of his armies. When once some great master-spring of action becomes apparent, we are apt to attribute every thing to its agency. I recollect, on our first arrival, when people would give us silver for a Napoleon, and decline changing a Louis, we concluded the circumstance was owing to their preference for the imbrersion on the coin; and we saw, in an English newspaper, the same inference drawn by some other traveller. We soon, however, discovered that the distinction they made arose from the comparative scarceness of small silver money; so that they could readily furnish four five-franc pieces for a Napoleon, when they had some difficulty to supply the additional three francs sixteen sous for a Louis *. The new Louis, which is of the same

* The old coins have suffered a depreciation in their value: an old Louis was originally worth 24 francs, but now passes for 23 francs 16 sous; and the old six franc pieces for five francs 15 sous.

value as a Napoleon, they are equally glad to receive.

The alteration in the currency, dividing it by decimals, is a great improvement, and might be adopted in England very easily. Our guineas have deserted us of their own accord; the pence might be left to take their chance, and to disappear by degrees, substituting in the place of the guinea a gold coin of the value of twenty shillings, which might be called a George; and in the room of the penny, a copper coin, equal in value to the twentieth part of a shilling, which might be called a Britannia *. It would be convenient, likewise, to have half Britannias, as a plentiful circulation of small money has some influence on the price of cheap commodities. The French have a very small coin, a centième, the hundredth part of a franc, and poor people often purchase for a couple of centièmes what would cost them a sou, if there were no smaller coins.

The Hotel Perigord at Limoges had been recommended to us as an excellent but very dear inn. We expected to see something handsome, but were driven to an old forlorn looking place on the boulevard, white on the outside, but black as Erebus within: no paint had ever touched its walls since it was first inhabited; and the tapestry, with which our apartments were hung, bore an equal stamp of antiquity. But we had not been

* This was written before the coinage of *sovereigns*. The copper coin, twenty for a shilling, might be called *subjects*, to match the name.

deceived in regard to the goodness of the entertainment, for we had excellent dinners and beds. We expected the charges would be high, but, on the contrary, we found them moderate.

Limoges is an ill-built town, most of the houses being half timber, a mixture of wood and plaster. The roofs, which are of tiles, appear to have been made separately, and laid on the top afterwards; for they fit very ill, being much too large, the eaves projecting to a pitch of deformity beyond the walls. The garret windows are in the slope, and have roofs to themselves, which project as far as the main ones, and the appearance of one roof over another has a very clumsy odd effect.

The streets are filthy, and the custom of throwing every thing into them through the windows exists here in full force. The cooks pick their poultry in the streets, and leave all the coarse feathers to fly about one's ears. A stream of water runs from the fountain through some of the streets, and assists to clear them of their rubbish, or there might be danger of their being choked up.

The taper spires of several handsome churches have been cut off near the top by lightning. The great church of St. Martial was despoiled during the fury of the Revolution, and nothing left but the walls. The body of the cathedral was entirely removed, but the tower remains, and the choir, which is of such elegant gothic architecture, that one grieves for the loss of the rest.

On Easter Sunday the churches were all crowded to excess. We attempted to enter St. Michael's,

but found it as completely filled as the pit of a theatre at a favourite play.

Near the cathedral is the bishop's palace. His gardens, which are open to the public, are in a situation uncommonly picturesque: they hang over the river Vienne, which is seen flowing from a great distance down a charming valley, lovely even at this season of the year, when one of its greatest ornaments is absent, the foliage of the chestnut woods which clothe its borders with beauty,—beauty not to be imagined. It is impossible, by seeing a tree in its skeleton state, to form an adequate idea of its own peculiar excellence, or of its effects on the scenery around. Stretch the fancy to the utmost pitch, still there is no image on the mind, given by its leafless branches, of the various combinations of colour, form, shade,—of the breadth, the filling up, the leafy majesty of the perfect tree, “with all its verdant honours thick upon it.”

We were particularly unfortunate (or rather I should say deficient in judgment) to travel in the autumn over so great an extent of country where there was scarcely a tree to be seen, and now to get into the midst of these noble chestnut woods, so early in the spring, that they have not a leaf upon them.

Vegetation is not so forward here as it was at Tours a week ago: the pear trees, which are planted against a south wall in the bishop's garden, and the plums are covered with blossom; but the peaches, which are all standards, are only beginning to bud.

The inhabitants of Limoges are civil in their manners, and appear to be contented and comfortable. The labourers in the field, both men and women, earn generally sixteen sous (eightpence) a day, without food; but in the middle of winter only eleven sous. In the time of harvest, the men can get thirty sous: a gardener throughout the year earns twenty sous a day. Bread has been five sous (twopence halfpenny) per pound for a twelvemonth past, and is now risen to six sous.

April 7. To Bourgneuf, $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

This was the market day at Limoges. Most of the peasants carried little bags over their arms, in the shape of a long purse, with a kid in each end, their heads sticking out in the middle: for these kids, which were about the size of a large hare, they asked three francs (half a crown) a-piece.

We travelled through a pretty undulating country for the first eighteen miles, when the scene became exceedingly romantic: abrupt rocks projecting over the road; the river Vienne on the other side, and the church of St. Leonard's on the point of a precipitous hill above it. The road, for some miles, was thronged with men and women driving cattle from the fair. The ascent to the town is steep; and when we reached the post-house, the square before the door was filled with oxen yoked together, and crowds of farmers and dealers of both sexes bartering for them. The dress of the women was not particular; their kerchiefs were tied across the bosom with ribbon to form a stomacher, and

their broad-striped woollen petticoats were set out behind with a little false rump. But for the men ! if their heads had been invested with the full-bottomed wigs of our second Charles's time, they would not have cut a more ludicrous figure ; for their hair, a yard long, was spread all over their shoulders, hanging down on each side of their faces, which are thin and sharp, with pointed noses ; so that in physiognomy they bear no resemblance to the rest of their countrymen. Their wooden shoes have very high heels, which slope under the foot in such a manner that it must require long habitude to walk upon them steadily ; in consequence, they have acquired a very peculiar gait. Altogether they presented a most forlorn and uncouth appearance.

This fair is held once in a month for the sale of the cattle bred in the mountains, which are dispersed from St. Leonard's all through the kingdom.

Our road continued on elevated ground with chestnut woods on each side to Bourganeuf ; but the country became gradually less fertile, and more and more exposed and bleak. The wind swept down the street with a very keen blast as we entered the town ; but the inhabitants were all out of doors in their best apparel, as it was a holiday,

“ And the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to them.”

We were very glad to warm ourselves by a good fire at the Hotel du Lion d'Or. The mistress

of the house laughed heartily at our asking if she had cut any asparagus yet, and told us that it was never thought of before midsummer. We had a woodcock for dinner, and a fricassee of lamb, of which the rib-bones were not so large as those of a rabbit.

The price of labour here is ten sous (five-pence) a day without food; but during the harvest it rises to a shilling, and sometimes still higher, for the men; and to nine-pence for the women. Mutton is now four-pence a pound, veal three-pence, and good bread three-pence halfpenny. The poor people have lived chiefly on potatoes; but they have been so much pinched, that their employers, not choosing to raise their wages, offered to supply them with three pounds of household bread, instead of paying them in money; an alternative which they gladly accepted. *

April 8. To Villeneuve, 46½ miles.

Bourganeuf, as we quitted it, appeared to our eyes standing on very high ground; but we ascended a steep hill, and beheld it sunk into the bosom of a valley, through which the river Thorion winds.

Our road, after the first stage, led us on a high ridge, sinking and rising, so that we were continually going up hill and down; but still commanding occasional views of valleys much beneath us. The country opened, sometimes on one hand, and sometimes on the other, and displayed a flat plain, enclosed and scattered over with trees,—oaks, birches, hollies, and a few elms; but the chestnuts

have entirely disappeared. The cottages being built of mud, and thatched, are hardly discoverable on the uneven surface.

We changed horses at Aubusson, a small town most romantically wedged between high mountains in a narrow dell, the greater part of which is occupied by the river Creuse, with a huge rock frowning over it. We entered by a very steep descent into a very long street, which was so filled with cattle for the market that we had some difficulty in making our way out of it again.

There seems to be very little posting on this road. The horses were poor scrambling things; and we travelled slower than we had ever done before. We passed by the inn at Villeneuve without seeing it; and when we reached the post-house, we found nothing but a stable, and were obliged to return to the *Hôtel St. François*. We had some difficulty in finding our way up the staircase, which was quite dark; but we met with decent beds, and had a tolerable dinner. Pewter forks were brought us, which were the first we had seen of any metal but silver. We had a clean table-cloth and napkins, as usual. In most places we have met with knives as well as forks and spoons; but they are never changed during dinner, either at gentlemen's houses, or at public hotels. When we were in France fifteen years ago, no knives were produced any where; and though we were much inconvenienced for want of them, yet on our return to England, the sight of such a number of cutlasses on the table, carried off and changed

perpetually with the plates, was very annoying to me. And I still think it would be better if our case knives were the size of our dessert knives, which are surely large enough to cut the meat upon our plates, and would look more appropriate to the occasion, than such enormous weapons.

The women here wore coarse straw bonnets of the cottage shape. The peasantry seemed to be generally poor, but civil. The finest bread, our landlady informed us, was four-pence a pound, and the worst two-pence halfpenny; the latter, to use her own expression, was as black as the chimney.

April 10. To Clermont, $46\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

As we were stepping into our carriage, we discovered that four horses were going to be attached to it; but how the matter could be contrived, we were at a loss to guess. The postmaster, who designed to drive us himself, apprised us, that we should only pay for three, as he took the other for his own convenience. Three therefore he fastened abreast, in the usual way, and placed the volunteer in the front of the battle: his traces were tied to the ends of the shafts, and the postillion guided him with a rope from the bit. None of the steeds were inclined to run away. We changed them at St. Avit, a very poor, melancholy looking place.

We had passed on the road several parties of eight or ten men together, with knapsacks on their shoulders; we at first took them for recruits

for the army, but seeing they were uniformly dressed like husbandmen, we made inquiries concerning them at St. Avit, and learnt that they were labourers going to Lyons in search of employment. In this part of the country they could earn but four sous (two-pence) a day, and their food, three pounds of coarse bread, or an equivalent quantity of other victuals, as potatoes or cheese of sour curd; with only water to drink. At Lyons they expected to be able to gain from one to two francs per day, without food. So that these poor men were leaving their families to travel on foot nearly two hundred miles, for the chance of obtaining ten-pence or at most twenty-pence a day! The women in this neighbourhood earn little besides their bread during the winter. The only money they receive is for the hemp, which they are allowed to spin for their own profit, whilst they are attending the cows and sheep; and they have always a spindle in their hands. If they can sell their day's work for two-pence, their earnings may be reckoned nearly equal to those of the other sex during the winter months; but in the harvest their wages never rise so high, seldom exceeding eighteen sous (nine-pence) a day, when a man can gain fifteen-pence; but that is only for a short period. A maid-servant in a farmhouse thinks herself very well paid if she has a Napoleon (sixteen shillings and eight-pence) yearly wages.

The corn harvest failed almost entirely last year, and the poor have subsisted on potatoes; but the

next crop being planted, few remain out of the ground, and provisions are become so scarce that the people must seek their livelihood elsewhere. The whole of the day we had no sooner passed one party of men than we came in sight of another. The country is exceedingly mountainous, but cultivated, and thickly inhabited.

We descended into a deep glen at Pont-au-Mur, a small town through which the river Sioule pursues its course; a mountain of extraordinary height rises behind it. This mountain we were destined to ascend by a zigzag road, cut in its very face. With quiet horses there is no absolute jeopardy in the case; but it is a frightful thing to be on a narrow ledge, and look down a precipice, without the least fence to prevent one's falling to the bottom; or to look up, and see carts and passengers in danger of tumbling on one's head. Those who have reached the seat of "Rest, and be Thankful," in Scotland, may form some idea of this ascent, as that is a miniature of it.

We afterwards ascended, steep after steep, in the same zigzag way. We had yesterday caught occasional glimpses of the distant mountains of Auvergne, we now kept them constantly in sight. Those towards the south-east appeared massive, and covered with snow; whilst another, which stood due east from us, was more isolated, and, as we approached nearer, assumed the form of a sugar-loaf with the top cut off. At first we only perceived one sugar-loaf, but afterwards several of the same shape rose in view. We were a good

while in doubt to which range of these mountains our road would conduct us, as it sometimes brought us in the face of one, and sometimes of the other; but at length we directed our course to the sugar-loaves, leaving those with their snowy sides to the right hand. The highest of them is called the Mont Dor, taking its name from the small river Dor, which rises in it, as well as the Dogne, and joining together, they are called the Dordogne; which we had crossed at a ferry near Bourdeaux, before the confluence of its waters with those of the Garonne.

When we arrived at Pont Gibaud, we were struck with the uncommon as well as romantic appearance of the deep valley in which the town stands, surrounded by rocks with crumpled heads, fringed with trees, and washed by a rapid stream, over which there is a bridge. These rocks are of volcanic origin; and besides the curious and extraordinary view they present to the eye, they contain grottoes and craters, and a variety of objects worthy attention, of which being then ignorant, we contented ourselves with a superficial survey of the scene, and proceeded on our journey: but we noticed a very decent-looking inn where we might have staid all night, which would have given us time to explore some of the wonders of the vicinity.

We were now at the foot of the stupendous mountain, le Puy de Dôme, with its many heads aspiring to the clouds. We traced our road, as it rose before us to a dizzy height, with a sensation

of dismay ; but we found the ascent gradual, and more tedious than difficult. The houses, the fences, the road, every thing around us being composed of lava, occupied our attention : every step we took, the effects of subterranean fire became more apparent. When we arrived at the summit we found ourselves on a flat oblong plain, which presented a most curious and impressive scene to our view. On this plain, which is twenty-four miles in length, stand sixty mountains ; resembling, if I may compare great things with small, a set of tea-cups turned down upon a tea-board, with a few coffee-cups amongst them. Of the latter description is the largest, le Grand Puy de Dôme, which we had seen for so long a time, and which rises 4920 feet above the level of the sea. The natives style this great cone the giant surrounded by his children ; one close to his side is known by the name of le Petit Puy, being 504 feet inferior to him in height.

It has been conjectured by some, that the great giant was a lump of granite, which, after being thoroughly heated, was pushed up by the force of subterranean fire, and coming into the air, got cool again, without explosion. There is a path leading up the cone to its summit, which is a flat plain. Here it was that the excellent Pascal, the celebrated antagonist of the Jesuits, who was a native of Clermont, made his ingenious experiments on the weight of the air *.

* According to M. Legrand, these experiments were not made by Pascal in person, but by his brother-in-law, M. Perrier, to whom he sent written instructions from Paris.

Craters are still visible in several of the lesser Puys, which are covered with a scanty verdure, and the plain at their base has likewise a shade of green on its ashy surface, so that the whole mountain serves for pasturage; but a certain tinge of blackness is discernible in every thing, and seems to communicate itself even to the cattle; for we saw many black and iron grey cows here, and nowhere else in France.

Although the Dôme is, for the most part, covered with turf, whilst a great variety of mountain plants afford a rich treat for the botanist, yet in some places the surface is quite bare, and resembles the overflowings of a caldron of boiling iron suddenly cooled. After we had crossed the plain, we entered on a tract of this crumpled lava, of more than a mile in extent: the horses' feet and the carriage wheels sounded, on moving along, as if we had been on a road of cast iron. And now a beautiful and extensive valley lay displayed before us, to all appearance perfectly level. We saw Clermont, and several other towns, and villages, all white; from the great elevation on which we stood, they looked so small, that we took them for flocks of sheep: we had ascended by degrees, and were not aware to what a great height we had attained. A zigzag road conducted us down the mountain, and I was inclined to think we should never reach the bottom; it seemed to recede from us at every turn, and to sink further and further below us, as we went on. When we approached the valley we saw the hills on each side shaded with a variety of trees; the plums,

pears, cherries, peaches, and almonds, all covered with blossom.

Clermont stands at the base of the mountain, which, divided into numberless hills, curves inward, to a semicircle, in which the town is built on a little mole-hill eminence. The cathedral in the centre, standing on the highest point, is a very conspicuous object, but not handsome, having no towers.

It is from this side that le Grand Puy de Dôme appears so beautiful, rising beyond a number of small mountains, which swell one above another from the valley to the base of its cone, forming an amphitheatre, and deriving their charm from a general conformity and harmony of figure, with the advantage of contrast and diversity in their decorations. Some are covered with wood, some clothed with vineyards, or spangled with white houses; on one, sheep are grazing in the green pasture, and the young corn waves upon another. On the most southern of these swells stands the ruin of an old tower. Other mountains, more distant, appear encircling this fertile valley, called the Lemagne, except to the north-east, where they sink by degrees to the level of the plain.

We drove to the Hotel de la Paix of Boyer Jeune. Our first care was to order a good fire. Ever since we left Tours we have had what the French call charming weather,—a superb sun, and a *magnificent* east wind; but to-day the sky became overcast, and the cold was piercing.

CHAPTER XVI.

Clermont—Numerous Objects of Curiosity—Petrifying Well—Pont Naturel—Warm Springs in the Mont Dor—Chandesagues—The Weather—The Gardens—The Fountains—Village of Fontenat—Water bursting from Rocks—Hemp Mills—Royat—Curious Cave and Church—Roman Aqueduct—Irrigation—Cathedral—Wines—Sweetmeats—Dress of the Peasants—Extreme Distress of the Poor—Reflections—Granary of Cæsar—Legrand's Description of the Manners of the Natives of the Mountains of Auvergne, in 1787—Their Stables—Cattle—Climate—Communities of Families—The Auvergnats Votaries of Freedom and Tyrants to the Women—A political Privilege accorded to Women in one of the United States of America.

THE houses in Clermont are built of lava, but most of them are whitewashed. The principal streets, though not particularly handsome, are tolerably good, and kept clean; the water from the fountains constantly running down them. La Place Jaude is a large square, surrounded by very indifferent buildings: on one side is a small church, the altar-piece of which is of oak, finely carved.

From La Place des Jacobins a promenade, between rows of trees, extends by the road-side to a considerable distance. A public promenade is an almost necessary appendage to the towns in France, because there is no such thing as a country walk. No foot-paths crossing the fields, you are obliged to keep to the highways or lanes, knee-deep in dust or mire, with a wall, or high ditch bank on each side: but the hills round Clermont afford opportunities of rambling to those who can bear the fatigue of ascending them, and the whole

country is full of objects of interest and curiosity; caverns, petrifying wells, warm springs, water gushing from the rocks, and brooks tumbling from the heights in a variety of cascades.

In the suburb of St. Allire, in the highest part of a sloping garden, a very copious spring rises, which encrusts in a very short time whatever is put into it. The stream from this spring emptying itself into a brook at the bottom of the garden, has formed in its course, by the constant deposition of encrusting matter, a very extraordinary wall; the water continuing to run along the top till the wall was raised in the lowest extremity of the garden to the height of the spring above, when the stream having thus brought its bed to a level with its source, absolutely choked itself up, and found another vent. It is now caught in a basin, which is kept covered, by the owners of the garden, who show it, and display for sale a variety of things—birds and their nests, eggs, grapes, and squirrels, all petrified by immersion in its waters. The wall, which is called “Le Pont Naturel,” the end having protruded itself over the brook so as to form a bridge, is now a little broken. We did not measure it, but from its appearance to the eye, we had no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement of its dimensions which was given us; viz. sixteen feet in height, where it reached the brook, and two hundred and forty feet in length from the brook to the spring at the top of the garden*.

* I have lately met with an account of a similar phenomenon in Asia Minor.

“ At Laara one remarkable circumstance was observed : an old

We had a great inclination to pay a visit from Clermont to the Mont Dor, thirty-six miles distant; but after making many inquiries, we were induced to resign all thoughts of this excursion: for we found that our curiosity was more likely to be disappointed than gratified, the romantic scenes we were anxious to explore being, in all probability, buried in snow. Diligences go constantly in the summer to a sequestered village in the hollow of this mountain, where the hot springs are in great repute for their singular efficacy in the cure of many complaints; but nothing can be done or seen in this part of the world before Midsummer. Besides these hot springs, there are several others in this volcanic region; one in particular, at the small town of Chaudesagues, near St. Flour, pours forth a stream of boiling water, which the inhabitants conduct in flues through their houses to warm them, instead of fire; which might possibly have suggested the idea of using steam for that purpose.

We remained at Clermont ten days; the weather was severely cold the whole time, but fair, except on the 12th and 17th, when a considerable quantity of snow fell, and the icicles hung a foot in length round the fountains.

The blossoms on the fruit-trees did not appear to be much injured. The gardens are kept in

watercourse, which, by continual deposition of sediment, has actually crept upwards into the shape of a wall. This self-raised aqueduct is in some places nearly three feet high: the substance is a light porous stone, and contains small pieces of petrified reeds and sticks."—*Karamania*. By Captain F. Beaufort, R.N. F.R.S.

good order, but the vegetables are not so forward as they were at Tours a month ago: they are left more exposed, not being planted in such small compartments, and sheltered with little mounds of earth or by espaliers. The method of having fruit-trees trained espaliers is excellent on many accounts: they cut the wind and shelter the garden, without overhanging or screening it from the sun like other trees; the fruit upon them ripens better than on standards, and is not so liable to be blown off, which is a great advantage for pears or any heavy fruit. If they are planted at some small distance before a south wall, they defend the roots of the trees that are nailed to it from being scorched, and they derive some benefit themselves by the reflection of the sun from the wall.

We have seen no peas yet out of the ground, nor any brocoli brought to market; but to the latter the French are not partial; they prefer cabbage. They are not so anxious to get their vegetables early in the spring, as they are to preserve the old ones through the winter. Their large round cabbages, which our paupers would not eat, they either lay by in cellars, or bury in the ground with great care at the approach of a frost; and when it thaws they take them up, and after pulling off the outside rotten leaves, bring them to market. They bleach their endive by wrapping the leaves round the heart, laying it down sideways, and covering it with earth, till it becomes perfectly white.

At Tours, the apricot and peach-trees are not

only planted for standards, but likewise for espaliers, and are also frequently trained against the walls. In the spring, when they are in blossom and very liable to be injured by severe weather, it is necessary to shelter them occasionally; and, as French people never keep an article exclusively for any particular purpose, the moment a frost threatens, the gardeners cover their trees with old blankets, old quilts, old coats, gowns, petticoats, sheets, or whatever else they can muster for the purpose; these are restored to their primitive destination when the weather changes.

The fountains in the town of Clermont throw their water in the air to a great height: they are plentifully supplied by a rivulet, which has its source near the village of Fontenat, about five miles distant. This village is perched amongst the mountains, and seems to be secluded from the rest of the world, as there is no visible road to it. We took a guide from Royat, and clambered up some very awkward places to get there. The houses are jumbled amongst these volcanic rocks, and the scene altogether is extraordinary enough, and enlivened by swarms of children with their spindles in their hands, who are eager to convoy the stranger to these curious springs. The water flows from the rocks abundantly, forming a considerable brook, part of which is immediately diverted from its course for the purposes of irrigation; the rest hurls itself down the ravine of Royat, and numerous mills are turned by its stream; not only mills for grinding corn, but also for beating hemp.

These are of a simple construction; a wheel of stone running round in a circular trough of stone, where the hemp is laid. Trees and rocks in a thousand fantastic shapes project from the sides of the ravine over the brook, which near the village of Royat precipitates itself down its narrow bed, falling from rock to rock; whilst the old church is seen high above on the point of a perpendicular cliff. There is a large cave at the base of this cliff, the inside of which is exceedingly curious. A spring of clear water spouts from the top and sides in several streams; and falling on a ledge of rock below, descends in seven columns to the bottom, which is sufficiently hollow to contain water for the use of a dozen washerwomen, who were always employed in it when we passed that way. The surplus of the stream runs from the cave into the rivulet of Fontenat, and united they are called the Tiretaine. This small river winds from Clermont through the Limagne, and serves to fertilise and enrich it, but is too insignificant to be any ornament to the landscape, which wants "the broad surface of the silver stream" to complete its beauty. No rivers of any consequence approach Clermont nearer than the Allier, which, at the distance of nine miles, receives the waters of the Tiretaine.

The church of Royat is old, and remarkable for having two altars, one story beneath the other, and both visible from the entrance, which is on a level with the highest.

We had walked by the side of the brook from the mill to Fontenat; but on our return, our guide

conducted us by what she called the *grande route*, which was a sheep-track, round the brows of the hills above the little canal which conveys the water from the spring to irrigate their sloping sides. This canal is a sort of stone trough or tunnel, the first part of which is thought to be the work of the Romans, who carried this stream in an aqueduct across the valley to Clermont. In succeeding times, during some of the wars of the petty states, it was destroyed by the enemy to distress the town. The water running down the hill from the broken tunnel produced such visible effects on the vegetation, that the inhabitants took the hint, and learnt from this accident the method of watering their fields, and of turning a desert into a garden*.

There are several large handsome churches at Clermont. The roof of the cathedral is lofty, and supported by light gothic pillars; the inside appears to have remained till lately in a state of neglect. Workmen were now employed in repairing it; the beautiful painted glass windows have been much damaged: and the worst of it is, that every attempt to mend them increases the injury. In many of the churches in France, the windows are composed of small pieces of different coloured glass not larger than half-a-crown, arranged into various forms and figures in mosaic. In others, the panes of glass appear to have been adapted to each other and painted afterwards. These

* "L'Aqueduct fut détruit par Thierry, fils aîné de Clovis."
—*Legrand*.

windows are superior in freedom of design and delicacy of shading; but the mosaic have the advantage in richness and brilliancy of colour.

The Hotel de la Paix is one of the cheapest and best hotels we have been in. We dined always in our own apartment, and found the cooking excellent, the charges low, and the people civil. The dinner at the table d'hôte was at one o'clock, and the supper at seven; but the officers of a Swiss regiment, stationed in the town, had a mess at four.

The best bread here is threepence farthing a pound, and very good. In the southern part of France the bread is much better than in the north, where it is apt to have a sourish taste from being made with leaven, which is disagreeable to those who have not been accustomed to it. The shape of the loaf is different in different places; in some it is made into a roll, an ell long, the thickness of a man's arm; in others into a flat cake, at least a yard across, and very often with a hole in the centre. We have frequently, on a market-day, met the farmers returning home, each of them with one of these enormous rings of bread upon his arm.

Butcher's meat at Clermont is fourpence a pound. The wine which is made in the environs is not pleasant; its colour is an extremely high purple, approaching to black. It is used in Paris to mix with pale wines to improve their colour. The yeomanry of the neighbourhood esteem it in proportion to the darkness of its hue; and instead of tasting, when they wish to try its goodness, they

pour a little on their shirt sleeves, and form their opinion as it leaves a deep or a pale stain. Clermont is famous for its preserves of apricots and of apples; they are made into small clear cakes, and dried.

The inhabitants of the town have nothing singular in their dress; but some of the women who come from a distance to beg in the streets wear a black cornered cap, drawn through a circle of brass, like the collar of a dog, which binds it round the head, and the corner hangs down behind. The peasantry in the neighbourhood are clad in very coarse homespun cloth, made of wool and hemp mixed, with a long cloak, like a large bag, thrown over their shoulders; their uncombed hair streams down on each side of their narrow faces to their waists: altogether they present a most melancholy picture, as they assemble in crowds in the streets of Clermont, crying for food. They carry small pitchers in their hands, and broth being given them, they sit eating it in the corners of the streets in groups of fifteen or twenty together, of all ages. To see these poor wretches absolutely makes one's heart ache, and they who live in England can form no notion of the extreme distress of these mountaineers, when their scanty harvest entirely fails. Before the winter is over, every thing is consumed, and actual famine stares them in the face. The government has employed on the roads, and other public works, as many as possible, giving them sevenpence halfpenny a day, which is the usual price of labour here, except in the harvest season:

but the number of starving families, who pour down from the hills into the town, is scarcely credible, and their miserable condition beyond description. A collection is made for them amongst the towns-people, who give them broth, to save them from perishing at their doors. These emaciated creatures look with anguish at the desolated buildings, which were once convents, where, in time of need, they were sure of relief and support, and which their fathers were the first to overthrow and pillage. It has been objected to convents, that by affording succour to the poor, they encouraged idleness and mendicancy. The convents are gone : their riches are dispersed ; but the poor remain :—" *Poverty* is indestructible."

In every society, however equally framed and governed, there seems to exist a necessity that a surplus of the population should be left dependant on the rest for support. If so, it would be convenient to have, in every country, some great reservoir of riches, which, in seasons of scarcity, might open its sluices and refresh the land. Religious communities formerly answered the purpose in some degree ; but how this scheme could now be effected, or to whom the management of such a trust should be confided, are questions of some difficulty. Probably in this age of the world, the only practicable reservoir must be sought for in the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals, however inadequate it might sometimes be to supply the exigencies of the occasion. In England, when religious establishments were

destroyed, the poor laws were enacted to ensure the maintenance of the indigent ; and these laws are become a boil and a blain upon the land. In France a tax for the relief of the poor is laid on all goods brought into the towns ; but it is found insufficient for the purpose.

If every individual of a state were placed in that happy condition, so as neither to want nor to abound, yet it would be impossible for all to continue in it, so long as the helplessness of infancy, the imbecility of old age, the debility of sickness, and the enervation of idleness, folly, and vice, have any influence on human affairs. One, or a combination of these causes, would sink some below the standard, whilst youth and health, industry and ability, would raise others above it. It is allowed on all sides, that to ensure the greatest possible degree of happiness and prosperity to a state, the bulk of the people should consist of this middle class ; and that the fewer members there are of the two extremes the better : but when they do increase, it ought to be in an equal ratio, that a certain balance might be preserved between them, and the superfluities of the one be made to contribute to the necessities of the other, and wealth, encourage industry, and assist poverty. That, in France, those who have sunk below the standard into poverty, far exceed the proportion of those who have risen above it into affluence, is very evident, and the distress keeps pace with the inequality ; for those who have already but a bare subsistence are called upon to contribute out

of their penury, and thus they share the general suffering, and are pressed into the ranks of the indigent.

The wars and the levies of large sums by the foreign powers have drained the country of money, and increased the evil; but it existed when the republic was in the zenith of her prosperity, and looked proudly down on her conquered foes. In the year 1802, I observed (as I find from a note made at the time) that the sufferings of the poor were very great; owing, as I conceived, to their being suddenly deprived of their accustomed assistance from the religious establishments, and of the employment and relief formerly afforded by the residence of opulent neighbours, in the mansions then standing empty; and I ventured to predict that in a few years they would find resources in their own exertions more certain and more honourable to themselves. Extraordinary as it may appear, little change has taken place in their condition since.

That there should be a great lapse of time before the fruit can be gathered from the tree of liberty, when planted on the ruins of the established government of a country, is, perhaps, ordained by Providence in mercy, as a restraint on the violent and selfish, from plunging into the horrors of civil war, when, however delightful the prospect of the promised land of liberty may be, all those who dip their hands in blood, in their efforts to reach it, are forbidden to enter, and must perish in the wilderness. The certainty, likewise, of the evils that attend the struggle, and the uncertainty of

benefit from the result, should check the ardour of rash men : they should remember that Brutus did not restore liberty to Rome by the murder of Cæsar, nor Charlotte Cordé deliver her country when she plunged her dagger in the heart of Marat !

We were walking towards the village of Royat, when a girl invited us to see the granary of Cæsar. We were struck by the name, and followed her up a narrow path in the mountain to a considerable height. She halted at a hollow place, and scraping out some of the earth with her hand, showed us the burnt corn mixed with it. The grains were perfect in shape, and completely charred. Popular tradition says, that when Julius Cæsar besieged the town of Gergovia, he kept his stores on this mountain, which was near, and when obliged to raise the siege, he ordered them to be burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the natives. Our guide told us, that the corn had been there ever since the days of Cæsar, at least a hundred years ! We afterwards saw, in Legrand's History of Auvergne, that this mountain was called Châti, from a castle which Gaifre, Duc d'Aquitaine and Auvergne, built upon it. Having given King Pepin some offence, the king attacked him, and burnt the town, and also this castle ; so that, in all probability, the corn was originally, not the property of Cæsar, but of this Duke Gaifre.

Legrand gives a curious account of the manners of the natives of these mountains. He says, that in Cantal and Salens, wood for fuel being

very scarce, the peasants in winter lie in bed most part of the day to keep themselves warm. On the Mont Dor, they quit their houses in the winter, and live in the stables with their cattle for the same purpose. Their habitations are divided into three parts; the stable (or cow-house), the barn, and the house. As soon as the cold weather sets in, all the family retire to the stable, and are generally joined by other families: for if one person has a better stable than the rest, *that* is fixed upon for the rendezvous of several families. The animals, horses, cows, oxen, and sheep, occupy the two ends of the room; the beds of the family are in the middle, as being the warmest part: they are a sort of boxes, placed at the feet of one another against the wall, and filled with straw or a sack of hay. A feather-bed is thought a great luxury; and when a girl of any fortune marries, she always stipulates to have one, instead of a hay mattress. The people must pass through the range of cattle whenever they go out of the stable into the house, which they do twice a day; to eat their broth at eleven o'clock for dinner, and at five for supper. The men employ themselves only in tending the cattle: they oblige the women to perform the rest of the work, and hold them in great contempt into the bargain; will not suffer them to talk or give their opinion in their presence; and the women, to remunerate themselves, meet together for a little chat in the evening when their lords and masters are gone to repose with the rest of the brutes, and indulge in the luxury of a lighted candle, which they are

enabled to obtain by the sale of the hemp they spin at leisure hours. The historian observes, that the women are treated here with much less consideration than in any other part of France. He mentions likewise, that the men are of a violent republican spirit. Possibly they may entertain the opinion, ascribed by Johnson to their brother-levellor, Milton, "that women are born for submission, and men for rebellion."

Legrand does not seem to have much faith in the notion that the air is rendered salubrious by being impregnated with the breath of the cow; for he remarks, that these people are subject to fevers and divers other maladies, owing to the bad air they breathe in the stables, corrupted, not only by the exhalations of the dung-hills, which are never removed during the winter, but also by the respiration of the animals.

The cows are turned out upon the mountains for the summer, and arrive at an extraordinary pitch of freedom and fearlessness. They return home twice a day, but will not suffer themselves to be milked till their calves are brought. The herdsmen are obliged to compound with them, and let the calf suck on one side whilst they milk the cow on the other.

When one of these mountain heroines spies a wolf, she lows in a very particular manner; and the rest, understanding the call, immediately gallop to her assistance. They form a circle round the wolf, and holding down their heads and pointing their horns towards him, they all advance to the

attack at the same instant: his fate is inevitable—they gore him through and through. But if an unfortunate cow should have strayed out of the hearing of the rest of the herd, though she scorn to fly at the sight of the enemy, yet she seldom comes off victorious in single combat. A cow has been known, by a sudden desperate effort, to kill a wolf; but generally she pays for her temerity with her life.

Great numbers of cattle are bred in Auvergne: those of the lower country are sent towards the north, to the Bourbonnois and the Névernois, for beasts of labour; whilst those of the upper are sold to the dealers of Saintonge and Poitou, and, though they set out in a direction so contrary, supply the market at Paris. After coming to their full growth in Poitou, they are purchased by the Normans, and fed in the meadows of Normandy; from thence they are taken to Paris, and sold to the butchers. These are all fawn-coloured or red; for the dealers in Saintonge and Poitou will buy no others. In the Bourbonnois they pay no regard to this circumstance; and we had noticed, as we came along, the variety of colour and shape in the cattle near Moulins.

Mules were formerly bred in Auvergne, and sold into Spain and Provence; but now those markets are supplied by Poitou, where the finest mules are bred.

The goats are not numerous on these mountains; in some places enough are kept to make a small quantity of cheese: but the best is made of cow's

milk at Sennecterre. The curd of the new milk is taken for the prime cheese for sale; the whey pressed from it is again curdled, and this second sort constitutes great part of the food of the Auvergnats.

Some years ago, a few of the principal landholders sent into Switzerland for people to instruct their tenants in their method of making cheese; but they either would not learn the art, or very soon lost it. We met with no dry cheese made in France, except what is called Roquefort cheese, which bears a higher price than the foreign. The Gruyère, which is brought from Fribourg, is sold in most towns for nine-pence per pound: when new, it resembles our Cottenham. Dutch cheese is also imported; but the common people seldom eat it: they prefer what they make themselves, which differs very little from sour curd. It is squeezed into cakes the size of a muffin, and laid on shelves in a safe, like a bird-cage, which is hung in the air.

The description given by Legrand of the climate of Auvergne is very dismal. He says, June, July, and August may be called summer; September and very little of October, autumn; and all the rest is winter: for there is no spring—the month of May being full of storms and fogs. The weather is milder in the Limagne and some other sheltered spots; but the storms of thunder and hail are dreadful every where. It was customary in former times, during heavy falls of snow, for the clergy to have the bells rung in the churches in

the most mountainous tracts, to guide travellers, who might otherwise be in danger of losing themselves. The common people annexed a superstitious idea to this custom, and thought there was a charm in the sound of the bells to ensure them from damage; and if any was done by the storm, they never failed to attribute it to the bells not having been rung a sufficient time. They were violent in their objections to the use of conductors, and would not suffer them to be put on the houses even at Clermont, alleging that they attracted the clouds from the hills. That prejudice is now quite removed, for we saw conductors on all the high buildings in the town.

One of these mountains contains a mine of antimony, and the natives have been long in the habit of using it for medicinal purposes. They fill a cup made of antimony with the sour wine of the country, which, when it has remained a proper time to imbibe the virtues of the cup, they consider an infallible panacea.

Several small family republics have been established between five and six centuries in the vicinity of Thièrs. One of these communities consists of about thirty or forty individuals, who carry on their occupations together, and bring their profits to the common stock. They make laws and regulations for themselves, living in perfect equality, and dining at the public table. I must remark here, that these sticklers for equality will not allow the women any share in its enjoyments. They will not even suffer them to dine at the same time with themselves; conceiving probably, like

other sons of liberty, that a fair division is made of the moral obligations, when the *rights* are assigned to the men, and the *duties* to the women.

These communities were in a declining state at the beginning of the Revolution, when the *Voyage en Auvergne* was published. The author speaks in feeling terms of the indigence and distress of the inhabitants of the mountains at that time, which he attributes to the oppression of obnoxious tenures, game laws, arbitrary and unequal taxes, tithes, and other imposts under which they groaned. He hails the moment of their deliverance, and congratulates them on the approach of liberty, with all the blessings of peace and plenty in her train!

The people of Auvergne were ardent votaries of freedom, and amongst the most resolute and determined promoters of the Revolution. Whilst these enthusiasts were listening with greedy ears to the eloquence of their idol Mirabeau, they little thought that, when their wishes should be accomplished, their grievances removed, and their vexatious burdens shaken off, the rags of poverty, like the shirt of Dejanira, would still cling to them; and that they should be obliged, after a lapse of thirty years of exemption from their oppressions, to lead their children in crowds through the streets, to beg a morsel of bread from the charity of those whom they had themselves deprived of the means to be liberal!

It is observed by a French writer*, that the

* M. Giraud de Solavie.

electric atmosphere which the natives of these volcanic regions breathe inspires them with a spirit of liberty, and an impatience of control. It is to be hoped, however, that its influence is confined to the men ; for as they are so much inclined to tyrannize over the weaker sex, it would be hard upon the women to inhale dispositions that would serve only to render submission and passive obedience more irksome.

It is but a grievous consideration, that men in their rage for freedom should become tenacious of power ; and whilst they feel acutely the pressure of their own bonds, should be solicitous to make those of their dependants more galling !

Arthur Young remarks, in the year 1790, that “ another effect of the Revolution is, the lessening or rather reducing to nothing the enormous influence of the sex.” He sees “ an end of it very clearly.” If this be the consequence of a republican spirit, how fortunate for one-half of the population of France that it was checked in time. The women ought to look with gratitude to that constitution, and those laws of inheritance, which, when their empire of opinion was sinking into decay, and the privileges they had so long enjoyed from prescription were undermined, secured to them, by an equitable division of property, the continuance of a station and consequence in society unknown in other countries, at least in the old world. I make this distinction, because, though ignorant of the condition of the women in the United States of America, I am led to suppose,

(though the form of government be republican) that the laws may be generally favourable to the sex, from the circumstance of their being so particularly liberal in one of the states as to grant the women even some political privileges. In New Jersey they possess the right of voting for the representatives of the state. A gentleman, who is himself a highly respected member of our own legislature, and on whose authority I can depend, from his acquaintance with the subject, gave me this piece of information; adding, that he had never heard of any inconvenience arising from the exercise of the privilege; and he believed that New Jersey was as well represented and governed as any of the other states.

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey from Clermont—River Allier—Conical Hills called Puys—Castles and Monasteries built on their Summits—View of the Town of Thiers—Manufactories—Mills—Scenery—Boen—Feurs, a Town on the Loire—Fenouilh—Long Mountain—Price of Labour and of Provisions—Comparison between the Condition of the People of France and England—Frightful Descent of the Mountain—Arrival at Lyons.

April 21st. To Thiers, $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

WE passed through the Limagne, a plain proverbial for its fertility; and crossed the Allier at the end of the first stage of nine miles. The river is navigable here at most seasons of the year; near the bridge rises a stupendous mountain, called Le Puy d'Allier. All conical hills in this country are termed Puys; and it is a very prevailing form. On many of their summits, monasteries, castles, and villages, have been built; where the inhabitants must often have sighed like the Psalmist for the wings of a dove. Strange it is, that any beings without wings should have made their abode on such vertical heights. These monasteries were founded by some austere enthusiasts, who retired from the world, and fixed on these rugged pinnacles, in order to perform their acts of devotion and penance out of the reach of mankind. The first building was a single cell, for one recluse. Other anchorets, emulous of his sanctity, joined him: their numbers and their wealth

increased ; they formed themselves into a society, erected a church, and gave alms ; the poor crept up by degrees, and little cottages clustered into villages round them ; and in several instances flourished so much, that they became rich and populous places ; till the inhabitants, annoyed by the inconvenience of their situation, all deserted it at once, having previously built a town near, on a more eligible spot : others were fortified, and became strong castles ; and some still continued to be inhabited by religious orders till the Revolution.

Our road continued on a level, till we came in sight of Thiers, a large town, built in a very remarkable situation ; covering a prominent ridge which forms one side of a deep fissure in an enormous mountain. The other side, as well as the head, is a file of rock, nearly perpendicular. The ascent to the town is long and steep. The Hotel de France stands on the turn of the hill, and the windows afford the finest view imaginable over the plain we had passed, clothed with verdure, adorned with trees, and environed by a noble range of mountains. The Dôme stretched at full length, with all its Puys upon its back, and the Mont Dor covered with snow.

The town of Thiers is filthy ; the streets, which are all but perpendicular, are choked up with rubbish. The churches are in a state of dilapidation, and the people surly in their manners and dirty in their appearance.

There are tan-yards, paper-mills, and an exten-

sive manufactory of cutlery. But trade is slack, the manufacturers are discontented, and beggars swarm in every corner.

The mills are in a most curiously romantic spot, at the bottom of the fissure, which is so deep that the sun is nearly excluded, and so narrow that there is no space but for the river Durolle over which they are built, and their wheels are turned by the current.

April 22. To Boen, 39 miles.

A savage mountainous country extends from hence far and wide.

The road after we passed La Bergère was cut near the base of the hills, and a rivulet, which came murmuring towards us, turned a number of sawing machines in its way, which are supplied from the numerous woods of silver firs, which give a dark shade to these mountains. . We met sledges on four wheels drawn by cows and laden with boards : the axle-tree and every other part being of wood, they creaked with a loud and dismal sound. These planks are conveyed to the river Allier, where they are pegged together into slight boats to carry coal, which is dug from the mines in the neighbourhood, and finds its way to Paris by the canal of Briare.

After winding up the side of a mountain, we found another rivulet, the Auzon, descending in an opposite direction, and we followed its course through a very steep and romantic pass in the mountains. Here and there huge blocks of gra-

nite lay scattered on the ground, as if the Titans had been defending the pass with these missile weapons. The road was mended with sparkling granite, and glittered in the sunshine.

We left Rocheforte, a small town on the point of a hill, to the right hand, and passed a large building which we took for a castle, where our postilion informed us there was a hot spring of mineral water, much resorted to by invalids. The ci-devant convent of Lignon stands near it. Vineyards spread over the country round Boen, a town situated on the river Lignon. We stopped at the Hotel du Cérf volant: this flying stag is painted on the sign, with two great wings upon his back; and a more awkward, ludicrous, clumsy figure of a bird or beast could hardly have been devised.

We were surprised to see prints of the Duc d'Angoulême and the Emperor of Russia hanging in our room; but this seemed to be a little loyal spot in the midst of a country of a very different cast. Whilst we stood in the kitchen, a party of men and boys, with knapsacks on their backs, came to the door. The landlady bid them come in, and gave each of them a piece of bread and something to drink, telling them if they wished to stay all night, they were very welcome. They declined her offer, alleging that they must walk further before they slept. When they were gone, she informed us that they were poor mechanics travelling in search of bread, who rested on the road, and got a morsel to eat, where they could. They had small articles of cutlery in their knapsacks to sell, or

were willing to work in the fields, as occasion served. There was something good-natured in thus helping the poor labourers on their way: but the French are never wanting in these little acts of kindness.

April 24. To Duerne, 36 miles.

After passing over a flat valley, we crossed the river Lignon in a boat. When we arrived at the end of the first stage, we found ourselves once more on the banks of the Loire, and were ferried over to the post-house at Feurs. The river here is shallow and full of sand-banks, but navigable for some leagues still higher.

Lyons lies due east from the town of Feurs, and in a direct line is not very distant. It is remarkable that two such noble rivers as the Loire and the Rhone should take their course in opposite directions so near together, and both be navigable for a considerable way before they pass each other.

We had a long, steep, tiresome hill to ascend from Feurs, with little variety of scenery till we reached Fenouilh, a small village at the top of a glen, near which is the chateau of Fenouilh. The glen is full of wood, but the country opening beyond: a fine building is seen at a distance, which was once a convent. The architecture appears to be light and elegant, which is rather extraordinary; for, in general, convents are poor miserable buildings, more like old cotton-mills than any thing else.

We descended from Fenouilh to the bottom of

the glen, where we found another horse waiting to give us his assistance up two leagues of mountain which we had to ascend. The traces of the additional horse were fastened to the ends of the shafts, and he went on before the others without reins or any thing to guide him but the whip; and as our road was on a narrow ledge on the side of the mountain, with frequent sharp angles, there might have been some danger, if he had not been "duller than the fat weed that roots itself on Lethe's wharf." We proceeded for two leagues as slow as foot could fall, and then found ourselves at the place of our destination.

This prodigious mountain is cultivated in patches to its summit; and houses are stuck up against its side, and seemed ready to chip off and fall upon our heads.

Some parts of the rock had lately been blown up to widen the road, which had given way on the edge, and walls were built up from the valley where it required support.

The men who are employed in mending the roads earn from seven-pence to ten-pence a day each, without victuals; but it is customary in this part of the country to give the labourers in the fields their food. Their wages have undergone no alteration for many years: five-pence a day is their regular pay, with bread, or an equivalent quantity of other victuals. But now that provisions are scarce, their allowance is scanty and its quality bad, and the peasantry look poor, and are ill clothed. What labourer in England would be

content with three pounds of coarse bread as his daily provision; with nothing to drink but water, or at most, in times of the greatest plenty, a bottle of Boisson, or acid wine, weaker than our small beer? But here they are well satisfied when they can get plenty of bread, and pleased if the luxury of an-onion be added.

But, from the king upon his throne to the beggar in the street, the English people command more of the necessities and superfluities of life. Our nobles, our merchants, our shop-keepers, our mechanics, our farmers, our labourers, our servants; all live in a style of profusion unknown to the French. The price of labour is higher in proportion to the price of provisions, and all descriptions of people are better fed, better lodged, and more expensively clothed than the corresponding classes in France. But our appetite grows by what it feeds on; we have more wants and more cravings, and are neither so easily contented, nor so inclined to be happy.

At this moment there is a great body of the population of France for which we have no parallel order existing in England; for it has been swept away from the face of the land—I mean the order of working farmers—those, who possessing a small estate, or renting a little ground, have an interest in the soil, and cultivate it themselves, breeding up their children to follow the steps of their parents, and (in the words of Lord Bacon) “to keep the plough in the hands of the owner.”

The rage for improvement and gain has induced the great proprietors in England to throw

all their small farms together, and let them to one person. The tenant of such extensive domains is classed amongst the gentry, and his sons and daughters are educated to shine in polite society, whilst the work of his farm is performed by hired labourers: so that the population of the country consists of gentlemen and servants.

In France, the occupation of land by small proprietors was a mode established long before the Revolution. Arthur Young inveighs against it as prejudicial to agriculture. But the legislature has since confirmed and strengthened the system, by selling the possessions of the clergy and nobility in small lots, and by the laws of inheritance, which divide the property of parents equally amongst their children.

Perhaps if a country were parcelled out in larger shares, and then subdivided and let in small portions to husbandmen, it might be more conducive to the welfare of the state, and to the prosperity of individuals: for the rich landlord would be at hand to assist his tenants in times of scarcity, or on any sudden emergency from accidental causes.

The partition of the land into small farms may not, perhaps, be the means of making it yield the greatest possible quantity of produce, but it will best enable it to support the greatest number of hands on the soil, instead of throwing them off into towns and manufactories: and though it may obstruct the influx of wealth and luxury, yet it is favourable to the health, the morals, the happiness, the strength of the community.

France, in the midst of her troubles, is blest with a constitution propitious to the reproduction of simple, industrious, and virtuous habits. She is in possession of a numerous population of small farmers, who cultivate their own land, and who are unvitiated by luxury, and unsophisticated by false refinement: and when time shall have swept away the clouds of distress that still hang over her, and the fumes of vain philosophy, which float like the vapour of a dying lamp, she may awake, as did the enchanted BEAUTY from her trance, uninjured by the lapse of years, and fresh in youth and vigour.

Duerne is a small town, in which are two hotels that might very easily be mistaken for a couple of old barns. We went to that which was not the post-house; I believe it had no sign; but we found tolerable beds, and in the kitchen a good fire of coals—the first we had seen in France. The weather was as severe as in the middle of winter, with very sharp frosty nights. The blackthorns were in blossom, but the cherries only in bud, and no leaves to be seen but a few on the willows.

These mountains form a part of the same chain which we had crossed at Tarare, and which divides the tract of country sloping to the Mediterranean from the rest of France. The houses which are scattered on these heights are built very low, and great stones or pieces of lava are laid upon their flat roofs to prevent their being blown off by the rough winds.

April 24. To Lyons, 27 miles.

On setting out, we discovered that we had not yet reached the highest point of the ascent. We continued our up-hill course for several miles, and then began to descend by a road on the side of a mass of mountains, which rose around in different directions; leaving sometimes narrow glens stretching crosswise before us, sometimes inclosing deep misshapen valleys. The road was cut out of the solid rock, like a shelf, at a great height from the bottom, so narrow that the postilion was under the necessity of cracking his whip incessantly to prevent other carriages from meeting us; and there not being an atom of parapet on the side, the swerving of a horse might have plunged us into a profound abyss. Altogether, it is a journey too tremendous to be ventured upon without some great object in view; and the scenery from Thièrs to Lyons is not possessed of enough of the *belles horreurs*, nor has it sufficient interest to afford any remuneration for the damage the nervous system sustains whilst one is driven along these terrace roads, over the edge of which it is frightful to peep, even on foot. The road on this side of Duerne is more terrific than on the other, as it is narrower, nearer to the sky, and has more abrupt and frequent turnings; and it appeared more dreadful, from our going down it at a quick pace, and seeing the abyss before us at every step, instead of winding slowly up, with the power of averting our eyes from the danger*.

* We should have met with more grand and interesting scenery

We had steady horses, which are absolutely necessary on these precipices, as well as a careful postilion, accustomed to look down them; for a stranger from a level country would turn giddy at the sight.

We were gratified with a fine view of the Alps from one of the heights; and at length the Rhone appeared before us in the plain; and when Lyons met our longing eyes, we were very well pleased to see it so near. When we came within about six miles of the town, we descended from our shelf upon level ground, much to our satisfaction. We entered by the suburb Vaize. The road turns suddenly on the margin of the Saône, and the view of the river, the town, the rock above the road, and the hill of Fourvières with all its buildings, woods, an vineyards, is one of the most striking things in France: it appeared so to us last year by moonlight, and now the same again in the broad glare of day.

As we intended to stay only a very short time, we wished to be in a more central part of the town than the Bellecour; but were in doubt whether we should drive to the Hotel du Parc, or the Hotel du Nord, both situated near the Theatre. Our choice was at length fixed upon the latter; being influenced, in a great measure, by the praises of our postilions, which was odd enough; for we were well aware that but little dependence can be

had we visited St. Flour and La Puy, instead of taking the direct road from Clermont to Lyons.

placed on what they say, as they are generally bribed by the inn-keepers to bring travellers to their houses. But in this, as in many more important affairs of life, a trifle determined the point. Repentance does not unfrequently follow these incautious decisions; and it certainly did in this instance. We found the Hotel du Nord expensive and uncomfortable.

The weather being extremely cold, with a high north-east wind, and no visible prospect of a change, we thought it advisable to postpone our journey, and remain at Lyons till the spring should be further advanced and the weather more favourable. We made inquiries for lodgings; but not meeting with any to suit us in that quarter of the town, we took possession of our old apartments in the hotel at the corner of the Bellecour. The people were very glad to see us again, and our old friend, in her black hat and dangles, greeted us with many hearty expressions of joy at our safe return.

CHAPTER XVIII.

State of the Weather—Fall of Snow on the 27th of April—Vegetation—Warm Baths—French Ladies—Education of English Girls—Schools—Governesses—Churches—Paintings—Statue by Antoine Coysevox—English Novels—Junction of the Rivers—Ile Mognat—Church d'Ainay—Greek Colony—Cathedral—Ancient Clock—Hotel Dieu—Botanic Garden—Beautiful Scenery in Spring—Appearance of the Peasantry—Conversation on the Condition of the Female Sex.

ON Sunday morning, the 27th of April, when I awoke the snow was falling in large flakes, and continued to do so for several hours. The extreme severity of the weather had prepared us for any of the accompaniments of winter that might occur; otherwise we should have been surprised at a fall of snow so late in the spring, and so far to the south as Lyons.

We had seen no asparagus before our arrival, except one poor solitary head, which had started up under the south wall in the bishop's garden at Limoges; and here it was scarce and dear, eighteen-pence for a very small bundle. Green peas and artichokes were exposed for sale in the fruiterers' shops, from Hyères, where they are raised very early. The first time we saw swallows on the wing this year was on the 28th of April. On May-day the wind turned to the west, and it rained incessantly the two succeeding days. The heat immediately afterwards became intense: the seasons seemed to have suddenly changed from Christmas

to Midsummer; the market was filled with flowers, asparagus, and a variety of other vegetables; the people began to hawk their lemonade about the streets. They carry this cooling beverage on their backs in tin vessels shaped like a lantern; sometimes hung round with bells, but most commonly the vender jingles two plated cups together by way of crying his goods. He washes the cup in water from a pipe in one division of his tin, and then pours out the lemonade from another, and presents his cup brim-full for a sou. He always carries a short stick with a flat top, on which he can either sit himself or rest his cargo of lemonade. It is surprising to see the number of people employed in this manner in every town; and still more surprising to see the immense number who are busy in doing nothing, or next to nothing, watching heaps of old locks, old hinges, old nails covered with rust, old rags, old coats, old shoes. On the low parapet wall which surrounds the Bellecour, great quantities of these valueless articles were displayed for sale, and we counted upwards of fifty men who attended regularly every day to dispose of them, besides a numerous host of women and children.

The warm baths at Lyons are in a floating building on the Rhone: they are made, as they are at Nantes and Tours, of copper tinned, and have linings of linen, which fit the inside and turn over the edge: a clean lining is put in, and the bath filled with fresh water, in sight of the person who is going to bathe. Plenty of clean warm linen is

supplied, and the usual charge is fifteen pence each bath; but to those who subscribe for six, only tenpence. As fuel is dear in France, in comparison of its price in most parts of England, it appears extraordinary that the terms should be so much more reasonable, or rather, that the English should be so exorbitant in their demands, which are seldom lower than three shillings and sixpence; and even at Bath, where the water is warm without the expense of fire, they do not scruple to exact three shillings for each bath.

The ladies seem to carry their aversion to exercise to a greater extreme at Lyons than in other places; we scarcely ever saw them, even in the finest weather. But the French ladies everywhere entertain as determined an antipathy to walking for walking's sake, as the Lacedemonians of old; they never spend their time in *shopping*, either on the score of business or pleasure; so that they seldom stir out of doors, unless it be to take a few turns on the public promenade to see and to be seen. In this they form a direct contrast to their countrywomen of the lower orders, who are always in the open air, and likewise differ widely from the belles of former times, who were remarkable for their activity both of body and mind.

No young unmarried woman ever thinks of appearing out of the house without being accompanied by her mother, or her nurse (*bonne*). The extreme retirement in which the young ladies are brought up seems to be a custom borrowed, or

rather inherited, from the manners of the times preceding the Revolution, when girls were entirely secluded from the world in the walls of a convent, till the day of their marriage.

The French have been in a great dilemma in regard to the education of their daughters, since the abolition of convents. The schools which have been established in their stead possess none of their advantages. In convents children were instructed, not by "persons hired with an insignificant salary, with which necessity alone could compel them to be contented, but by ladies who were adorned with all the accomplishments to which they were to form their pupils, and who devoted themselves to the education of youth from the purest and noblest of motives—motives of religion; considering themselves as answerable to God for the negligence which might endanger either the health or morals of the children entrusted to their care, and the children seeing in their mistresses persons their equals, and sometimes greatly their superiors in birth, were grateful for the marks of affection and interest they received from them, and beholding them invested with a sacred character, paid more attention to the lessons they gave, listening with a sort of religious respect*."

But in my opinion, the greatest advantage that belonged to a convent, as a place of education,

* "Reflections on Communities of Women," by a friend to civil and religious liberty.

was its perfect security from all intrusion, and the general protection which its walls afforded from the nature of the institution; so that children, safe within its precincts, enjoyed more individual liberty, and were less watched and guarded than in schools, where (in England) they are scarcely ever left to themselves; but live in a state of constant restraint, with their minds perpetually directed to the practice of the great duties—of holding up their heads, turning out their toes, sitting upright on their chairs, and fifty other matters of like importance; which are totally subversive of all natural ease, infantine gaiety, and the dear heedless freedom and sportive activity of childhood. It is melancholy to think on the prison-like confinement in which the daughters of our land are doomed to consume the rosy morning of their life; confinement so irksome and unnatural to youth, and so destructive to health of body and health of mind. The eternal attention to appearance, likewise, is mortifying to the dignity of human nature, and can never surely be essential to the education of a rational being.

Schools for girls should have a large play-ground well guarded and fenced; and then, except in the hours appointed for instruction, they should be left at full liberty to amuse themselves, and to the exercise, so conducive to health, of childish gambols, and innocent frolics, without any watching or interference whatever.

School girls should never be permitted to walk in procession in the streets, or public roads, to

make a display of themselves or of their finery ; neither should they have school balls, or exhibitions of any kind : it will be time enough when they are introduced into the world of fashion, to encourage vanity. Whilst at school they ought to dress in a very plain and simple manner, and nearly alike, that there might be no envy or rivalry on that account, and that no unnecessary fears of soiling or tearing their clothes might occupy their thoughts. One great point in their education should be, to encourage cheerfulness and good temper, and to render them civil, obliging, kind, and attentive to one another ; which would probably have a more beneficial influence on their future conduct than standing in the stocks one half of their time, and swinging dumb-bells the other.

With respect to the education of daughters *entirely* at home, one great disadvantage attends it : shut up with a governess they grow listless and melancholy, and seeing themselves objects of so much particular care, attention, and solicitude, they are apt to acquire an overweening opinion of their own importance, and are in danger of becoming proud, reserved, and selfish ; but these consequences, though resulting from some defects in the system, do not so necessarily ensue, but they might be prevented. To guard against these defects is the great business of a mother. Indeed, in general, it is wiser for individuals to avoid the errors of an established system, than to undertake the hazardous task of inventing a new one, espe-

cially when the experiment must be tried on the minds of youth. Any apparent singularity in their mode of education tends to engender in the pupils a degree of self love which prompts them to value themselves too highly if they excel others, and to feel too acutely the mortification of inferiority.

It behoves a mother to be very circumspect in her choice of a school, or in her choice of a governess. Every little miss, the moment she quits the nursery, thinks herself justified in becoming a candidate for the office of the latter; but girls should assist in large families under others better qualified for the charge, and gain some information, experience, and judgment, before they presume to undertake the important and arduous task of educating youth.

After good principles, and good sense, the next most material consideration in the choice of a governess is, that she should be a gentlewoman. The manners, the delicacy, the quick sense of propriety, the thousand undefinable minutiae, that constitute the essence of the character, are early and imperceptibly imbibed by almost unconscious imitation. They are not to be taught by a set of rules, or any artificial means, and cannot be imparted by one who has them not herself.

I have frequently been surprised, that ladies who did not suffer their children to interchange a syllable with a servant, lest they should catch a provincial accent, would yet entrust them to the tuition of a governess whose birth, connexions, early habits, and mode of thinking, were vulgar; as if the pos-

session of a few accomplishments would sanctify the rest; or that children were less likely to copy the errors of those to whom they look up for instruction, than of their attendants, whom they quickly learn to regard as their inferiors.

But something of infatuation appears to prevail on this subject; for I have known very sensible parents commit the education of their daughters to girls, almost as young, as thoughtless, and as ignorant as the babies themselves.

The admission into gentlemen's families, of governesses, who have no pretensions by birth to the rank of gentlewomen, besides its being objectionable on their pupil's account, is attended by other evils. It is prejudicial to the *profession* of governess; for, by introducing into its pale those who have no other title to gentility, it helps to degrade and sink it in public estimation. The profession is one in which a woman may engage without losing the station of a gentlewoman; but it has not in itself the power to raise those to the rank, who have no claim of their own. By filling up the situation with a description of persons who might be employed, without suffering any degradation, with greater advantage to themselves and to the public, in useful trades or behind a counter, a great number of the portionless daughters of gentlemen are excluded from the means of obtaining their maintenance in the only line they can pursue, without entirely forfeiting their previous rank in society; and it is detrimental to the community at large, by holding out encourage-

ment, or at least affording a pretext for the introduction of a spurious, factitious, and most injurious refinement amongst the inmates of our very cottages. A friend of mine happening to hear music, as she was paying a bill in a butcher's shop in a village in Derbyshire, inquired from whence the sound came. The butcher's wife informed her, that her daughter was learning to play on the *pyhena* in a room behind the shop. The lady took the liberty of remonstrating with her on the folly of letting a girl who must earn her own livelihood waste money and time in acquiring so useless an accomplishment. The woman replied, that her husband could give his daughter a pretty fortune—a couple of hundred pounds; and he meant to finish her education at a boarding-school, that she might be *polished up* for a governess, which would put her in a genteeler line of life. Her neighbour, the blacksmith, had sent his daughter to London, to an academy established for the purpose of polishing up girls for governesses; and she was now at my Lord Somebody's, educating the young ladies. “But if your daughter should not be so fortunate as to obtain a situation in a Lord Somebody's family, what will become of her then?” Learning was no burden; she would have got an education, and education was every thing. “A *proper* education,” replied my friend, with an emphasis on the word “proper;” which gave great umbrage to the delicate sensibilities of the butcher's wife.

This rage for refinement, which fritters away

the morals and the happiness of our peasantry, should be discountenanced in whatever way it makes its appearance; for it is not confined to education, but extends to food and to clothing. Our poorest people sacrifice necessities for luxuries: they prefer the ruffles to the shirt. Amongst many other instances, I knew the wife of a labourer, who, having received two shillings in charity to provide a meal for her starving children, laid out the sum in the purchase of a duck to roast, which, as it was early in the season, was scarcely larger than a pigeon: and I was present at one of the spring assizes for Somersetshire, when a woman was convicted of breaking into her neighbour's dwelling, and stealing the wearing apparel. The dwelling was but a mud cottage; the whole furniture, except beds, consisted of one large coffer, in which were deposited the clothes of the family, and also the bread and cheese. The man was absent at his work, and his two daughters were likewise employed in the fields in driving away the crows, when the woman made a hole in the wall with her knife, and getting in, stole the clothes out of the coffer. They were found upon her, and were produced in court. The covering that was to defend these poor children from the inclemencies of the weather—these necessary garments—were a white muslin gown, a white dimity petticoat, and a white cambric muslin spencer! Who but would laugh at a particular instance of such egregious folly! Who but would cry to think that it was a symptom of the general de-

reliction of propriety and common sense in the country!

The churches in Lyons have all been repaired and ornamented since last year, and filled with pictures; such arrant daubs, that they are only fit for a sign-post. Indeed one would imagine they could be painted for no better purpose; and it would be nothing extraordinary if they were to be converted to that use again; for it is still no very uncommon thing to see "Le Saint Esprit," "La Grace de Dieu," and "Le Petit Jesus," figured on a sign, at the door of an inn, a coffee-house, or a billiard-room.

The porch at the entrance of the church of St. Nizier is the work of Philibert Delhorme, the celebrated architect who built the Tuileries. In one of the chapels a statue is preserved of the Virgin and Child, by Antoine Coysevox. It was placed originally over his own door, at the corner of a street, and taken from thence into this church, where it escaped unnoticed at the dismal period when almost every other work of eminence was injured or destroyed. This is a very interesting statue. There is as much expression in the face of the mother, and freedom of action in the figure of the child, as marble can convey. The more it is examined, the greater delight it gives.

Valuable pictures and very fine prints are exhibited for sale at Lyons. The booksellers' shops are large and handsome, and the circulating libraries seem to be well stocked with books. A great number of the novels are translations from the

English. In every town English novels fill the stalls and the shops. All our works of reputation are read with avidity. The French prefer those which are descriptive of manners; as "*Cecilia*," or Mrs. Holford's "*First Impressions*," which is disgraced by its French title of "*Le Seducteur Vertueux*." They are likewise fond of tales of sentiment and interest; as "*Edelfrida*," or "*Agatha*." The latter, though very indifferently translated, is in general circulation.

They express no admiration for Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and seem to wonder that we should find amusement in what excites the very unpleasurable sensation of fear, in a greater degree than is requisite to heighten the delight arising from the returning ideas of hope and security.

Amongst other volumes, I confess I was surprised to see "*Cœlebs*:" not from any question of its merit, but from its being so wide from the manners, customs, opinions, and habits of the country. I believe the translation was published at Geneva.

The situation of Lyons has received no improvement from the alteration in the place of junction of the two rivers. The land between them now lies barren and useless, and is so far from being an advantage to the scene, that it rather detracts from its beauty. When the scheme was first agitated by its author, M. Perrache, it was considered to be impracticable; and the enterprise was not so much opposed from the probable inutility of its object, as derided from the seeming impossibility

of its execution. One of the pamphlets written to ridicule the idea was entitled, “*Projet de dessechement de la Méditerranée par un Compagnon Maçon.*” The course of the Rhone is now on the east side of the little Island Mognat; the right of possession to which was so long contested between the Crown and M. Mognat, who gained the victory by his ingenious flattery to Louis XIV. in the following lines :

“ Qu’est ce, pour toi, Grand Monarque des Gaules,
Qu’un peu de sable et de gravier?
Que faire de mon île? Il n’y croît que des Saules,
Et tu n’aimes que le Laurier.”

The most ancient church in Lyons is that of Ainay. The four massive granite pillars which support its dome were taken from the ruins of the temple dedicated to Augustus, which occupied its site. In the street leading to it, called *La Rue d’Ainay*, was situated the ancient college instituted by a colony of Greeks, who were driven from *Marseilles* some hundred years before the Christian era, and who are supposed to have laid the foundation of the original town of Lyons, on the hill of *Fourvières*. They named this college, from regard to their own country, *Athenas*, of which the word *Ainay* is a corruption. Here *Caligula* established his disputations in Greek and Latin, giving prizes to the best authors, and condemning the worst to efface their writings with their tongues, under the penalty of receiving the chastisement of a stick or a *ducking* in the Rhone; whilst the candidates

whose productions were only *mediocres* were obliged to celebrate the victory of their successful rivals.

The cathedral is a very large and magnificent edifice, though built at different times, and in different styles of architecture. It received great damage during the troubles of the Revolution, and every thing it contained of value was destroyed or carried away. The old clock, celebrated for its complicated machinery, remains free from any particular injury; but either from age or accident, the figures which ornament its exterior, and were heretofore perpetually in motion to announce the hour, have lost much of their activity, and seldom, if ever, stir from their places. This clock was made in the year 1598; but it is pretended that clocks were known at Lyons as early as the fifth century, two being brought from Theodoric, king of Italy, at the desire of Gondebaud. But on what principle they were constructed is a matter of doubt; as the invention of the mechanism of wheels and weights bears a later date. The famous clock, presented by the Caliph Arcun Al Raschid, in the year 807, to Charlemagne, is said to have been put in motion by water.

The Empress Josephine, when she visited Lyons, gave a very superb set of communion plate to the cathedral to replace that of which it had been plundered in the year 1793, and likewise sacerdotal ornaments of rich crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

The Hotel Dieu, at Lyons, is one of the oldest

establishments of the kind in France; it is supposed to have been founded by Childebert and Ultrogothe his wife. It stands on the quay of the Rhone, and was new fronted in a superb style by the famous Soufflot, who built the church of Saint Genevieve, in Paris. The hospital was ornamented with the figures of Childebert and his queen. These statues were destroyed during the Revolution. The dome is celebrated for the beauty of its proportions: there is something very magnificent in its capacious circle; the wards branching from it so that, standing in the centre, you behold a space capable of containing twelve hundred beds. The sight of a number of poor sick wretches, who lay stretched on their uneasy pallets, had such an effect upon my spirits, that for some days this picture of magnificence and misery was constantly before me, and I could turn my thoughts on no other subject. The sick inmates of the hospital are carefully nursed and attended by the sisters of a religious order.

The botanic garden is planted on the sloping side of a hill, which leads to the suburb of La Croix Rousse, and covers the spot where a Roman amphitheatre once stood. Part of the garden is inclosed, and the plants arranged in botanical order. The remainder is laid out in winding walks, amongst trees and flowers, like an English shrubbery.

The country round Lyons is particularly beautiful in this season of the year. The spring burst suddenly upon us, and displayed a thousand charms. The double-flowering cherries were white with a

sheet of blossom; the buds of the horsechestnuts "burst their cerements," and the flowers immediately shot forth; the limes were clothed in the most delicate green, and the tawny leaves of the vines began to appear; whilst the nightingales sang on every bough*.

The peasantry repaired to the fields, and busied themselves in their rural employments; but their appearance in the autumn and the spring are two very different things. In the autumn, when victuals are plenty and wages high, well fed and well clothed, they present a delightful picture of health

* One cannot wonder at the enthusiasm with which Rousseau describes one of his rambles in this enchanting season on the borders of the Saône. " Je me souviens, même d'avoir passé une nuit délicieuse hors de la ville, dans un chemin qui côtoyoit le Rhone ou la Saône, car je ne me rappelle lequel des deux. Des jardins élevés en terrasse bordoient le chemin du côté opposé. Il avoit fait très chaud ce jour là. La soirée étoit charmante. La rosée humectoit l'herbe fletrie; point de vent, une nuit tranquille: l'air étoit frais, sans être froid. Le soleil, après son coucher, avoit laissé dans le ciel des vapeurs rouges, dont la reflexion rendoit l'eau couleur de rose: les arbres des terrasses étoient chargés de rossignols, qui se répondoient de l'un à l'autre. Je me promenois dans une sorte d'extase, livrant mes sens et mon cœur à la jouissance de tout cela, et soupirant seulement un peu du regret d'en jouir seul. Absorbé dans ma douce reverie, je prolongai fort avant dans la nuit ma promenade, sans m'apercevoir que j'étois las. Je m'en aperçus enfin. Je me couchai voluptueusement sur la tablette d'une espèce de niche, enfoncée dans un mur de terrasse. Le ciel de mon lit étoit formé par les têtes des arbres: un rossignol étoit précisément au dessus de moi. Je m'endormis à son chant: mon sommeil fut doux; mon réveil le fut davantage. Il étoit grand jour, mes yeux, en s'ouvrant, virent l'eau, la verdure, un paysage admirable."

and happiness : but in the early spring, provisions scanty, wages low, and employment scarce, starved within and without, they are objects of pity rather than of pleasure ; especially the women, following the plough, or plucking up weeds, knee-deep in mud and mire. An English lady, unaccustomed to see women employed in any of the labours of husbandry, was shocked beyond measure at their rueful figures, and observed, that the curse of Adam had fallen on the women in France, for they earned their bread with the sweat of their brow. An old gentleman, who was exceedingly irritated by the remark, replied, that the women in Europe might look round the world and think themselves very well off ; for they had more influence, more liberty, and possessed more of the good things of this life than nature ever designed for them : which was very evident, from the state in which they were placed in the early ages of the world, when, though there was not much distinction in the condition of the males and females of other animals, yet in the human species the females were not at all on the same footing in the creation with the males, for whose service they were originally designed, and whose property they became like the other animals. Of course, they were treated by the men as their property ; bought and sold, driven with panniers on their backs, like beasts of burden, and employed in all laborious or menial offices : nay, they had been so harshly used, that sometimes they had killed themselves in despair, and sometimes their female children, out

of sheer kindness, to save them from the miseries of their mother's lot. "And even now," continued he, "whilst in savage states, they are made to toil for man's profit, in others more refined they are shut up and immured to minister to his pleasures: in one country they are treated with neglect, in another with——"

"Stop, sir!" cried the lady, "do not continue this black catalogue of female sufferings. When it pleased Almighty God to punish our first mother, he appointed an able minister to execute his sentence—fallen and sinful man—and he has poured the phial of God's wrath on her offending head, till she might exclaim with guilty Cain, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear!'"

"Poh, poh!" muttered the old gentleman.

"Nor was this prerogative of the man conferred upon him for any merit of his own; but grew, as a learned bishop observes, out of the penalty laid on the woman for her disobedience to God. And in conformity with this idea, it seems to me, that the benefit which has accrued to the man from his power has kept no proportion with the misery which has befallen the woman from her subjection. Indeed, it would be difficult to reconcile her condition in the early ages of the world, subject (as you, sir, have clearly shown that she was) to the cruelty, oppression, and what is more extraordinary, to the contempt of the other sex; it would, I say, be difficult to reconcile her condition with the goodness of God, but on the ground that she had forfeited her claim to his favour by her

own transgression. And this, we find from the Holy Scriptures, was really the case."

"To be sure—without doubt—certainly," replied the old gentleman, not well knowing how to get rid of the subject; and the lady continued—

"Some modern authors have maintained, but surely without any warranty from the sacred writings, that the subjection of the woman was intended for her benefit; and made the order of the creation more perfect. They might, one would think, take the word of God himself, who pronounced it for a punishment. But if not, the history of the early ages, and also of every savage tribe or uncivilized nation still existing, might convince them, that the sufferings she was doomed to bear in common with her fellow-mortals have been multiplied a thousand fold, by her dependence on the will of a being, of whom it has been said, by an eminent writer, that he never possessed power without abusing it."

The conversation having taken such an unexpected turn, was dropped; but it made a lasting impression on my mind, and recurred again and again to my thoughts, with a train of reflections on the sentence passed by the Creator on his disobedient creatures.

When the hope of some future good was prophetically conveyed to Eve,—conveyed to her without any reference to Adam, might she not reasonably conclude, that some peculiar and distinct benefit was intimated to her, as well as the general blessing to all her posterity? If such was

her idea, it has been justified by the event. Dr. Sherlock, in his Dissertation on the Prophecies (to which our friend had alluded), seems to think, that there was “a gradual working of Providence towards the redemption of the world from the curse of the fall;” and that the curse on the earth was removed by the covenant made with Noah after the flood.

It appears to me that woman has been compensated for the sorrow of childbirth by the peculiar pleasure she experiences in the infancy of her children, and by the future support and comfort she derives from their affection; so that the anxiety to become a mother has existed in all ages. But the great penalties of subjection and death remained unmitigated till the coming of Christ. Death he robbed of its sting by the hope of a joyful resurrection; and subjection he deprived of its bitterness by the restraints he laid on tyranny, by the conditions he proposed to all mankind for obtaining everlasting life,—in a word, by the promulgation of his Gospel; for every precept it contains, every duty it enjoins, every virtue it inculcates, is eminently calculated to promote the happiness of woman, whilst it condemns those vices, those passions, and those habits which are most destructive to her peace. It places her on an equal footing with man, as the child of God and the heir of heaven. It gives her an equal interest with him in the life, the death, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour. It prescribes the same means to both by which to work out their own

salvation. By this equality in hopes and duties it has raised her in the scale of human opinion, and changed and ameliorated her condition to an ample degree, without infringing on the prerogatives, or derogating from the superiority of the other sex.

Far different were the tenets of Mahomet, and far different the effects his religion has produced. The prophet of Arabia, whilst he boasted that he received his mission from God, made an invidious and marked distinction between the children of Eve, bestowing his promises and his blessings on her sons, and considering her daughters but as they ministered to the pleasures of the other sex. This alone affords proof that he was an impostor; that his doctrine was not derived from the impartial Father of all, but was the fabrication of an arrogant, frail, and selfish son of earth.

Let the women, then, who possess the inestimable privilege of being members of a christian community, be content with their lot, and not imagine that by presumptuous and silly pretensions to equality and power they can forward the interests of their sex. Let them look up to the great example of our blessed Lord. By inculcating piety, meekness, patience, forbearance, gentleness, and charity in the minds of their children, by sowing the good seed of the gospel in their hearts, they will effectually promote the best interests of their own sex, and in doing of it there is great reward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey from Lyons—Pont d'Ain—Narrow Pass in the Mountains—Cerdon—High Mountain—River Veyron—Valley of Nantua—Town and Lake—Gorge in Mont Jura—Lake Syant—Cataracts—Cascade of Burlandier—Sawing Machines—St. Germain de Joux—Stupendous Scenery—Bellegarde—Perte du Rhone—Terrace Road—Fort de l'Ecluse—The Rhone—Arrival at Geneva—Roads—Carriages—Beggars—Visit in the Country—Croaking of the Frogs—Visit to M. Pictet de Rochements—English Customs and Literature fashionable at Geneva.

Tuesday, May 13th. To Le Pont d'Ain, 46½ miles.

WE left Lyons by the Quay St. Clair, and ascended a considerable hill, keeping the Rhone on our right hand. Its course lies through a flat valley, which it seems to have made its own, by overflowing and filling it with beds of sand and marshy soil. The river here does not maintain the character of rapidity, the motion of the current being so slow, that it seems to be almost stagnant. We quitted its borders a few miles from the town, and passed through a level uninteresting country, extremely populous, being nearly covered with villages. The peasantry were busily employed in clearing the ground between the vines, which were just putting forth their leaves. A variety of wild flowers were in bloom; amongst them a chocolate-coloured tulip, Solomon's seal, Bedlam cowslips, and several sorts of comfrey.

We had a view of the river Ain for some miles before we reached the Hotel du Pont d'Ain, where we slept. The people told us that bread was sixpence a pound; and they anticipated another bad season, the spring frosts having already done much damage; the pear and apple blossoms being entirely cut off, and all the other fruit trees injured.

May 14. To St. Germain de Joux, 33 miles.

After quitting our hotel, we soon reached the bridge which crosses the river Ain, just as it emerges from between two mountains, where it is confined in narrow limits for nearly the length of a mile. The road is cut out of the perpendicular bank, close by the river side. The rocks, though not very lofty, are abrupt. Trees projecting from amongst them hang over the stream, and almost meet, as they bow their drooping heads, to kiss its waves; whilst the light quivers through their branches on the dark water. This pass is exceedingly romantic, and reminded us of that of Killiecrankie in Scotland. When the country opened, we turned from the course of the Ain, over a hilly tract to the next post town, Cerdon, situated in a small flat valley at the entrance of a ravine which divides the face of a stupendous mountain into two parts. It was necessary for us to pass over this mountain, and the road which led to the top was cut in a regular, but steep, ascent, on one side of the ravine. Every step we took the prospect became more and more terrific; and although it was no trifling matter to labour up such a steep on

foot, yet I could not endure to remain in the carriage in a situation so appalling. The little parapet over which Rousseau stretched his head with so much satisfaction, to contemplate the prospect from Le Mont des Echelles, would have afforded us here unspeakable comfort*. When I alighted from the carriage, I involuntarily leaned towards the mountain, as if to save myself from tumbling down this headlong precipice. But casting my eyes upwards, the scene was equally tremendous. The brows of the mountains rising to the clouds, and crowned with rock, appeared like huge castles beetling over the road, and ready to topple on our heads.

The church of St. Albin stands on the projecting peak of one of these rocks; and it requires an effort of the mind to comprehend that it was raised there by human means, so entirely does it seem to be above the reach of man. From the side of the opposite mountain a torrent of water bursts forth, and descends in foam to the bottom, where it becomes a river, the Veyron, and running quietly on to Cerdon, turns a number of paper-mills there. The head of the ravine is bounded by an immense mass of rock, through which the road is cut.

* On a bordé le chemin d'un parapet pour prévenir les malheurs. Cela faisoit que je pouvois contempler au fond, et gagner des vertiges, tout à mon aise, car ce qu'il y a de plaisant dans mon goût pour les lieux escarpés est, qu'ils me font tourner la tête, et j'aime beaucoup ce tournoisement pourvu que je sois en sûreté. Bien appuyé sur la parapet, j'avançois le nez, et je restois là des heures entières.—*Rousseau*.

As we proceeded on these heights we observed six or seven men, sitting in a circle, on the stones, playing at cards. This was an amusement so little in unison with the wild scenery of the place, that it excited both our surprise and curiosity; the latter was quickly gratified. We soon discovered that they were waggoners, who were thus passing away time whilst their oxen, after their laborious exertions in dragging their loads up the steep, were let loose to graze upon the common.

This road appears to be much frequented. Wine and merchandize of various kinds are conveyed from Lyons to Nantua, and thence dispersed amongst the inhabitants of mountains still more difficult of access. Numerous woods of pine are scattered over these vast tracts. The trees are sawed into boards by machines which are worked by water, being most commonly placed under the torrents, and though of coarse workmanship, are ingeniously constructed. The tree is propelled by a wheel to meet the saw, which is moved, by another wheel, up and down. The waggons returning to Lyons are laden with these long planks. Nothing can possibly be more annoying than meeting them (which we constantly did) on a terrace road, with only just sufficient room to pass, in imminent peril of being whisked off the edge into a gulf many hundred feet deep, if the luckless postilions should have chosen the outside way; but to do them justice, they are very careful to keep next to the hill, leaving the waggons to the precipice; and in

a turn of the road, the ends of the planks frequently stretch over it a considerable length.

No rule is established in France to direct in what manner carriages, meeting on the road, should pass each other; but the method generally adopted by the postilions is to keep left hand to left hand; reversing the English custom in this, as well as in some other instances. If a gentleman drives a gig with a lady by his side, she is always seated, according to etiquette, on his right hand, in which he holds the whip; so that his elbow is perpetually in her face. And in shaking hands the French use the left hand in preference to the right.

At the distance of seventeen miles from Le Pont d'Ain we descended into a flat valley, which being entirely covered with a beautiful verdure, the young corn having just sprung up uninterrupted with fence of any kind, offered a lively contrast to the dusky heights by which it was encompassed.

In a nook, between two enormous mountains, the town of Nantua is situated, on the border of a lake, which spreads into the valley before it. A row of white houses extends from the town, along the side of the lake, which is shaded with walnut trees, the road passing between them. This entrance is singularly romantic. The town is full of manufactories, and indifferently built. We quitted it by an avenue of poplars, planted in a straight line, which contrasted oddly with the wild and magnificent scenery around.

We pursued our way through a narrow gorge in these gigantic mountains of Jura ; still ascending, till we reached the lake of Syant, where our road attained its highest point ; and when we began to descend, a rivulet, which issued from the lake, rushed down a precipitous and rocky channel on our right hand. Huge mountains rose on our left. The crags which projected from their rugged sides hung over our heads. Here, the cataracts, spread and interrupted in their course, fell over the road like a shower of rain. There, the torrents poured from the heights in one unbroken stream. The most romantic of these cascades is near Burlandier : the mountains part, and leave a bare rock between them, over which a torrent throws itself close to the road, in a broad sheet of foam. At a little distance, a stream falls from the same rock on a sawing machine, of such a rude unfashioned form as to add to the fantastic imagery of the scene. The brook, which tumbles bubbling down the glen from Lake Syant, swells to a river at St. Germain de Joux, and runs in front of the Hotel de la Paix (where we slept), turning the wheels of a very large sawing machine close before the door.

This is a forlorn place; and the mistress of the inn gave us a melancholy account of the dearth in the land, which was so extreme, that the people were nearly famished. Brown bread was sixpence a pound; the potatoes were gone, and many of the poor had actually perished for want. We saw women gathering sorrel on the hills, which they

ate with nettles, or any thing green they could pick up.

The village lies in a little three-cornered valley, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the inn. A very pretty chateau, with a promenade planted with trees, attracted our attention. The trees were all cut and mangled; the broken windows were crowded with the heads of dirty children, who stared at us through the holes. It seemed to be the abode of poverty and wretchedness. We were told, that before the Revolution, it belonged to a gentleman, who emigrated; the insurgents seized his house, and disposed of it from one to another, till at last it fell into the hands of the present owner, who bribed with a repeating watch some of his predecessors in possession to evacuate the premises in his favour.

The mountains here are covered with box: its foliage is shining and pretty when near, but at a distance is not so ornamental as either heath or gorse.

May 15. To Geneva, $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The road passes between two tremendous mountains, with a third in front, covered with snow. The glen is narrow, and its sides abrupt. The entangled branches of straggling trees divert the eye from dwelling on its depth; but the tinkling of the brook at the bottom sounds distant to the ear, whilst the mountain torrents roar loud in their descent from the perpendicular heights above. We were particularly struck with the sight of an

abundant stream gushing, on the opposite side of the glen, from the centre of a rock. Several mills and sawing machines are fixed under it, one below another, and the water falls from mill to mill, and at last into the brook beneath.

The scenery increases in savage and romantic grandeur to Bellegarde.

We met with no difficulties at the custom-house at this place, and very little delay. But the luggage of travellers in their way from Switzerland into France is more strictly examined. Whilst this business was adjusted, and the horses changed, we walked to take a view of the celebrated Perte du Rhone. We proceeded along a narrow lane for about a quarter of a mile, and then entering a glen, formed by a beautiful, verdant, smooth slope on one side, and by the hills of Savoy, covered with wood, on the other, we beheld the Rhone come foaming down its rugged channel towards us. The rocks, approaching each other, confine the river in a very narrow compass, and it suddenly sinks, whirling into a deep gulf, and is concealed by broken masses. In former times, two solid rocks met over it, so close together that people could walk across; but to prevent the conveyance of goods between France and Savoy, without paying duty, these rocks were blown up, and the kingdoms divided. Napoleon built a bridge over the chasm, to facilitate the march of his troops, and afterwards caused it to be destroyed, to impede the progress of the enemy. Below the fragments of this bridge, the Rhone, which plunged

roaring into its hidden den, emerges a placid stream, and it is said with diminished waters, losing a part, by some means or other, in its subterranean course.

From Bellegarde we ascended a lofty mountain, where we had an extensive view over Savoy.

As we traversed these hills, that kissed the clouds, it seemed likely that we should be able to kiss them also; for they rested but just above our heads.

Our road was cut in the mountain at an immense distance from its base, and we traced it before us as far as the eye could reach—a fearful sight! It appeared like a line scored on the side of the enormous precipice, high above the Rhone, and terminating at the entrance of a castle, the Fort de l'Ecluse, which is built against a rock, and projects over the river. The river is jammed up in a narrow channel between the frontier mountains of France and Switzerland. This is the most striking pass of the Jura. It is completely commanded by the fortress, and there is no way but through its gates. We were admitted by a sentinel into the court; the space for which, as well as for the castle, has been cut out of the solid rock. The mountain-pink and a little rose-coloured stone crop had matted themselves so closely over the walls as effectually to hide them, and the whole building appeared to us in a blush of crimson.

From hence the features of the landscape soften. The river winds tamely through an extensive valley, without force and without effect.

Whenever the mighty Rhone is left at liberty to take his unbridled course, he glides in any shape and every shape, but that which is properly his own. Like Proteus, he must be bound or lost, and then, and then only, "stands confest severe in beauty," when confined by the giant mountains on his shores.

The Alps now rose in hoary majesty before us, but we neither saw the lake nor the town of Geneva till we came within a few miles of its gates. This approach by no means equalled our expectations.

We should have driven to the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Secheron, which is much frequented by English travellers, and delightfully situated on the margin of the lake; but we thought its distance of half a league from Geneva would be inconvenient, and we engaged apartments at the Hotel des Balances, in the Place Belair.

The interior of the town is neither regularly built, nor handsome. The best houses are inclosed in courts, and overlook the ramparts; so that they do not contribute to the beauty of the streets. Only a small portion of the lake can be seen from Geneva: the public walks command the finest views of it, and of the quiet and highly improved scenery on its immediate borders, bounded on one side by the mountains of Jura, and on the other by the Alps of Savoy.

Two streets in the most commercial part of the town are of a very peculiar structure. The houses are extremely lofty, with roofs which project on arches supported by wooden pillars, forming

arcades wide enough to contain a row of shops within the pillars, and to leave ample room for passengers between them and the houses; the lower stories of which are likewise shops, so that you walk between two rows of shops under shelter of the roof. The Rhone flows in two streams from the lake through the Place Belair, dividing the town; and its waters are raised thence by a complicated machine to supply the houses in the highest part.

The roads in the environs of Geneva are excellent, and so many carriages of all descriptions are rolling along them, that they remind one of the moving scene which the vicinity of a fashionable watering-place in England usually displays.

They who have no equipage of their own can easily obtain one, of whatever kind they choose, at a moderate expense. A small barouche with two horses is let for eighteen or twenty francs per day; a carriage with one horse, for eleven francs; and they may be hired either for a whole day, or for half a day. The most common carriage is called a *char-à-coti*, or *char-à-banc*. It has a gig body, large enough to hold three persons, which is placed sideways on a carriage of four wheels: in front there is a seat for the driver. Every one in Geneva goes in a carriage: the baker takes his loaves in his gig, and the shoemaker drives his *char-à-coti*.—Not that the people are richer, or more delicate than elsewhere; but those who would ride on an ass in France get into a barrow with wheels here, and put the donkey into the shafts.

The college or public academy is a very large establishment, and the number of boys who are receiving their education generally amounts to eight hundred. The professors take into their own houses private pupils, who each pay eight, ten, or twelve guineas a month, according to their age.

Geneva has so often been compared to a beehive, where every member of the community is busily employed, that we were astonished to see so many idle people lounging in the streets. I counted forty men, who stood still for an hour at the door of our hotel, to see a German carriage set off. The streets are haunted by a great number of beggars, in spite of the efforts of the magistrates to get rid of them. Many pour in from Savoy, where, from the badness of the harvest last year, the people suffer great want: and even at Geneva, the distress amongst the lower classes has been so severe, that contributions have been raised for their relief, and the rich citizens have forborne to indulge themselves in expensive dinners, or other private entertainments during the winter. The profits arising from concerts and all public amusements have been given to supply the poor with broth; but still they are discontented with the present order of things. The populace have lost all pride and satisfaction in being members of an independent state. They are devoted to the interests of Bonaparte, and sigh for the government of the Great Nation; whilst the affluent rejoice at their deliverance from its yoke, and detest the

very name of the French, and Napoleon at their head.

We brought letters of introduction to several families at Geneva, who immediately called upon us, and sent us invitations to their houses.

On Sunday we spent the evening at the country seat of M. Pictet Calendrini, and received much gratification from the conversation of the company, and from walking over his pleasure-grounds, which command delightful prospects of Mont Blanc, of the valley through which the river Arve winds, and of the town of Geneva, which is seen to great advantage, towering above its green ramparts; the noble elms and horsechestnuts, which adorn its public walks, rising conspicuously from the midst of the buildings.

On our road home, late in the evening, our ears were assailed by the croaking of the frogs in the small plashes of water. The quacking of a thousand ducks together before a shower of rain could scarcely equal these discordant sounds, but greatly resembles them, for at first we thought the ducks had been the vocal performers on this occasion.

I think the frogs here make a louder noise than those in the neighbourhood of the Loire, where, in days of yore, their privilege of croaking was abridged by one of the rights of the seigneur, which imposed upon his tenants the task of beating the water near his mansion to silence the frogs; particularly during the time when his wife was lying in. The Revolution has given liberty to the voice of the frogs, as well as to that of the

men; and now they may both croak with impunity.

On Tuesday, we went by invitation to meet a select party at tea at M. Pictet de Rochement's, and were entertained with music. Mesdemoiselles Pictet played on the grand piano forte, and sung Italian airs with great taste. A lady in company performed some exquisite pieces of music on the harp, and the conversation was exceedingly agreeable, and chiefly in English. Madame P. spoke the language very correctly, though she had never visited our island. Mons. P., conseiller d'état, is a man highly esteemed in the world, both for his diplomatic and literary abilities. His manners are very simple and pleasing. Cards were not introduced.

The fashion of visiting in an evening to drink tea appears to be general at Geneva. The hour of assembling is eight. A cloth is spread upon the table with napkins and plates: a lady makes the tea, and the company are presented with delicate Naples biscuits, which are eaten out of their paper moulds with a teaspoon. This sociable method of gathering together round a table is more propitious to conversation than the manner of distributing the tea in England, where every art flourishes but the art of conversation, which dies from neglect where every thing is sacrificed for the sake of *display*, and where the exhibition of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine servants, fine house, fine every thing, constitutes the great delight of life.

We were given to understand, that the introduction of tea at the evening parties at Geneva was a custom borrowed from the English: whatever is English is popular here. To learn our language is a necessary part of polite education: most of the ladies understand it, and many of them speak it fluently. English literature is held in great estimation. Our modern writers are read and admired; and the names of Southey, Byron, and Scott are familiar in their mouths as household words. "Roderick" they styled a grand poem, but seemed to be better acquainted with the author's prose works than with any of his poetical productions except Roderick. I observed that "The Corsair," and "The Lady of the Lake," were preferred to the other poems of their respective authors, which I attribute to the greater perfection of the story: the story having a double charm for those who read in an acquired language.

A lady who happened to sit next me one evening expressed much admiration for the talents and accomplishments of English women; more especially for their great proficiency in music. But she said she could not help feeling some surprise that they should *all* be such perfect-mistresses of the art, and should play with such inimitable execution upon the harp. I smiled when she added, that she drew her information from our novels, so descriptive of our manners, where all the heroines touched the harp with consummate skill as a thing of course. She alluded to several traits of national character, which I perceived she had

culled from the same store; and she had formed such a peculiar set of notions, and drawn such unusual inferences from the descriptions she had read of English customs, that it was impossible to clear her mind of the erroneous, but not unfavourable, impressions it had received.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rousseau's House—Excursion to Ferney—Voltaire—Journey from Geneva—Scenery—Versoy—Copet—Lausanne—Magnificent Views of the Lake—Terrace Vineyards—Snails—Vevai—Tomb of Ludlow—Variety and Grandeur of the Landscape—Castle of Chillon—Bex—Bridge of St. Maurice—Peasantry—Goîtres—Pass between the Alps—Anecdote of General Berthencourt.

THE house in which Rousseau was born is situated in the corner of a street, at the entrance of the town. His name and the date of his birth are inscribed on a tablet affixed to the wall; but he spent so little of his life here, and connects so few of his vivid descriptions and feelings with the place, that it has not the power of calling up the spirit of the author to the willing fancy.

Ferney is about six miles from Geneva, on the road to Gex: and who would be at Geneva, and not visit the dwelling-place of Voltaire? Who would not rejoice to pay their homage at the shrine where incense has been offered by the rich and the mighty, by the wise and the learned, by the witty and the fair?—We hired a barouche, and drove to Ferney.

Local influences have given birth to feelings so exquisite, and so touchingly described, that it seems to be a wilful neglect of happiness not to seize the occasion to throw one's self in the way of such a luxury of delight: but, alas! though we

should get into the magic circle, the spell may fail, and the ghost may not choose to appear.

Two of the rooms in Voltaire's house are in the same state in which he left them. His drawing-room, which is fitted up somewhat in the style of the best parlour of an English country inn, and his bed-room beyond it, where hangs the picture of a fat woman, who might very well be taken for the landlady, but represents no less a personage (as our guide informed us) than Madame du Chatelet. There are likewise several other portraits: one of himself, of the King of Prussia, and of Le Kain, the actor; and a few shabby prints of his friends, and of celebrated men—General Washington, Newton, and some others. His own bust stands on a sort of monument of earthenware, resembling a stove, in which he designed that his heart should be deposited; but whether his wishes in this respect were complied with, or not, I am ignorant. The curtains of his bed are now very short, pieces having been torn off by travellers, who have taken them to preserve as relics; and the depredators being mostly English, they have paid so well for the liberty of spoliage, that the curtains, it is reported, have been renewed several times, in order to gratify the constant succession of visitors.

Near the house is the church which Voltaire dedicated to God: the inscription is defaced. The tomb which he intended for himself is built against the wall on the outside of the church. The terrace in his pleasure grounds affords a noble view

of the Alps; but in seeing them, one only thinks of the eternal snows which affected the eyes of the philosopher. The mind dwells not on the enchantment of the scenery, but turns almost intuitively to the genius of the place; and however incompetent to appreciate the beauties of his writings, and to estimate the powers of his mighty mind, yet still one may be allowed to indulge a train of thought connected with his celebrity, and to make some observations on the effects his works are calculated to produce on society.

No author ever laboured with more indefatigable zeal to vitiate public opinion, and degrade the standard of virtue, than Voltaire. It is true, that his efforts would have been vain, and probably, indeed, would never have been made, if the public mind had not been predisposed in their favour. The works of popular authors are “signs of the times:” but although their sentiments are usually the sentiments already afloat in the world, and their ideas do but meet the ideas of their readers, “giving them a local habitation and a name;” yet whilst opinion fluctuates, and vibrates between good and evil, it is in the power of an able writer to fix its impulse and direct its bias; and the author who rises the champion of virtue, stems the tide of corruption, stands between the dead and the living, and stays the plague, becomes a saviour to his country and a blessing to posterity. We cannot apostrophize Voltaire in the words of the prophet, and say to him, “Thou art the man.”

In communities where the pure and sublime precepts of the gospel have enlightened and exalted the principles of morality, a great length of time must elapse ere the vices and profligacy of individuals can contaminate the sentiments of the collective body, so far as to pollute and degrade public opinion. Such was the state of dissolute and abandoned manners in the court of France, from the time of Henry II., till it reached its acme, under the auspices of the regent, Duke of Orleans, that licentiousness was not only indulged, but applauded; vice not only practised, but gloried in; virtue not only despised, but derided; and at length religion not only neglected, but insulted. In the midst of this dissolution of principle, which continued during the reign of Louis XV., a swarm of philosophers sprung up, who, like the lights emitted by putrid bodies, gave a lustre and a beauty to corruption. They scattered the contagion of evil, and lent wings to the pestilence.

Voltaire shone amongst the rest with peculiar splendour: so commanding were his abilities, and so extraordinary the fascination of his writings, that he won "golden opinion from all sorts of people." There was nothing in his irreligion to distinguish him from his contemporaries, nor any new matter in his arguments against the revelation of Christ, to give them weight; but he hashed them up to the taste of the *million*, and brought infidelity (to use an expression of his own on a different subject) "*à la portée de tout le monde.*" The firebrands were ready to his hands; but he

was the Sampson who tied them to the foxes' tails, and spread the mischief through the land.

Whilst the Christian laments the perversion of such rare talents, and the careless infidel and the unprincipled libertine dwell with delight on the memory of Voltaire, it is strange that the sober-minded deist, who piques himself on his morality, and builds his future hopes on that basis,—it is strange that *he* should not turn with disgust from the loose principles, the disregard of truth, and the obscenity, and worse than obscenity, of the poet of Ferney. I say worse than obscenity, inasmuch as the robber who leaps over the hedge and gathers the grapes, and invites his companions to follow by enticing commendations of the fruit, is harmless; in comparison with the pernicious villain who breaks down the fence of the vineyard, “that all they that go by may pluck off the grapes; that the wild boar out of the wood may root up the vines, and the wild beasts of the field devour them.”

The greatest voluptuary that ever lived to corrupt mankind by a baleful example, and the most sensual writer that ever endeavoured to inflame the passions by wanton descriptions, have but a trifling share in the work of depravity, compared with the author who holds up to ridicule, and laughs to scorn, all modesty, purity, and decency of mind; and who, like Voltaire, exerts the utmost stretch of his genius, all the charms of his poetry, and all the force of his wit, to debase and vilify the virtue of chastity, and to bring it into contempt and derision.

On our return from Ferney we quitted the straight road to take a view of Delices, the place where Voltaire resided for several years; and we afterwards proceeded to the house of Mons. Constant, which is delightfully situated on a terrace;—here the Rhone and the Arve are seen flowing through the valley till they meet, and the reluctant streams continue to display the different colours of their waters for a considerable way, as they roll along in the same channel.

The vineyards in this neighbourhood are planted in a very peculiar manner. Each vine is set close to a couple of poplars or elms, which are left seven or eight feet high, the boughs being constantly cut off, so that they are only living stumps. The vines trained to these stumps grow at some distance from each other, in rows; a branch from the top of one vine is brought half way, when a branch from the next meets it, and they are tied together and supported by a stake: the ground is dug under these lines, and a considerable space is left between them for grass or corn.

The walks and rides in the neighbourhood of Geneva are exceedingly beautiful and interesting; and we left the town with regret.

There being no posting in Switzerland, travellers are obliged to hire horses in the principal towns for their journey, and pay for them by the day till they get home again. We gave twenty francs a day for two horses, and two francs in addition for the postilion. The voituriers make the same charge, whether they supply a carriage or only

horses ; indeed they rather prefer finding a voiture as well as the horses, which gives them a chance of passengers on their return. In Paris and other large towns advertisements appear continually from voituriers belonging to distant places, who are returning home, and are generally willing to convey travellers on very reasonable terms.

On the 21st of May we set out for Lausanne. We passed through Versoy, a small town built by the Duc de Choiseul to rival the trade of Geneva ; through Copet, where Necker resided for some years in a very pretty chateau not very distant from the road ; through Morges ; and a number of other towns and villages, encircled by vineyards and woods of walnuts, elms, and limes, with frequent views of the lake and the Alps beyond it.

Little can be imagined of the sublime or beautiful in scenery that is not comprised in this short journey.

The day was fine. A brisk south-west wind drove the clouds from the tops of the mountains, which remained perfectly clear, only that here and there a lagging mist wreathed itself about them.

In a few hours the sky became overcast, and we entered Lausanne in a heavy shower of rain. The town is built in such a manner as to cover the greatest part of a hill, which is divided into three ridges ; and none of the streets are on level ground, but up and down, and extremely steep. The views from the public walk are magnificent. The lake is nine miles across ; but the height of

the mountains, which rise from its brink on the opposite shore, so far exceeds the calculation of the eye, that this expanse of water appears scarcely wider than the Loire at Tours.

Whilst I gazed with wonder and admiration on these stupendous mountains, two lines of Miss More's, on a very different subject, occurred to my recollection :

“ To those who know them not, no words can paint,
And those who know them, know all words are faint.”

But this is not exactly the case. Accounts of Switzerland have been written by so many travellers, who have not only accurately described the appearance of the Alps, but have likewise expressed their own feelings and emotions on first beholding them, with such energy, and painted in such vivid colours the impressions their minds received, that, combining the whole, a reader's imagination may form a tolerable picture of the scene.

The summer was not sufficiently advanced to allow us to visit the vale of Chamouni, and the celebrated glaciers which were still buried in snow. The plan we formed was to go as far in the Valais as the cascade of the Pissevache, then to retrace our steps to Vevai, and proceed through Fribourg to Berne and Neuchatel, and return thence to Lausanne.

We engaged horses for the journey, and set out on Saturday, May 24th. It had rained all the preceding night, and the clouds still enveloped

the heads of the hills in impenetrable shade ; but their base was clear, and we could distinguish the houses and villages on the opposite bank of the lake. Meillerie fixed our attention, as a partial gleam of sunshine displayed it to our view. Our road passed through a country of no common description. It rises in high and steep slopes, and is covered with vines set very close together and trained to very short poles. The vines are planted on terraces, which are supported by stone walls. The odd uniformity of their appearance is frequently interrupted by trees, and villages, and masses of rock, and mountain torrents.

The wine made in this district is much esteemed, and called vin de Vaud.

The humidity of the morning had invited the snails abroad, to regale on the young shoots of the vines. They were creeping conspicuously on the leaves, with their shells upon their backs, as large as an egg, and of such a delicate texture, that they resembled soap bubbles blown in the sunshine. We have seen snails of this description exposed for sale in the markets, both in the south of France and in Switzerland*. They far exceed in their

* Dr. Ebel, in his account of the canton of Apenzel, says, " In the gardens near the river Sitter such numbers of snails are kept during the summer season, that the sound caused by the motion of their denticulated jaws while they are eating may be distinctly heard. Young snails are collected in the adjacent parts, and are placed in these gardens, where the owner supports them, till, on the approach of winter, they enclose themselves. In addition to the food which they find on the grounds, and which a cherry tree

wild state our English snails, both in size and beauty; and to what a degree of perfection they may arrive, when improved and *enlarged* by *education*, it would be difficult to determine; but I believe they never approach, in these degenerate days, to that capacious size which they have been represented to attain under the management of the ancient Roman epicures*.

Vevai is built on a flat promontory. Its situation is enchanting, excelling Lausanne in the harmony and lovely disposition of the scenery in its immediate vicinity, and commanding equal, if not superior views, of the lake and the Alps.

We were shown into a room at the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, where a party of English, who had just arrived in two handsome carriages, were sitting down very comfortably to dine at the table d'hôte at one o'clock.

The rain increasing, we gave up all thoughts of going further, and took the opportunity of a short

planted in every garden affords them, they are supplied with leaves of lettuces, cabbage, and other vegetables, by which they grow and fatten amazingly. Some time before Lent the owners pack up the closed snails in casks, and carry them for sale to the convents of Suabia, Bavaria, and Austria, and even as far as Vienna, where they are purchased as delicacies."

* "The manner used to fatten snails is related by some very grave authors of antiquity; and Pliny the Elder mentions one Fulvius Hirpinus who had studied that art with so much success, that the shells of some of his snails would contain about ten quarts. In some parts of Switzerland this food is still in high repute."—Note to the fifteenth letter in the first book of Melmoth's translation of Pliny's Letters.

interval of fair weather to walk to the church to see the tomb of our countryman General Ludlow. A stone against the wall, with a Latin inscription, marks the spot where rests the regicide. The house in which he lived is the last in the town on the road to Bex.

The morning of Sunday, May 25th, was beautifully clear. No one can truly estimate the value of a little sunshine who is not familiar with mountain scenery.

We left Vevai early; the landscape before us was more exquisite than any we had before seen. The swelling hills were covered with trees; the pink and white of the apple and pear blossom, contrasting with the young leaves of the tawny-coloured walnut, which displayed the tint of autumn, amidst other trees clothed in the pale and beautiful green of spring; villages peeping from amongst them; the lake sleeping before them; the Alps rising to the skies around them. The freshness and brilliancy of the morning added to the witchery of the scene. Some of the mountains sparkled in the sunbeams, from their crowns to their feet; a broad cloud spread over others, as if it lay at rest upon their heads, till the astonished eye discovered that it was but a belt, and that the presumptuous brows of the mountains rose high above the clouds.

Passing the birth-place of Julie, we alighted at the Castle of Chillon, at the head of the lake, and visited those dungeons where the sigh of the captive is no longer heard, and the scaffold and the

gibbet are viewed but as relics of the past, "their occupation gone." The castle is used as a depôt for gunpowder, under the guard of an invalid soldier, by whom we were admitted.

At Villeneuve, a village in the canton of Berne, we quitted the borders of the lake, and entered a flat valley, in the centre of which is a kind of platform bound with rock, with a square tower upon it, said to be of Roman architecture.

The Alps inclose this valley every way; and the snows of winter, which on their summits defy the summer suns, were yet so little melted from their sides, that they descended partially to their very base, and even touched the beautiful verdant carpet enamelled with flowers, which spring had already spread at their feet. The valley contracts near Bex, and the town seems to be imprisoned by nature; as though the Alps in frolic had gambolled round it, and forming a ring had cooped it in a little hollow, from which there was no escape.

The service of the church was just over at the moment of our arrival; and the sight of a great number of people assembled in a spot of such total seclusion added surprise and interest to the scene.

We only halted for a few hours, to bait our horses; and continuing our route we soon reached a spot where two ranges of the highest Alps almost meet, and the Rhone runs in the chink between them. A bridge of one arch is thrown across the river from cliff to cliff. Broken crags

and falling trees half conceal it. The Spirit of romance dwells here,

O'er the deep glen fantastic shadows flings,
And hurls the torrents from their secret springs.

On the opposite side of the river stands St. Maurice, the first town in the Valais. As we drove through the streets, the inhabitants ran out of their houses to look at us. The women wore small flat straw hats, lined with black, trimmed with a ribbon of silk, and tinsel on the crown, and the edge turned up all round. Their persons are slight, and some of them might be rather pretty, but for that terrible deformity of swelled throats, (goîtres), which puts to flight every idea of beauty, and renders their appearance scarcely human. I am fully persuaded that this hideous malady proceeds from the position in which the heads of the children are kept, by being always thrown back, from the necessity they are under, in these perpendicular countries, of looking upwards; and nature, to keep the balance, hangs a weight on the throat in front. Perhaps if children wore a bandage round their necks to support them, it might prevent their growing to such a pitch of deformity.

We pursued our way by the side of the Rhone, in a narrow glen, flanked by two vast mountains, La Dent du Midi on one hand, and La Dent de la Morcle on the other; and before us Alps on Alps with le grand St. Bernard at their head. We were now on the road—the great work of Bonaparte—which commencing at Geneva, passes on the

southern border of the lake, and extends over Mont Simplon into Italy. The ascent is so gradual, that it only rises two inches and a half in the length of six feet the whole of the way, a distance of fourteen leagues. The expense of keeping it in repair is very great, as it is liable to frequent damage by the falling of the rocks and snow. Before it was made, the passage into Italy across the Alps was extremely dangerous.

In the year 1802 General Berthencourt, at the head of a thousand men, was sent by Bonaparte to pass Mont Simplon. Some rocks and snow had tumbled from the mountains, and carried away a bridge, so that the road was stopped by a dreadful abyss sixty feet in width. An intrepid volunteer offered to cross it, and descending by the fragments of the broken bridge, he succeeded in his attempt; and having carried some cord with him, it was fastened across the chasm from rock to rock. The general passed over next, suspended by his hands from the rope, and after him all the battalion, each soldier having his arms and knapsack fastened round him. They had brought with them five dogs, who stood watching them as they passed over, one by one; and when the last man had reached the other side, the poor animals all at once flung themselves into the gulf. Three of them were carried away by the torrent; but the other two arrived, covered with bruises, at the feet of their masters. This anecdote is related in most of the French accounts of the passage over the Simplon.

CHAPTER XX.

Cascade of the Pissevache—Return to Bex—Saltworks—Vevai—Lausanne—Genteel Families admit Boarders—Peasantry of the Pays de Vaud—Journey from Lausanne—Cossonex—Sarra—Orbe—Yverdon—Comparison of the Expenses between the Hotels of Switzerland and France—Charges—Attendants—Lake of Neuchatel—Scenery—Fine Monument—Weather—Return towards France—Passage of the Jura—Mortiers Travers—Rousseau—Mountains—Verrières—River Doubs—Pont Arlier.

THE cascade of the Pissevache is a few miles distant from St. Maurice. The torrent precipitates itself from a mountain of prodigious height, but still not towering beyond the reach of the eye, which can distinguish the stream as it descends from the summit. It has worked itself no channel in the mountain, but rushes down the rugged and unyielding surface, and when, at length, it arrives within three hundred feet of the bottom, it falls over a broad rock, in one vast unbroken sheet of foam *. In the morning it catches the sunbeams, and reflects all the colours of the rainbow.

Abundant as are the waters of this noble cascade, and impetuously and madly as they roll from the brow of the huge Alp, yet is the effect but trifling; for such is the enormous, the inconceivable magnitude of the mountains, that the

* This account of its height appeared to us to agree with the truth; but others mention the last fall as being only a hundred feet.

Rhone itself descending their ample sides would show but as a narrow stripe of silver, and this vast cataract, which in a more bounded space would excite astonishment by its grandeur, appears but "a cipher in the great account" of stupendous scenery around.

Whilst we stood watching the mighty waters tumbling headlong at our feet, with one loud and continuous roar, and then gliding a silent stream to join the Rhone at a few paces distance, the clouds, which had been gathering for some hours, began to pelt us with heavy drops. The women and children, who had assembled in crowds to point out the cascade—an object which nothing could hide,—and others, who were breathless with haste to overtake us and come in for their share of what we might bestow, quarrelled about their claims to our bounty, and we were glad to throw a few pieces of small coin on the ground, and to escape into our carriage whilst they were engaged in scrambling for them.

The drenching shower continued to pour with unabated violence during our return to Bex. We had a confused view, through the thick heavy rain, of the surrounding objects: the narrow pass we were in appeared like a subterranean cavern; the shattered rocks, the trees uprooted and hanging by their roots, the mountains above us, the gulf below us, all assumed a more terrific aspect, thus indistinctly seen; whilst the pattering of the rain, the howling of the wind, the din of the cataracts rushing down the precipices, and the roaring of

the river at the bottom, produced a sensation of indefinite dismay and terror on the mind.

The recollection that near the bridge part of the road had given way, and left barely sufficient room to pass, close to a perpendicular chasm, so deep as to seem like a bottomless pit, against which there was no fence, brought home a more reasonable apprehension of danger, and contracted the imagination within the bounds of reality. To this cause of alarm our postilion was as much alive as ourselves, and as it grew very dark, he was exceedingly careful in guiding his horses over the broken part of the road. We have had frequent occasion to remark, that the postilions in Switzerland are more timid in driving than in France, and lock the carriage wheels, and alight to hold the horses' heads, on a descent where a French driver would trot along at his usual pace.

We reached Bex in safety. The Hotel des Trois Couronnes is reckoned one of the best in Switzerland. It was burnt down by lightning in the year 1806, during a dreadful storm, which did great damage. The house is rebuilt in a very commodious style, and kept particularly clean. On our way to the cascade we had dined here at the table d'hôte at one o'clock, and when we returned, we drank tea *à la mode Anglaise*. We had honey from the vale of Chamouni, but did not find it so delicate in flavour as that which we had tasted at Narbonne.

Bex is a flourishing little town, owing in a great measure to the salt-works in its vicinage. The

springs from which the salt is obtained are in a large cavern, and the entrance is cut through the rock. Most travellers go to see them, but we did not. They are the only saltworks in Switzerland, and supply from fifteen to twenty thousand quintaux of salt annually.

The morning of Monday, May the 26th, was fair, and on our way we had a few gleams of sunshine—of this marvellous sunshine that works such wonders!—crowning the hills with glory, and making the valleys “laugh and sing;” scattering gold and purple on the mountains; bleaching the fleecy mists as they roll along the plains, and casting the sparkles of the diamond on the blue surface of the waters.

We had scarcely reached the lake, when this glorious sun, which had risen as a giant rejoicing to run his course, was “shorn of his beams;” the day became gloomy and excessively cold, and the rain soon fell in torrents. We staid only a few hours at Vevai; for finding the weather so unfavourable, and no prospect of any change, we relinquished, though with much reluctance, our intended tour through Fribourg and Berne, and returned straight to Lausanne to our Hotel du Lion d’Or.

A Swiss gentleman, Mons. Constant, with whom we had been acquainted in England, was so obliging as to direct our attention to what was worthy of observation, and to take us to the house where Gibbon resided, and point out to us the little summer-house in which he mentions that he finished

his history; and which, being in a gloomy dark spot, has no other attraction than what it derives from the memory of the historian.

Between twenty and thirty English families spent the last winter at Lausanne. We observed one morning so many gentlemen and ladies on horse-back and in carriages, going out of the town, that we inquired the cause, and learnt that the magnet was a horse-race, a few milès off, which had been set on foot by the English.

It is customary here, as well as at Geneva, for genteel private families to admit boarders as inmates into their houses. An English gentleman of our acquaintance gave twelve guineas a month for his accommodation, without any separate sitting room for his own use: but in France and Switzerland people are so much in the habit of spending the greatest part of their time in their bedchambers, that a parlour is by no means so much amongst the necessaries of life as in England. In another family, sixteen guineas a month were expected. This gentleman informed us, that he had previously taken some pains to ascertain the terms at Geneva, and found that the usual charge was twenty guineas a month. We thought the prices very high, even allowing for the advantages of being domesticated with a family of respectability, and introduced into society as one of its members.

There is nothing very peculiar in the dress of the peasantry of the Pays de Vaud, except the hats of the women, which are made of straw, very large and flat, having in the centre, instead of a

crown, a round handle, like the top of a walking-stick. They wear black caps, with broad black lace borders. They have fairer complexions than the women in Normandy, but have not their unembarrassed obliging manner, nor are they so robust and happy in appearance; however, they bear a stronger resemblance to the peasantry of France than to the peasantry of England: whilst the higher classes are not like French people, and approach much nearer to the English, both in look and manner; but still they retain a distinctive character of their own—at least the women. National character is more strongly marked, and more perfectly preserved, amongst women than men; they have fewer opportunities of correcting their prejudices by mixing with foreigners: their education, in every particular country, is more uniform; and they are trained in such strict habits of submission to the customs of that country, and are so fashioned and modelled by public opinion, that the character of each may be rather termed national than individual. The restraint in which women are brought up checks the developement of any original or peculiar turn of mind, and prevents their displaying so much diversity of character as men: neither have they equal means of acquiring *professional* character, which crosses and breaks through national habits, and offers more points of similarity with the rest of the world; for instance, a barber;—the character of a barber is said to be the same in every country under the sun.

We left Lausanne on Wednesday, May the 28th, and passed through very pretty verdant scenery to Cossonex, where we had a magnificent view over a beautiful slope of wood and lawn, which conducts the eye back to the lake of Geneva, with a ramification of Alps beyond that seems to extend through all extent.

We stopped to rest the horses at the small town of Sarra. Here, as well as in all the neighbouring villages, the houses stand a little way back from the street, and the space is occupied by the dunghills, which are stationed by the side of the front door, and are nearly as large as the houses themselves; and though neatly made into square stacks, yet the wet oozing out, lies round them, abominable to the smell, and offensive to the eye. The people are not so careful and vigilant to pick up the manure which may happen to fall on the road as they are in France; but when they do employ themselves in that office, they carry a hamper fastened on their backs, and taking up the manure with a spade, they toss it over their shoulder into the hamper. This is a feat that requires great dexterity in its performance. The people carry every thing on their backs, even water, which is put into an oval bucket as deep as a churn.

After leaving Sarra, we soon came in sight of the lake of Neuchatel, and the town of Orbe. There is a road from this place which passes over the Jura by Jougne to Pont Arlier.

Orbe is situated in a valley, and the descent is very steep. The sudden appearance of the river,

confined between two high rocks, and rushing through the single arch of a bridge, is strikingly picturesque. We walked down the hill, and through the town, and afterwards had another view of the river Orbe, rolling rapidly between its rocky banks from the Jura, where it rises ; but before it reaches the lake of Neuchatel, it winds through a very flat valley, which was once a swamp, and, though drained and cultivated, still retains a marshy appearance. The town of Yverdun stands at the end of the valley, near the lake. An avenue of poplars leads to it. The streets are handsome, wide, and clean; and there are two very good hotels, the Sauvage, and the Maison Rouge: we were at the latter.

We found that the charges in the hotels in Switzerland varied very little from each other, and were as high as in the south of France; the usual rate being six francs each for dinner, two francs for breakfast, and three for every bed. But the hotels in the south of France are much more superbly fitted up, and the table much better served; the art of cookery being carried to greater perfection in France than in Switzerland.

It appeared to us that, in the western division of France, drawing a line from Paris to Carcassonne, the necessaries of life were more abundant and cheaper than in the eastern. The charges at the inns were much lower, being four francs (and sometimes less) for dinner, one franc for breakfast, and one franc for each bed. The expenses at the tables d'hôte were very moderate every where,

never being higher than three francs ten sous, nor lower than two francs, including a bottle of common wine or cider.

At Geneva, and every other town in Switzerland, excepting Bex, we have been attended by men, and sometimes several have been occupied in bringing up our dinner, as in England; where three waiters will contrive to employ themselves in putting a mutton chop upon the table, and remind one of a scene in Addison's comedy of the Drummer, where, a pen and ink having been required, the butler, coachman, and gardener come in, one carrying the pen, another the ink, and the third the paper. But in England every thing must be done in a certain style; and our large inns are so handsomely furnished, so well appointed, so much parade and display in them, and the charges of course proportionably high, that the expenses become exorbitant, without any equivalent increase of comfort. But the greatest difference in the expense of travelling in France or in England arises from the remuneration of the servants, who in England expect at least five times as much as they do in France, and at last are neither so civil nor so thankful. In France you have seldom more than one person in attendance; who, whether man or woman, not only waits at table, but makes your bed, and for all this trouble is content with the gift of one franc from a small party, and highly pleased with the addition of a ten sous piece.

In Switzerland and some parts of France one

bed is laid upon another, instead of a counterpane. Sleeping between two beds gives one the idea of being smothered; but the upper bed is of down, and as light as a blanket. Pillows are used in Switzerland as well as bolsters; but in France they are not considered to be part of the bed furniture, and are never provided unless they are desired, and then very smart *oreillers*, trimmed round with muslin, are brought.

On Thursday, May the 29th, we proceeded to Neuchâtel. The road lies on the northern border of the lake, and for the greatest part of the way closed on its margin. The scenery, which at a distance appeared to be meagre, discovered a variety of pretty features on a nearer approach. Promontories covered with wood run into the lake. Beautiful small valleys display themselves here and there, and villages embosomed in trees. The mountains of Jura are on the left; and the view over the lake is terminated by a most extensive and wonderful range of Alps, reaching from Mont Blanc to their furthest extremity in the opposite direction.

At Baudrey we crossed a little playful streamlet, the Rouse, that babbled along its pebbly channel, and sparkled in the sunshine. We passed Colombier, so long the residence of Marshal Keith; and arrived at Neuchâtel early in the day.

This town is built on a high promontory, sloping to the lake. The church and the castle are on the hill: the best streets and buildings are on a level with the lake, and beautiful gravel walks,

between rows of limes and horse-chestnuts, stretch along its borders. Upon the whole, Neuchatel is a very handsome town, in a fine situation; but the climate is not agreeable, the winters being severe and long. We found vegetation much less forward here than either at Lausanne or Geneva.

Having been informed that a magnificent monument of the Prince of Neuchatel's family was in the church, we walked up the hill to see it. When we were admitted, our conductor opened the door of a sort of large press against the wall, where the whole family were assembled. At the time of the Reformation the tomb was removed, and these royal personages were all put into this cupboard together.

We had been meditating a little excursion from Neuchatel to the lake of Bienne, and the Isle St. Pierre, Rousseau's favourite retirement; but the weather, which prevented our tour through Fribourg, again disappointed us. In the evening of our arrival a heavy rain set in, and the cold was excessive, so that we determined to turn our faces at once towards France; and on the morning of May the 30th we quitted Neuchatel.

We had now the more northern extremity of Mont Jura to cross, and entering a narrow glen, we travelled up a steep acclivity for three leagues. High mountains reared their heads of snow on each side. The end of the glen was closed by a ridge of rock running across it. We began to descend by a very narrow terrace road, which suddenly left the side of the mountain, and turned

on the top of this ridge. We instantly determined to alight; but our postilion did not wait till we could make our wishes known, and informed us the road was so dangerous, that he hoped we would walk. He had brought from the last village a man to go on one side of the horses, whilst he went on the other; and in this manner they led them, the road being only just wide enough for a carriage, and a precipice on each side, without the slightest parapet or other defence. It was alarming even to walk upon it. When we reached the furthest point, we found that it was separated from the opposite mountain by a narrow chasm, and the road making a sharp angle descended in a zigzag down the side of the ridge into the valley. When we came to the bottom, we looked up with terror, to see the carriage almost in a perpendicular line several hundred feet above us. We observed that workmen were employed in cutting the rock, to continue the terrace road on the side of the mountain, to avoid this dangerous and frightful descent.

As the carriage followed us very slowly, we amused ourselves by walking on the bank of a rapid stream, and tracing it to its source in a rocky mountain, out of which it bursts, and part pouring on a mill, the rest falls in a very romantic cascade.

Though in the midst of mountains, our road pursued a very level course to the end of the stage at Mortier Travers. It was here, in a very humble dwelling, that Rousseau resided for more than two years. His house is now the habitation of a shoemaker. In the room where he usually sat we

were shown a little wooden shelf, which he left there fastened against the wall, and which served him for a desk to write upon. The gallery behind the house still remains, and answers the description he gives of it, when his neighbours assembled in the yard and pelted him with stones, which was the immediate cause of his quitting Mortiers.

During the time of his residence here, his early benefactress, Madame Warens, died. He had ceased to correspond with her for some time; and it is a curious circumstance, that he does not appear to be aware that his total neglect of this generous friend in her age and poverty could be any impeachment of the unshaken attachment, the entire devotion, and the deep sense of obligation which he professes to feel for her. But he had so wrapped himself up in the imagination that his bosom was replete with all the benevolent affections, the kind sympathies, all the better feelings, and tender charities of life, that he was absolutely unconscious of the hardness of his heart, even when relating such flagrant instances of his want of common humanity. The abandonment of his five children, whom he sent to the foundling hospital in Paris, and never saw afterwards, did, it is true, occasionally grate upon his conscience whilst he was bodying forth his thoughts on education. But these misgivings of the mind had no reference, except to himself and to the children; he never took into consideration that it was an act of cruelty to any other individual; and alive as he describes himself to be in every nerve to the

voice of sensibility, he shows no touch of sympathy, no bowels of compassion, for the poor MOTHER; but tears her infants, one after another, from her breast, without even a single compunctious expression for the barbarous deed! At the same time, luxuriating in his fervid imagination, he draws a beautiful picture of maternal love, and in an eloquent and affecting appeal to mothers, he calls upon them to perform the tenderest of duties, and to nourish their children in their own bosoms.

We changed horses at Mortiers, and were soon inclosed again by the side of a brook in a deep glen; to get out of which we were obliged to ascend a very high mountain. We were rather puzzled to discover where the brook got in; but at length we found that it leaped through a fissure in the rock. This rivulet, joined by other streams, makes its way to Baudrey, where we had noticed it, and thence to the lake of Neuchatel.

At last, with great toil, we reached the summit of this part of the Jura, and found ourselves on a level with the snow, which lay in patches round us; and we seemed to be removed back to winter again. The leaves were only just bursting forth on the lime trees; the cherries and pears were in blossom near the villages, which are built in every hollow. These villages have a very neat exterior. Every house consists of two stories. The first is of stone, white-washed; the upper one is of wood, unpainted. The roofs are covered with small square pieces of wood, laid one over another like tiles. Sometimes each *wooden tile*

is cut pointed at the bottom ; and when the roof is completed with them, it has the appearance of being covered with small hexagons. The chimneys are made of wood, and have a sloping roof on the top, which has an odd effect.

The mountains of Jura form an extensive chain to the north-west of the Lake of Geneva, and preserve a distinct character, dissimilar in every respect to the Alps. Even where most broken and romantic, there is something of a straight line observable on their summits, like those near Thiers in Auvergne.

I have seen no mountains which bear the slightest resemblance to the Alps except the Mont Dor. Those in the north of England and in Scotland have features peculiar to themselves, without the least similarity either to the Alps or the Jura.

After descending for some time, we passed through Verrières, the first village in France. A little meandering rivulet accompanied us, and we found ourselves once more in a valley surrounded by cloud-capped mountains. A huge rock rises in the centre of the valley, and nearly fills it. On the summit of this rock, which appears to be inaccessible, a fortress is built, to defend the pass. The road winds on one side, and the little rivulet steals round on the other : but we met again when we had passed the fortress, and continued our course together to Pont Arlier ; but before we arrived, our rivulet, joined by another stream, swelled to a river, the Doubs : we crossed it on entering the town, and drove to the Hotel de la

Poste. The people spoke much of the distress of the poor, and asked us for a trifle for their relief. They told us that the police distributed bread twice a week amongst them ; but the bread was sixpence a pound, the poor without employ, and the famine sore in the land. The spring too was very backward, and the weather unusually severe. Of this latter circumstance we were feelingly convinced, for the cold was so piercing, that we had some difficulty to keep ourselves warm by a good fire, though the gentle month of May was so near its close.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pont-Arlier—La Grange d'Aleine—Ornans—River Loue—Deep Well—View of Besançon—Discontents of the Poor—River Doubs—Auxonne—Dijon, ancient Capital of Burgundy—Handsome Buildings—Churches—River Ouche—Pont de Pany—Côte d'Or—Rouvray—Avallon—River Cousin—Beggars—Auxerre—River Yonne—Champagne—Villeneuve sur Yonne—Sens—English Comforts—Vineyards—Montereau—Melun—Price of Provisions and of Labour—Storm—Charenton—Beggars—Arrival in Paris.

May 31. To Besançon, 45 miles.

PONT-ARLIER is not an ill-built town; but it is in a very bleak situation, surrounded by downs, where we saw, as we passed along, abundance of cattle grazing. We changed horses at la Grange d'Aleine. The direct road to Dijon passes through Salins; and there is so little travelling this way, that when the people at the post-house hear the crack of a postilion's whip, they run to catch the horses on the common. We were obliged to wait for some time, and the weather being extremely cold, we were glad to warm ourselves by the kitchen-fire at the post-house.

We continued our route through the same high bleak country, till at length descending into a deep glen, we found at the bottom the town of Ornans, in a most picturesque little dell, skirted with hills; some clothed in a vest of the richest verdure, their brows encircled with a band of rock, a fringe of trees above, and another hanging from its crevices below; some entirely covered with wood, some with

vineyards, and on the summit of one, which rose perpendicularly behind the town, a small village was perched. It would be difficult to imagine a greater variety of scenery, or more beautifully disposed. The river Loue runs through the town. We ascended from the valley by a winding road amongst these swelling hills, and passed close to a remarkable well, which, in rainy seasons, overflows to such an excess as to inundate the country; and what is still more extraordinary, it pours forth, in the water, great quantities of *umles*, a fish resembling the grayling.

After quitting the precincts of this beautiful glen, we travelled over a long tract of high ground, when suddenly an extensive valley was displayed to our view. A rapid descent conducted us towards it; but we turned between two ranges of hills, covered with woods and vineyards, the river Doubs flowing at their base. This beautiful landscape slightly resembles Matlock in Derbyshire.

After passing through a little charming village embosomed in trees, we saw before us a large fortified castle "sentinelled" on the point of a high rock, "looking defiance to assault." A thick wood covered the side of the opposite hill to the very brink of the river; and in the opening glen the town of Besançon appeared in a situation of uncommon beauty. We were detained some minutes at the gate whilst our passport was examined: we then received a ticket which we were directed to send to the *mairie*, to obtain an order for post horses when we left Besançon. These precautions

were taken (as we were informed at our hotel) on account of the number of depredations committed in the town and neighbourhood. We saw notices *placarded* against the walls of the houses, that in consequence of the frequent robberies, no one would be admitted after the gates were shut in the evening, without a very strict examination.

Bread had been extremely dear; as high as sixteen sous (eightpence) a pound: it was reduced to fivepence; but the poor still continue discontented, and the town is full of military.

The streets are handsome, long, and wide, and kept exceedingly clean. Remains of Roman architecture are visible in many parts of the town. A triumphal arch is turned into a gateway, being closed up in part with masonry: it leads to the cathedral and also to the fort. This fort was built by Louis XIV., and is rendered almost impregnable by its situation on the rock. The town is strongly fortified. The walks in the vicinity are very pretty, and the country is covered with wild flowers; amongst others, we saw the dark-blue columbine, which tossing its head aloft, was conspicuously ornamental.

The weather at last appeared to be settled: it was fair, clear, and severely cold.

We had been told by the postmaster at la Grange d'Aleine, that the English ambassador, with his lady, and two female servants, had changed horses there the preceding day. We discovered, by accident, at the Hotel National, at Besançon, where the carriage had stopped, that this *soi-disant* En-

glish ambassador was no other than the footman belonging to the two ladies, whom he called his attendants, and who rode in the carriage, whilst he was exalted on the barouche seat with the lady's maid. It must be confessed that the fashion of having a barouche-box to every kind of carriage favours such an imposition; for who in their senses could imagine that the English gentlemen and ladies would perch their servants before their post-chaise windows, or in front of their open carriages, and be content themselves to sit behind them, with a full view of their backs, which effectually intercept any better prospect?

June 2d. To Dijon $67\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

At the end of the first stage we rejoined the Doubs, and continued to travel with it to the next. This is a very excursive river: we first met with it in the Jura, twisting itself about continually almost into a figure of eight. From Pont-Arlier it takes a large circuit through St. Ursane, St. Hypolite, and Malhuy, before it turns back again, to get to Besançon. From St. Vit to Dole it meanders in a flat valley, bounded by an elevation on which the road passes. The river is of such equal width, as to appear like a winding canal. Near the Moulin-rouge it falls over a reef of rock, which crosses its bed diagonally, and which we might have mistaken for the dam of a mill, if it had not been pointed out to us as the cascade of the Doubs.

The town of Dole is situated on this river. The

high tower of its church is distinguishable at a great distance. It seems to be a large place, full of trade and bustle. Here we took our leave of the Doubs, which empties itself into the Saône at Verdun.

The face of the country continued flat and open, without fences of any sort to be seen. The road being made with gravel, was very good till we came near Auxonne, a town on the Saône, over which we passed by a handsome bridge. Some of the meadows bordering the river were full of rich grass, ready for mowing; whilst in others a great number of cattle were grazing. The road is raised upon arches for a considerable way, to secure it from being overflowed by the river.

We soon lost sight of the Saône, and its luxuriant meadows: the country continuing flat to Genlis, which is built, as well as several other places in this neighbourhood, like an English village, the houses being low, clean, and apart from each other. In general, a French village is like one bad street of a dirty town.

We perceived the beautiful taper spires of the churches at Dijon a long time before we reached the town, which stands in an extensive plain. It is walled round, but not guarded. We entered at the gate of St. Pierre, and our passport was not demanded. We went almost through the town before we came to the Hotel Condé, which is at the west gate.

This ancient city, so long the metropolis of Burgundy, has lost all its consequence; but its

magnificent public edifices, the squares, the promenades, the park, the number, magnitude, and ornamented architecture of the churches, bespeak its former grandeur. The churches are dreadfully defaced and mutilated, and many are destroyed : the fish-market is held in the ruins of one, and the corn-market in the ruins of another. The streets are wide and clean, and many families of rank still reside in the town, forming a select and agreeable society. The climate is reckoned good, but we did not find vegetation forward ; and on the 3d of June the weather was so piercingly cold, that I wore a large fur tippet over my cloth pelisse when I walked out.

The country, though seemingly well cultivated, is not fertile ; and though rather pleasant and cheerful, is not pretty : it is distinguished by no bold features. The Ouche is but an insignificant river, and no hills appear, except to the westward, where they rise, and are crowned with villages.

The inhabitants of Dijon seemed to be quiet and contented, though the streets were full of beggars ; but that has been the case in every town we have passed through, both in France and Switzerland, since we left Limoges.

The statue of a female figure in a car, drawn *à la Française* by three horses abreast, ornaments the west gate of the town. We at first took her for Aurora scattering roses, and wondered how she came to be exalted on the *western* entrance ; but we afterwards discovered that she represented

Peace with her olive-branches, and had been placed there but a short time.

June 5. To Avallon 79½ miles.

All the diligences go through Troyes to Paris; but we chose the road by Auxerre, having been informed that it passed through a pleasanter country. It led us amongst the hills and rocks to the west of Dijon, on the borders of the river Ouche.

At the end of the first stage, Pont de Pany, we ascended a steep hill near the ruin of a large castle. The land was chiefly in tillage, and the rye was in ear; but the rest of the corn so little out of the ground, that it did not give it even a shade of green. The country is neither rich nor handsome; so that I fancy it must have obtained the name of the Côte d'Or from the colour of its soil, which is a reddish yellow.

We came frequently near the canal of Burgundy, which seems to be completed, but not used. It is choked up with weeds, and the toll-houses at the locks are uninhabited.

We changed horses at La Chaleur, a miserable bleak place. Our road was by no means on a level, being always up and down; but it was rather getting into hollows, and getting out again, than going over hills. The whole of this day's journey we had a wide uninteresting prospect over ploughed grounds: we saw no vineyards till we came to Rouvray, a small town, where we changed horses. We did not reach Avallon till it was quite dark; but we found good accommodations at the

Hotel de la Poste. At supper we had a sort of cake of thick cream, like a soft cheese, which, at the desire of our landlady, we ate with sugar, and found it very good; but she said we were the first travellers from our country she had been able to persuade to taste it with sugar, for, in spite of all she could urge, the English would persist in calling it *fromage*, and in eating it with salt. She told us that the bread here was still fivepence a pound, and that the poor suffered much distress.

Avallon is a small town, which stands very prettily on the brow of an eminence; and from a handsome walk, between rows of clipped lime-trees, a very fine view presents itself of a well wooded glen, through which the river Cousin flows. Rocks jut out from among the trees; and in the valley is seen a village, and the bridge over the river.

June 6. To Auxerre, $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The weather had undergone a complete change in the course of the last twenty-four hours, and this morning was intolerably hot.

At a very short distance from Avallon the outline of the country becomes nearly straight, though it is not absolutely a flat, but undulates, and the rising slopes are covered with vineyards, between stripes of rye, lucerne, and other crops. Being totally without trees, and not separated by fences, the landscape would not be unaptly represented by a tailor's card of patterns.

As we proceeded, the land seemed to be composed only of pieces of brown stone: fortunately

vines' grow, where nothing else will; for here its sterility baffles the labour of the ploughman. People were employed in loosening the earth between the vines, which were not so forward as they were in the Pays de Vaud, where the vineyards had received their spring dressing, and the rows of beans amongst them were in blossom. Through this part of the country the labour remains to be done. The peasantry look poor and dirty; and beggars abound, not only in the towns and villages, but on the roads, where droves of children pursue strangers, and importune them for alms. In the yard of the post-house at Rouvray, whilst our horses were changed in the midst of a host of mendicants, one poor sick man was actually wheeled to us by some of the others to beg, in his bed, which was laid in a cart for that purpose.

The appearance of the country improves near Auxerre, the river Yonne being seen bordered with green meadows. We crossed it by a handsome bridge, and drove to the Hotel du Leopard, situated on the quay. The river is navigable here, and for some leagues higher up, and conveys to Paris not only the wines of lower Burgundy, but also large quantities of wood for fuel. A great number of boats were lying at the quay. The houses facing the river looked cheerful, from the little gardens before them being full of Burgundy roses, syringa, pinks, and the roses de Meaux, all in flower.

From the bridge, the view of the town, with its large and conspicuous churches, is striking. The

cathedral is remarkable for the loftiness of its roof, which is supported by Gothic pillars. The ornaments are defaced, and one of the towers is destroyed. The boulevards are shaded with lime-trees, and afford a pleasant walk ; but the streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses low and altogether miserable, except on the quay. The Leopard is a very indifferent inn, and we were charged six francs for a bottle of Burgundy, though this is one of the principal towns of the province where it is made, and at Paris we should not have paid more than four francs for wine of superior quality. The price of the Macon was five francs a bottle, and in Paris it seldom exceeds thirty sous.

June 7. To Sens, $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A few miles from Auxerre we entered Champagne. Trees are so thickly planted on each side of the road, that we could only obtain a glimpse of the country now and then, till we came in sight of the ancient town of Joigny, which stands on the northern bank of the Yonne. We drove over the bridge and along the quay, but did not go into the town. The road from hence to Sens leads through a flat valley, watered by the river Yonne, filled with meadows and corn-fields, and bounded by low hills covered with vines.

We passed through Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, a pleasant town with a large church and one long wide street.

We reached Sens by four o'clock ; and in going

to the Hotel de l'Ecu, in the centre of the town, we observed that the streets were lined with soldiers, and found they were stationed here on account of continual riots; for the people, who flocked from the country every night, and insisted that there was corn hoarded up, were with difficulty prevented from breaking into the granaries. The town is encompassed by walls, which are in a dilapidated state; the gateways have all been blocked up lately, except two which are kept guarded to prevent the discontented multitude from pouring into the town. The people have been driven to such extremity, by the scarcity and extraordinary dearth of provisions, as to eat the very grass. Subscriptions have been made to distribute broth amongst them twice a week, and the price of bread is now fallen to four-pence a pound; but they are still in want of employment, and very turbulent.

Sens is surrounded on the outside of the walls by boulevards, planted with noble rows of trees, which bestow an ample shade on this delightful promenade. The town consists principally of one very handsome street, in the centre of which stands the large and venerable cathedral. It suffered much injury in the time of trouble and revolution, but its admired painted windows escaped unbroken. Besides those which are the work of the famous Jean Cousin, there are two large circular windows, the painting on one of which represents the joys of paradise, and on the other the punishments of hell.

The magnificent monument by the hand of William Coustou, (erected by Louis XV. in memory of his son the dauphin and his wife, the parents of Louis XVI.) which was conveyed from the church and happily concealed whilst the fury of the revolutionary storm raged, is now restored. Thomas à Becket retired from Canterbury during the displeasure of Henry II. to Sens; and one of the chapels in the cathedral is dedicated to him.

Several English families reside in the town and in the neighbourhood; and it is almost incredible what great numbers pass through. Yesterday we met several carriages on the road, and two barouches drove into the court of the hotel soon after our arrival. Half a dozen ladies jumped out, so smartly dressed, in their silk petticoats and coloured ribbons, that no doubt could be entertained of their country, even if their speech had not bewrayed them.

Sens lying in the direct road from Paris into Switzerland, Italy, and the south of France, the travellers who throng its streets are generally tourists seeking for pleasure in a foreign ramble. But the frequent object of the English who settle in provincial towns is economy; not that the necessities of life are so much cheaper in France as speedily to cover the expenses of a long journey, but people are glad to disburden themselves of some of their comforts, which in England are multiplied to such an excess, that we suffer the fate of Tarpeia, and are absolutely overwhelmed by their load.

“ 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.”

We have carried our refinements to agony. Even in the middle walks of life every thing must be in a certain style, which exceeds the point where convenience ends, and folly begins. Our very furniture is designed more for show than service ; our carpets are too handsome to be trod upon, our grates too highly polished to have a fire in them, our tongs and pokers are too brilliant to be used, our horses are too tenderly kept to go out in the cold and rain, our carriages too beautifully varnished to be exposed to the sun ; and at last every thing grows too expensive to be obtained, and we pour in shoals to France.

June 8. To Melun 48 miles.

We met with little change or variety in the scenery in the course of this day's journey. The vineyards remain untouched since the winter ; the poles are left in their stacks. Perhaps the proprietors may think, from the badness of the promise, that the vintage will not repay them for the expense of dressing the vines, which are very backward in shooting ; and when that is the case, there is not time for their fruit to arrive at maturity before the winter comes on. A frost does not injure the grapes for the purpose of making wine, if they are previously quite ripe ; but if not, it prevents their further progress. Fine weather in the spring is of more importance in bringing the blossoms forward, than it is in the autumn to

ripen the grapes; for if they are early they will ripen by degrees even in cold wet weather; but the season must be protracted very long indeed to bring them to perfection if they set late. One should imagine, however, that this would be of less consequence in Champagne than any where else, because the wine is made, I am told, before the fruit is quite ripe. It is peculiar too in another respect, being made chiefly with red grapes, which is not the case with other white wines. The pink champagne is coloured by a particular process in the making, which allows the skins to tinge it; but more commonly by adding a little juice of the elder-berry.

The road from Sens to Melun is a paved causeway, with rows of trees on each side. At Montereau we crossed a bridge over the Yonne, and another over the Seine, immediately before their conflux. One arch in each bridge had been destroyed by the contending armies in 1814, and a temporary arch is now supplied.

The bridge over the Yonnè is noted on account of the assassination of John, Duke of Burgundy, in the presence of the dauphin, afterwards Charles VII.; and with his connivance, if not by his direction. The Duke of Burgundy came here by appointment; and, whilst on his knees, was murdered by one of the prince's attendants. This heinous transaction is a stain on the character of Charles VII.; nor can his conduct be excused either in consideration of his extreme youth, or of the ferocious manners of the times.

We found the streets of Melun filled with soldiers. A tumult had been threatened for some days, and in the morning a concourse of the peasantry had assembled in the market-place; but seeing it so well guarded, they had quietly dispersed. Bread is now three-pence three farthings a pound. The price is easily ascertained in the large towns, as it is fixed by the magistrates every week, and the regulation published. It is not so easy to obtain correct accounts on every subject. Not that the French are disinclined to communicate information; but if they are unacquainted with the circumstance you wish to learn, they are so unwilling to acknowledge their ignorance that they make the matter out as well as they can by guess, and sometimes catch the information you accidentally drop, and avail themselves of it with great ingenuity.

We inquired one day of a druggist for some of his best rhubarb. He praised what he had very highly; and wrapping it up, wrote on the label, *Rhubarbe de la Moscovie*. We remarked, that in England we preferred that which grew in a warm climate: the most esteemed with us was brought from Turkey. "Why," replied the druggist, after a moment's pause, "it is precisely the same case in France. All our rhubarb, this very rhubarb, comes from China. The Russians trade with China, carry their furs there, and bring back, amongst other articles, rhubarb in return; and we purchase it from the Russians." Whilst he was talking he changed the label from *Rhubarbe de la*

Muscovie, to *Rhubarbe de la Chine*. Most probably his rhubarb came from Russia, as the plant flourishes on the banks of the Volga. But the French do really get some from China, though not exactly by the means the druggist happened to suggest.

In speaking of the price of commodities in France, it should always be remembered that the pound is equal in weight to eighteen English ounces. In tolerable seasons household bread is not more than three halfpence a pound, and in the fertile parts of France seldom exceeds a penny; but this year, in consequence of the failure of two successive harvests, it has risen to a higher price than for many years past; and the distress, in consequence, has been general and severe. The price of butchers' meat varies very little, either from season or situation; the average throughout the kingdom is four-pence a pound. We never meet with it higher than five-pence, or lower than three-pence, and this has been the usual rate for many years. But the French consider bread as the principal part of their food, and prefer it to every thing else; when they can get plenty of that, they are satisfied, and do not look upon bread and water as despicable fare. A good harvest is therefore a matter of the utmost importance to them. The price of labour is said to be higher in the neighbourhood of Melun than in most other places; from ten-pence to fifteen-pence, without food, for the men, and from seven-pence to ten-pence for the women, the whole year round. But

even these wages bear no proportion to the present price of provisions; besides which, the labourers can find no work; and their privations have been too great to be borne without murmuring.

We arrived at Melun early in the day; but the heat of the weather was so oppressive, that we remained very quietly at the Hotel de la Galère, and did not stir out of doors. In the evening an enormous cloud rose in the horizon, and appeared to move along the ground till it had enveloped the town. The storm began at nine o'clock, and lasted till two in the morning: the thunder and lightning were tremendous. Whilst the rain poured in torrents, a troop of cavalry arrived. The soldiers were drenched to the skin in a moment, and almost washed off their horses' backs, as the people at the hotel informed us in the morning. We had counted between fifty and sixty conductors on the tops of the houses, and should have concluded from that circumstance that Melun was subject to these violent storms, if we had not the next morning heard the inhabitants speaking in the streets of this with astonishment, and inquiring after each other as if they were apprehensive some mischief had happened.

June 9th. To Paris 36 miles.

The morning was beautiful, the sun rising in fresh splendour. The sides of the road, which were yesterday full of dust, were now covered with water. We passed through numerous vil-

lages, and changed horses at Charenton. The court of the post-house was large, and the crack of our postilion's whip was as powerful in its effects as the whistle of Roderick Dhu: the beggars started up from the dunghills, and the heaps of straw; from behind the walls, the carts, and the carriages; out of the hovels, sheds, henpens, pigsties, and stables; and peopled the yard as suddenly as Roderick's clansmen did the glen. I had alighted, intending to stroll over the bridge across the river Marne, which was close by; but being assailed by such an army, I was obliged to retreat into the carriage in my own defence.

We were now only six miles from Paris. The sun shone full upon its splendid buildings; and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids blazed in his beams. The view of this great city is striking on every side; but the approach from Charenton is very inferior to that by Les Champs Elysées, which is supreme in grandeur and magnificence.

We entered the town by the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and engaged apartments at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Rue Filles St. Thomas, near the Rue Richelieu, on terms which we considered very reasonable. We had a salon, a handsome drawing-room, two bed-rooms and dressing-rooms, for which we agreed to give three guineas a week.

CHAPTER XXII.

Paris—Change in various Customs—Market-Women—Improvements—Palace of the Luxembourg—Collection of Roses—Market for Flowers—Fountain of the Elephant—The Emperor—Louvre—French Monuments—Amusements—Grand Opera—Theatre des Variétés—Gardens of Tivoli—Anecdote—Montagnes Russes—Le Cimetière du Père la Chaise—Boulevard des Italiens—Garden of the Tuileries—Café des Mille Colonnes—Restaurateurs—Reflections.

WHEN we visited Paris in the summer of 1802, we were anxious to form some opinion of the state of society then existing, and accordingly we brought letters of introduction to several families, and accepted the invitations we received, both in Paris and in the neighbourhood: but now it was our intention to spend a week or ten days merely in *seeing the lions*. Being quite unequal to the task of describing this great metropolis, either with respect to its buildings or the amusements and manners of its inhabitants, I shall confine myself to a few remarks on circumstances of a trifling nature as they occurred, and on the alterations I perceived in matters of small importance.

The first change we observed was in the custom adopted some years ago, by *les dames de la halle* (market-women), of sending a deputation from their company to wait on foreigners to welcome them to the capital. It seems to be now entirely given up. When we were in Paris before, we had no sooner breakfasted, on the morning after our

arrival, than five or six Patagonian women were introduced, in their blue jackets and red petticoats. The first who entered, and who in loftiness of stature, bulkiness of person, and boldness of countenance, would have been a fit match for Goliath of Gath, held a nosegay in her hand the size of a besom, which she presented to me, begging my acceptance of the flowers, pure and simple as my heart. I was at a loss to guess the object of this embassy: but one of the gentlemen present, who knew the custom, made a civil speech to the lady president, and offered her ten francs. Madame Goliath told him it was a great deal too little, for their company consisted of forty women. He replied, he was well aware of their number, and it was for that very reason his gift was so trifling; “for had there been but *one*,” said he, making her a profound bow, “the claim on my liberality would have been irresistible!” The dame did not appear to be flattered, but she was exceedingly amused by the speech; and telling her companions that the Englishman did not want wit, she wished us our health, and they withdrew.

We had heard such exaggerated accounts of the improvements made by Bonaparte, that I confess I was much disappointed in my expectations. But that might perhaps be in some measure owing to the astonishment and admiration which the first view of this great metropolis had created in my mind, and which had left so strong an impression, that all the alterations and embellishments appeared but as secondary things, which added

but little to the original and striking grandeur of the place. But people are so much in the habit of saying that Bonaparte did every thing for Paris, that a stranger would suppose there was really nothing before worthy of notice *. When the Hospital of Invalids is pointed out to him, with the usual exclamation, "Ah, this is the work of the Emperor!" he might naturally conclude that Bonaparte had the merit of raising the hospital itself, and not merely that of gilding its cupola; that he had actually built the Louvre, instead of enlarging it; founded the Military School, instead of improving it; and planted the Botanic Garden, instead of altering and embellishing it. This sort of appropriation of the works of others put us in mind of the statues we had frequently seen in the course of our journey, which had been metamorphosed into very tolerable emperors, by having a new head of Napoleon mounted on the old shoulders of Louis XIV.

In one sense, however, it *was* Bonaparte who did every thing for Paris, for little has been effected by the people. No houses joined to houses; no extension of the limits of the town, by the buildings of individuals multiplying around, and marking the increase and prosperity of the inhabitants. The improvements are of so splendid a character, as to evince that the wealth of the nation was at the disposal of the government, and

* "In fact, the grandeur of Paris was his creation!"—*Notes on a Journey through France, by Morris Birkbeck*, p. 84, 2d edit.

at the mercy of the strong arm of power, which exerted itself in those works of grandeur and ostentation, so gratifying to national vanity, triumphal arches, columns, and palaces.

The removal of old buildings has been almost as instrumental in beautifying the town as the erection of new ones. A street has been cleared away before the court of the Louvre, which has made an opening of great effect. Several houses have been pulled down near the Church of Saint Sulpice, and a considerable space obtained in front of the portico, the architecture of which is highly praised. A very handsome bridge has been built of stone, and two of iron.

The Palace of the Luxembourg has undergone great alterations and repairs. The gardens are enlarged, and one is appropriated for the cultivation of roses, and contains a collection of nine hundred different sorts. Napoleon, to do him justice, had a great taste for flowers, and appointed a market-place embellished with a fountain, where they might be exposed to sale. We passed by it several times, but I did not see any very rare or curious plants, nor could this exhibition of beautiful and choice flowers come in competition with the display at any of our gardeners' near London.

We had heard so often of the emperor's grand Fountain of the Elephant, that we went to the Square of the Bastile, expecting to see it, not being aware that it was only *projected*; and we were disappointed to find no symptom of the statue of an elephant, except the stone base on which he

was intended to stand. We learnt on inquiry that the model in plaster was finished, and kept in a temporary wooden building, which was open to the public on Sundays, but a ticket of admission was necessary on other days. The passport of a foreigner being liberally considered by the French as the same thing, we were let in. It is well worth seeing, on account of its prodigious size. The elephant is to be made of copper, cast from the model into sheets, which are afterwards to be joined together. The water is to spout from his trunk: a staircase to ascend one of his legs: the castle on his back will contain the reservoir, and be surrounded by a gallery, where the great nation may amuse itself with taking a walk.

Although the name of the emperor is so constantly in the mouths of the Parisians, yet he is certainly not so idolized in the capital as in the country at large. During the time he was in Elba, the leaven of democracy began to ferment. The discontents and murmurs against the government of Louis XVIII. were excited and fostered by a junto of men, who would willingly have tried their hands at ruling the kingdom, under the name of a republic. The return of Napoleon was no otherwise agreeable to them than by assisting them to get rid of the king; and his ruin at Waterloo would have occasioned but little regret, if the pressure of circumstances after the battle had not obliged them to restore the kingdom to Louis, more exempt from their influence than before. This was a fortunate circumstance for the people

of France, as it saved them from the despotism of Paris, from the tyranny of her demagogues, and from the evils consequent on the domination, cabals, and struggles of jealous, factious, and contending parties.

The halls and galleries of the Louvre have been ornamented highly, and new buildings added, and the whole fitted up in a most superb and splendid manner. But before any great admiration can be raised by their present magnificence, one must forget the treasures that are gone,—treasures that were the objects of such wonder, interest, and delight. The halls are now filled again with statues, and the galleries with pictures. The works of Rubens have been brought from the Luxembourg; but the apartments for the paintings of the old masters were almost deserted by the spectators, whilst those appropriated for the works of living artists were generally crowded. I could not help remarking, that the favourite subject for historical painting, in the modern school, was Death, in some shape or other; and as many of the principal figures were going out of the world peaceably in their beds, no particular interest could be created by the representation. The masterly CONCEPTION of Shakespear, to divulge the despair of a wretch, mute and motionless, by the king's words, "He dies and makes no sign;" and the POWER which Sir Joshua Reynolds displayed in his painting of the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, to embody the thought, are the rare gifts of transcendent genius, and speak to the heart of all: but

unless some string be touched which vibrates on other feelings, besides those excited solely by the last struggles of mortality, the exhibition of them is calculated to produce no sensation but what borders on disgust.

Some people have contended, that the ancient statues lost much of their interest and effect by being brought from their asylums in Italy, to grace the Louvre. But as time, and accident, and change, had long ago deprived them of all local influences and adventitious claims on opinion, I cannot perceive why their beauty and perfection might not be as justly appreciated, and their power over the imagination as sensibly felt, in the galleries of Paris as in the galleries of Rome or Florence. But what shall we say to the collection of the national monuments of the French in the *ci-devant* Couvent des Petits Augustins, arranged for a museum! The tombs torn from the graves of their fathers, their statesmen, patriots, heroes, kings; from the shrines hallowed by every tender, every noble, every sacred feeling of the heart! Here, in the midst of their trophies, the ghosts of the “mighty dead” rise not to the imagination—it is the fearful spectre of the Revolution that haunts the place; of the Revolution in its worst form, in its vindictive fury, warring with dust and ashes, violating the sanctuary of the grave, and sweeping away all fond memorials of the past, in one common ruin.*! Great credit is due to the

* This collection of monuments inspired another traveller with very different sentiments:—

protecting hands that saved these relics from impending destruction, snatched them from the kindled fire, and sheltered them till its rage was over†. These spacious cloisters, filled with monumental remains, inspire the same train of thought which arises in the mind from viewing the Hospital of Invalids; where, whilst we admire and venerate the protection afforded to the wounded, the maimed, and the blind, we shudder at the horrors of war—of war, which has thus crowded the halls of this sacred asylum with the sad victims of its destructive fury.

I think it is almost impossible to avoid being

“ But to me this collection appears still more valuable, as it shows the Revolution in a light favourable to the liberality of the age we live in, and affords a slight trait of the real character of the Revolution itself, which was good and mild in principle, though deformed by horrors foreign to its nature.”—*Notes on a Journey through France, by Morris Birkbeck*, p. 96, 2d edit.

† Some of these monuments were saved from demolition by the exertions of private individuals on the spot, who concealed them at the hazard of their lives; but the greatest part were preserved by the active and indefatigable endeavours of M. Lenoir, who being commissioned by the committee appointed by the National Assembly to collect them, took them every where into his possession in the name of the Commonwealth. But not even the inscription of “ *Respectez la propriété publique*,” which acted like a talisman in many other instances, and saved a number of noble edifices and works of art from destruction, had power to preserve some of these monuments from the fury or cupidity of the mob, and he had the mortification of seeing several precious remains of antiquity utterly demolished before his eyes.

M. Lenoir arranged the museum in the Couvent of the Petits Augustins, the entire direction and management of it being committed to his care.

pleased with Paris. So much may be seen with so little trouble,—so many amusements obtained without difficulty; something or other agreeable is within the reach of every body,—all the luxuries and enjoyments of life,—such a variety of pleasant ways of passing time,—that they must be fastidious indeed who cannot find entertainment for every hour of the day in this favourite abode of pleasure.

The propriety also which is scrupulously observed in all places of public amusement is a very great recommendation. Modest women may go without fear of insult, or of being shocked by those scenes of licentiousness and disorder which disgrace the capital of England. I do not mean to insinuate that there is less vice in Paris than in London—probably the difference between them in that respect may not be great,—but the French do not mix their vices so much with their amusements, but that it is possible to partake of the one without being disgusted by the presence of the other. The decorum which prevails in their theatres forms a striking contrast with the horrible state of morals and manners exhibited in our own; insomuch, that it is time for the managers of our London playhouses to come to some decision, and to let them be either one thing or the other, that those who enter the doors may know what they have to expect.

The dramatic representations this season at the Grand Opera in Paris were very superb, and the dancing was so excellent that it appears scarcely

possible to carry it to a greater pitch of perfection. In the magnificent *spectacle* of "Fernando Cortez," besides five hundred men and women performers, a troop of horse was introduced. Cortez burnt his ships, and the conflagration, which was very brilliant, was effected without either smell or smoke. Cannon were drawn across the stage, but the battle was fought behind the scenes; so that we had not the gratification of seeing the combatants killed, and the theatre filled with dead bodies, smoke, and gunpowder. It has been said, that our tragedies indicate a savage disposition in us; for otherwise we could not take delight in seeing death represented on the stage. But it is the last word—action—look—the dying moment of the hero that attracts our curiosity, agitates our feelings, and produces that deep interest, which rather than lose, we suffer ourselves to behold even death itself. But judging from our modern fashionable *melodrames*, which are filled with battles by land and by sea, where people are shot from the turrets of castles, and die on the stage; or tumbling from the masts of ships are drowned in the water, it should seem that we were enamoured with the sight of death in any shape, and every shape, and merely on its own account.

We went one evening to the little Théâtre des Variétés, to see the entertainment of "Les Anglaises pour Rire;" which is indeed a very broad laugh at our countrywomen. Though the acting of the two favourite performers (Potier and Brunet), who counterfeit English ladies, was an outrageous

caricature, yet they had something so provokingly English in their look and carriage, that one could not help perceiving what country-people they meant to personate the moment they made their appearance; and that it was English *fine ladyism*, and English awkwardness, they burlesqued.

Brunet was so deliciously foolish-looking in his forward and sheepish character of the Niece, that I thought it was acted more to the life than Potier's Lady of Condition. However, they both received unbounded applause from the audience, French and English; and a great number of the latter were in the house.

We spent a very pleasant evening in the Gardens of Tivoli, which were well attended by fashionable company: they offered a variety of amusements. In one place, a woman danced beautifully on the rope; in another, a juggler exhibited his cups and balls: here was a roundabout for the company to ride upon; and there, music and an area where they might dance—and this appeared to be the favourite recreation. They danced contre-dances and waltzes, uniting ease and grace with the utmost gravity and decorum. The garden was illuminated with glass lanterns hung amongst the trees, and a spacious apartment was lighted up for refreshments. At ten the fire-works commenced. The rope-dancer ascended to a great height in the midst of a shower of flame, and came down again in another. Little alteration has taken place in these gardens since the year 1802, and the diversions of the company continue to be much

the same; but I did not see the piece of water, where formerly a boat with oars was afloat for those who liked the exercise of rowing. I recollected it more particularly from a circumstance which was then related in a large company by one of our countrymen. He said he had been the preceding evening in the Tivoli Gardens, and as he passed by the canal, he saw a lady and gentleman walking together. The lady stepped into the boat, and the gentleman raised his foot to get into it after her, when turning to speak to some one on the bank, a person who happened to be near, seized the opportunity and gave the boat a shove. Away it went with the lady across the pool, and Monsieur popped his leg plump into the water up to his knee. The English part of the auditors laughed; but the gentleman whose house we were in, who had lived much abroad, observed that if he had been present, though he had not seen the transaction, yet if any one had desired him to point out the author of the mischief, he should have laid hands on the first Englishman he could catch; for he was sure that nobody but one of his own countrymen could have been guilty of such a trick. "Pardon me," cried a French emigrant just returned from England, "pardon me, Monsieur, "you do your country the very great injustice. A man of any other nation might have had the misfortune to have committed such a little piece of awkwardness." "The French have no comprehension," whispered one of our party; "a joke is lost upon them."

A most agreeable place of resort for the evening, called Frascati, which was formerly in great vogue, is now shut up. But a new amusement has been invented lately of *surprising* fascination and popularity. The scene is laid in a garden in the Rue du Fauxbourg du Roule. In the centre of the garden are two square buildings, similar to the stands on a race-ground, but much higher; these are called *les montagnes Russes*. The ascent is by a flight of steps behind. In front a platform slopes to the bottom, wide enough to admit abreast three carriages, resembling arm-chairs, with wheels, which go in grooves, like the carts in the rail-ways in many parts of England. Three chairs descend together, with a velocity frightful to behold. The ladies and gentlemen pressed forward in such crowds to obtain a place, that I concluded the inventor would have been entitled to the reward from the Roman emperor for the discovery of a new pleasure, had he been so fortunate as to have lived in those liberal times. At length my turn came. I seated myself in one of the chairs, and holding fast by its arms, I was pushed off with the rest. The descent at first is almost perpendicular, and I gasped for breath with a disagreeable sensation, which gave me the idea of falling from a window; I seemed to suffer a momentary suspension of the powers of life. I was, however, so fortunate as to experience one great pleasure—the pleasure of finding myself safe at the bottom. Before we left Paris, rival mountains rose on all sides—French mountains, and Swiss mountains;

but I was quite satisfied with my expedition down the Russian mountains, and could not but wonder at the rage which prevailed for such extraordinary pastimes.

We were told by all the world that we must not think of leaving Paris without visiting "Le Cimetière du Père la Chaise." This is a very extensive burial ground. We have heard different accounts of its size: it is stated by some to contain ninety acres, and by others a hundred and twenty. Its situation is elevated, and it commands a most complete and magnificent view of Paris. It was formerly in the possession of the confessor of Louis XIV. (Le Père la Chaise), from whom it derives its name.

When the practice of burying in the precincts of the town was prohibited by an act of the legislature, in the reign of Louis XVI., this tract of ground was appropriated for a place of interment. We were informed that it was laid out after the manner of an English garden, and was "*traiement pittoresque*." One can hardly account for the notion of turning a cemetery into a pleasure-ground. The hint might perhaps have been taken from the poem of "Les Jardins," by L'Abbé de Lille, who recommends placing a tomb-stone here and there amongst the flower-plots, to occasion a sudden revulsion in the mind, and produce a pleasing sensation. Probably he borrowed the idea from a description of English gardens, where urns and inscriptions to the memory of friends or celebrated characters are frequently introduced;

and might mistake the intent, which is to bring to the recollection the pleasures of friendship, or the admiration of merit, and not merely to excite melancholy, by presenting an image of death. Be it as it may, the French could not be persuaded to fill their gardens with these *memento mori*; and therefore, *apparemment*, it was thought right by the directors of public taste to set an example of the thing, and as they could not get the tombs into the gardens, to bring the gardens to the tombs!

We drove to the spot, which is a little way beyond the barrière, in company with three or four hearses, and alighting, were admitted by one of the gens d'armes in waiting. The ground displays a surface of hill and dale, and graves are scattered up and down, according to the fancy of the different persons whose relatives are interred. The remains of some are covered by a marble monument; some are inclosed by a pallisade; some are distinguished by an urn, a column, a statue, an obelisk, or a tablet. Roses are planted here, and willows there; lilacs and honeysuckles, and a variety of wilderness and shrubbery ornaments appear, and are so discordant with every sentiment inspired by the contemplation of mortality, that the eye turns from the scene with indignation and disgust, seeking in vain for the gloom of the avenue, or the mournful shade of the yew and the cypress.

It is true, there is something pleasing in the unpretending and simple decorations of a Welsh

church-yard, where a few pretty humble flowers are planted by the hand of affection to honour the memory of a dear lost friend ; and as they bloom and wither on the grave, offer a touching emblem to the passer-by of the beauty of life, and of its brevity. But here, where there is an obvious attempt at effect ; where a battery is laid against the feelings ; where death is ambushed in roses and lilies, to seize on the imagination,—sensibility sickens thus goaded, and the heart represses every emotion of sympathy and concern.

I must observe, that the French themselves do not seem to have any great fancy to the Cimetière du Père la Chaise as a place to lounge in : we saw no one strolling backwards and forwards there to kill time.

The most fashionable promenade this season was the Boulevard des Italiens, which was thronged every evening with well-dressed people, walking, or sitting under the trees on chairs, which are hired for a sou each, or eating ice in the coffee-rooms, where such crowds were frequently assembled that it was impossible to get in. The company walked till very late, and their carriages were drawn up in a line waiting for their orders ; but it is astonishing how very few gentlemen's carriages are to be seen in Paris, in comparison with the number that are daily rolling through the streets of London. The scene presented by the Boulevard des Italiens bears some little resemblance (to compare great things with small) to the medley of objects in the High Street at Cheltenham on a fine summer's

evening, when the company are amusing themselves in the booksellers' open shops, listening to the harp, sitting on the benches at the doors, or loitering up and down the pavement.

The Garden of the Tuileries is another delightful promenade, pleasanter perhaps than the Boulevards, but not so much the *ton*; and besides, it has the disadvantage of being shut every evening at nine o'clock.

We did not omit to eat ice at Le Café des Mille Colonnes, in the Palais Royal. The room is fitted up in a superb style, and the pannels on one side are entirely of looking-glass. The reflection doubles the number of the columns and of the company, and has an extraordinary, and, by candle-light, brilliant effect.

It is a matter of great accommodation to strangers that ladies, as well as gentlemen, may go without impropriety, not only to eat ice in the coffee-houses, but also to eat their dinners at a restaurateur's: the French ladies do so themselves. We have frequently seen one lady sit at table amongst a great number of gentlemen, eat her dinner, and go away without exciting curiosity or notice.

We were so fortunate as to meet with some of our English friends in Paris, and we went together to most of the exhibitions in a morning, and to the public amusements in an evening, and dined where we found it most convenient. Our party being large, consisting of five gentlemen and three ladies, we generally chose to have a private room

at dinner. I think it was observed amongst us that the best dressed dinners were at *Le Rôcher de Cancale*; but we were very well served at a restaurateur's (*Le Grand's*, near *L'Hotel d'Angleterre*), where a small garden was surrounded by bowers and boxes, in which the company might dine.

Another great advantage to strangers in Paris is the liberty of attending public amusements in a morning dress; so that if business or pleasure should carry you to a distance from your hotel, you can dine at a restaurateur's, and go to one of the theatres, without being obliged to return home to dress for the evening. I thought the audience at the Grand Opera were rather less in *deshabille* than in the other theatres; but still the ladies were all in large bonnets, and their gowns drawn close over the bosom, except some few, whom we soon discovered, by their turbaned heads and bare necks and shoulders, to be English ladies, so lately arrived as not to have adopted the Parisian modes.

Amongst a few casual observations on Paris, in the year 1802, which I happened to commit to paper, there was one, which has been repeatedly called to my memory in the course of our journey. I remarked then, that the principles of the French appeared to be more lax than their practice, and that general opinion allowed greater liberty in morals than individuals were inclined to take. From every thing that I have since seen, I am led to draw at this moment a similar conclusion. The

standard of virtue in the public mind has not yet risen from the low mark to which it had sunk.

But where shall we look for that national *moral sense*, that rectitude of opinion and lofty nobility of sentiment, which pour their indignation on oppression, and their applause on worth? Where for that *national heart* which gives its sympathy to the afflicted, and its treasures to relieve the needy*?—where, but in England?—High-minded England! It is the upright magnanimity of thy principles which exalts thee above other states, and commands the respect of surrounding nations! Proud may thy children be of thy august character: and let them beware how they sully its lustre; let them guard it as the “immediate jewel of their souls,” and transmit it from generation to generation in purity and honour!

* Several striking examples have occurred since this was written of the sensibility and liberality of the British public. The universal expression of grief for the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte is one; and the munificent subscription for the suffering Irish another.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journey from Paris—Empress Josephine—St. Germain—Mantes—Evreux—Apple-trees—Lisieux—Caen—Price of Provisions and of Labour—Vire—Avranches—Adjacent Country—Advantages for Invalids—Journey to Granville—Oxen—Coutance—Cathedral—St. Lo—Towns in Normandy eligible for English Families—Convent of Valognes—Terms for Education—Cherbourg—Passage for Guernsey—Landing at Alderney—Arrival in Guernsey—Beautiful Views—Return to England.

Thursday, June 19, 1817. To Mantes, 44 miles.

WE paid our last tribute of admiration to Paris, as we looked back upon it from the most imposing and splendid of all its avenues, Les Champs Elysées.

We passed Malmaison, the last residence of the Empress Josephine. She seems to have been an universal favourite in France, and whoever speaks of her, does it in terms of approbation. We have often heard the train of misfortunes which closed the career of Bonaparte traced to his divorce from her. Her death was occasioned by a severe cold, which she caught in accompanying the Emperor of Russia to view her pleasure-grounds. She felt chilled, and died a few days afterwards. The suddenness of her attack gave rise to the report that she had been poisoned—there appears no other foundation for it.

Our road was paved and planted with trees on each side. The country appeared flat and uninteresting, though the Seine was generally in sight: we crossed it at Neuilly. The landscape improves

near St. Germain, the river interlacing a valley, of which the terrace belonging to the chateau commands a fine view. The town has sadly fallen off from its ancient splendour. The forest and every thing around look neglected and forsaken. The broad green paths through the woods, untrodden by mortal step, are left to the fairies and goblins, who take but little care to keep the grass smoothly shaven for their midnight revels.

The public road passes through the centre of the wood, and the scenery to Mantes is pleasing. The river is bounded by sloping hills, vineyards, and villages. We entered the town by two bridges, and slept at the Hotel du Grand Cerf.

June 20. To Evreux, 33 miles.

At the end of the first stage we quitted the Seine, leaving it to pursue its own quiet course to Rouen; and turning from its banks, we ascended a steep hill, where the appearance of the country was entirely different—not a slope nor a vineyard to be seen, but in their stead, flat fields of corn, with stripes of mowing grass, and rows of apple-trees. The dress of the peasantry too was changed, and the mahogany faces of the women were surmounted by the high-cauled cap of Normandy.

We reached Evreux by two o'clock; but the excessive heat of the weather prevented our walking out till late in the evening. The town is not pleasant, though the streets are wide, and the houses good. The cathedral is handsome on the outside, but very gloomy within.

June 21. To Lisieux, 54 miles.

A heavy storm in the night had cooled the air and laid the dust. We set off very early, and passed a handsome mansion in front of a deep wood, which belonged to the Empress Josephine.

The small town of La Rivière Thibouville, at the end of the second stage, is prettily situated in the midst of green meadows, with a hanging wood on a slope above them. From thence to Lisieux the land is entirely arable; fields of wheat stretch over it, with patches of flax, clover, and potatoes, and large apple-trees in rows. The trees which grow on the border of greensward by the road, are more encumbered with moss than those where the ground is ploughed under them. Apple-trees are not planted close together in orchards, as in England, but are dispersed over the corn-fields separate from each other, and the corn thrives very well beneath their shade. The trees grow to a large size, and at a distance have more resemblance to elms than to our stunted apples*. We have tasted very good cider, but have never met with any high-flavoured eating-apples: the best sorts are in Normandy, and we happened not to be there during the proper season.

* In many parts of France, where walnut and apple-trees are planted by the road-side, all wayfarers may gather and eat as much of the fruit as they please, but to carry any away is looked upon as theft.

Lisieux is pleasantly situated in a valley, and the country round is inclosed, and prettily diversified with pastures and little swelling knolls, fringed with trees. A handsome boulevard ornaments the town, and several pleasant sequestered walks extend into the vicinity. The streets are narrow and dirty; but some very good houses are built in the outskirts of the town, and surrounded by gardens. The church is large and handsome. There is a convent, and a royal college, and very good society amongst the inhabitants.

Several families have shown great attention to some young people from England, who are in private seminaries for their education. These particulars we learnt from a young lady, who happened to hear us speaking in English in the court of the Hotel d'Espagne from the window of the seminary where she resided, and who expressed a wish to inquire the news from England. Her governess, who seemed to be a good-natured old woman, kindly offered to call upon us. We were very glad to give the young lady all the information in our power, and that was very little, as we had been so long absent; but she found some gratification in conversing in her native tongue for a couple of hours, and we had the pleasure of her company during our walk.

June 22. To Caen, $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

We set out in a very thick fog, which had spread over the country the evening before, and con-

tinued to impede our view for several hours. When it dispersed, we were in the midst of rich meadows, filled with large handsome oxen with very long horns, and the road was crowded with country people, with their mass-books in their hands, going to church.

Another carriage followed us so closely, that we changed horses together at every stage, and at last we fell into conversation with the travellers, who were Englishmen.

We arrived at Caen before three o'clock, and at the Hotel de la Place Royale we met with a party of friends on their way to Paris. We spent two days together; and in the walk we renewed our acquaintance with our fellow-travellers, who were officers from the army of occupation at Cambray, and acquainted with many of our friends. We received also great civility from an English family resident in the town; so that our time passed very pleasantly.

Caen is a favourite place of abode for the English, who resort to it in great numbers. As far as we could ascertain, some of the necessities of life are rather dearer than at Tours—fuel and butchers' meat; but fish is in greater plenty, and cheaper. The masters in the several branches of education are reckoned better, but the climate not so good. The wages of labourers in the fields are nine sous (fourpence-halfpenny) a day, with food; in the harvest season they rise higher. At Tours the peasantry receive, for work in the vineyards, sevenpence-halfpenny a day, without food, the

whole year round, both men and women; the latter, when employed in less laborious occupations, earn only sixpence. We were informed by a gentleman of Bourdeaux that he paid his labourers there a shilling a day throughout the year, with no victuals but a bottle of *boisson*, of the value of one penny. In La Vendée the price of labour, except in the harvest months, is five-pence a day for the men, and threepence-halfpenny for the women, and their food, that is, three pounds of household bread, or an equivalent quantity of other victuals. I recollect the exclamation of a lady, when she was told that the allowance of a labourer was three pounds of bread: "Three pounds of bread!" repeated she; "how well the peasantry must live in France! what a quantity of meat they must consume, when even their bread is so liberally supplied." She made a similar mistake with the country girl in the comedy, who brags to her nurse of the fine clothes she should purchase after she was married, as her intended spouse had promised to give her thirty pounds a year, only to buy pins.

June 24. To Vire, 39 miles.

We had not quite determined whether we should sail from St. Maloes, or Cherbourg, and therefore got our passport made out for Avranches, where we could have it altered for either place, as we should find expedient.

We did not leave Caen till the middle of the day. The road was extremely rough, and the

horses very dull : in one stage they were absolutely whipping proof ; and the postilion goaded them occasionally into a trot, with a little spike fastened to the end of his whip. It was past ten o'clock when we reached Vire,* but the inhabitants were all sitting in the streets in their holiday clothes, it being the feast of St. John, which is usually a season of great rejoicing, and the people kindle bonfires, and dance till midnight ; but the mistress of the hotel du Cheval Blanc told us, the distress of the poor was so great, that now they could rejoice at nothing. The price of bread was falling ; but they had no work in the fields, as the hay harvest was not yet begun, and no employment in the town, trade being at a stand.

June 25. To Avranches 33 miles.

We descended a steep hill from Vire, and passed through a very pretty tract of English scenery, hill and dale, pastures and corn-fields, trees and hedges, ornamented with foxgloves, honeysuckles, and dog-roses. The road was very good, till we came within a few miles of Avranches. This town stands in a beautiful situation on a hill, at the extremity of a rich valley, which it overlooks, and on the other side commands a noble prospect of the ocean, and the abrupt rock of St. Michael, with a castle on its summit, rising from the midst of the waves. The cathedral is in ruins ; a row of Gothic arches being all that remains of it. The botanic garden, where the views are very beautiful, affords a pleasant promenade ; but the

arrangement and care of the plants seem to be neglected. The walks in the fields adjacent to the town are sequestered and pretty; for here, as well at Lisieux, there are foot-paths across the pastures, which is a very rare circumstance in France.

Several English families have settled at Avranches, and many invalids are lately come on account of the climate: but if they should expect to find it very different from their own, they will be mistaken; for in all the western coast of France, bordering on the channel, the weather is much the same as in England, only, as I have already noticed, rather more in extremes, being finer, when inclined to be fine, and worse, when inclined to be bad. Both the heat in summer and the cold in winter are more intense and lasting. Notwithstanding this, I have no doubt but that people in a delicate state of health may reap much benefit from a residence in France; provided they can stand the seasoning, change their carpets for brick floors, and give up their English customs, comforts, and luxuries with impunity. They will live in houses more spacious and airy; fall into early habits, both in rising in a morning and dining; and probably will refrain, by degrees, from teasing their stomachs every hour of the day with food. The ladies will be more warmly clad, and will not, after being muffled up in cloth and fur in a morning, find it necessary, as with us, to creep half way out of their clothes when they dress for dinner: nor will they expose themselves, almost naked, to the sudden changes of a summer day;

the custom of wearing large shawls in all seasons of the year being general in France : nay, during the winter the ladies are constantly wrapped in shawls, even in the house ; and, thus defended, they are less affected by the changes of the atmosphere, and less sensible to the impression of cold. At Tours we have frequently seen them sitting near the windows of their apartments, which were wide open, when the English had excluded every breath of air, and were shivering over the fire.

The mistresses of families will be relieved from the *tortures* of housekeeping ; the plague of providing for, and arranging their table ; the anxiety to have all things in a proper style ; for these trifles,

“ And a thousand more, minute as these,
Corrode their comfort, and destroy their ease.”

The *traiteur* will take all these troubles off their hands ; and moreover, they will themselves grow indifferent about them, by associating with the French ladies, who are not at all particular in these matters of vital importance. They do not sink into the earth if one candle should be brought into the drawing-room shorter than its fellow ; or if the dishes be put on the dinner table in matchless confusion, and that which should stand at the top be found at the bottom. The wife does not look in utter dismay, lest her husband should be aware of these blunders, or lest her company should consider them as indications of her total ignorance of propriety and the manners of high life.

But when English families come to France with the resolution to live exactly as they did at home, to keep the same hours, to eat their victuals dressed in the same manner, and to follow the same eternal routine that they have been following all their lives, I do not see any great prospect of advantage to their health from their residence abroad. Whether they will derive much gratification from the society, I cannot, with my very slender means of judging, pretend to determine: but I must confess, that I have not been able to discover any peculiar charm in the conversation of the French, nor any superiority they can boast, either in point of information, wit, or spirit. But if they do not bring richer stores to the feast of reason, they bring at least greater alacrity to be pleased; which does more in promoting the pleasures of society than could be effected in the circle of the fastidious by the exertion of superior talents; for even Madame de Maintenon herself, fascinating as the charms of her conversation were, failed in the difficult task, as she forcibly expresses it, “of amusing the unamusable.”

Society in France being carried on without much trouble or effort, is one of its great recommendations; and another of still more importance is, its complete freedom from a certain species of reserve, which springs from that saucy-mindedness, that supercilious selfishness, which may be recognised in England under the denomination of *fine-ladyism*, and is not confined to one sex, but is too common an ingredient in the character of

both. An odious, ill-natured quality it is, vitiating the rest, and turning the milk of human kindness into gall. *Fine-ladyism* is totally unknown amongst the French, being the very reverse of that urbanity they admire and cultivate in their intercourse with the world.

We are apt in England to exaggerate the advantages possessed by the neighbouring kingdom. I recollect some years ago, when a gentleman, who was going to take his family to reside there, descanted so much on the cheapness of provisions, the superiority of the climate, the excellence of the fruits and wines, and the *agréments* of the society, that a friend of his, who was just returned, told him he was afraid he would be disappointed in some respects when he arrived. "Ogh! yes," said an Irish gentleman in company, "surely, sir, you will; cows at a distance appear to have large horns, but when you come near, you find they are no larger than your own." The company smiled in such a sort, that the Hibernian perceived the interpretation his words admitted; and willing to apologize, and set the matter beyond the possibility of mistake, cried out, "I beg your pardon, sir, a thousand times; I did not mean *your* horns, sir; I meant your cows' horns, I declare, upon my honour."

June 26. To Granville 18 miles.

We had some difficulty to determine whether we should direct our steps towards St. Maloes or Cherbourg, to seek a passage for Guernsey, where

we proposed spending a few weeks in our way to England. The wind was in a quarter that favoured the voyage from Cherbourg; and Granville, another sea-port, being in our road, would give us two strings to our bow, so at length we fixed upon that route. In France, when the country is level, the roads are generally broad and straight, with trees on each side; but when the surface is uneven, the roads wind, to humour the hills, full as much as they do in England; but that on which we travelled from Avranches runs in so direct a line as to be a deformity, not assimilating with the scenery, which is undulating, green, and pretty.

Granville stands on a broad promontory, projecting into the sea. It is a large fishing town, built with granite, and walled round. On the south side of the promontory an extensive suburb leads to the harbour, which is defended by a stone pier, and gives shelter to vessels of small burden. It is chiefly filled with fishing smacks, and other small craft trading with Jersey and the neighbouring islands.

The *Hôtel des Trois Couronnes* is in the suburb, and did not promise much from its appearance, but it afforded us good beds, and a tolerable dinner.

We found that the largest of the Jersey vessels had sailed in the morning, and those now in port were very diminutive. The wind too had veered against us, and the weather was thick and foggy, which it had been for the last six days. We went

to bed, undecided what course we should take on the following morning.

June 27th. To Coutance, 19½ miles.

The fog still continuing very thick, in spite of a shower of rain that fell in the night, we hesitated no longer, but pursued our journey by land.

In this part of Normandy horses and oxen are used together on the farms. The oxen draw by a yoke round the neck; but as they cannot bear against it with the chest, as a horse does, a bar is put across the top of the yoke, and the traces being fastened to each end of the bar, the draught is sustained by the upper part of the neck and shoulders; but by these means much of the power of the animal is lost, if, as I have heard, its chief strength lies in the neck: the method which is followed in other parts of France, of throwing the pressure on the forehead, is better, and must be easier for the oxen, although it appears to incommode their brows so much, that it gives one the headach to look at them. Two oxen go abreast, with the pole of the cart or plough between them; the pole has a bar at the end, which passes across their forehead, and is fastened by a bandage to the base of the horns. They have no other harness, and draw the load by pushing with their heads against the bar.

Coutance has the appearance of a place of consequence, from the spires and towers of its churches, which are seen at a great distance; but the streets

are miserably narrow, and the houses have a melancholy aspect; many of them are thatched, and rows of the long-leaved iris grow on the ridge of the roof.

The cathedral is esteemed one of the finest buildings in France, and is much celebrated for the perfection of its Gothic architecture. It is indeed a noble edifice. The dome of the choir, supported by lofty pillars, is strikingly grand and beautiful. There are several other large churches. The town is surrounded by boulevards, and the neighbouring country is pretty.

June 28th. To St. Lo, 21 miles.

We did not take the direct road to Cherbourg, but chose to go a little out of the way to see St. Lo. Part of the town lies in a narrow well-wooded valley, watered by the river Vire. The church, the remains of a castle, the inn, and several streets, are in the centre, on an eminence, once fortified with walls, of which there are some fragments still left. The streets appear to be clean and airy, and many of the houses are inclosed in gardens. Upon the whole, it is a pleasant, cheerful-looking place; and Le Soleil Levant is a very tolerable hotel.

The greatest proportion of Upper Normandy is level open country, with large spreading fields of corn without fences; bearing a strong resemblance to our counties of Oxford and Wilts. But near Avranches, and all through this part of Lower Normandy, a more varied culture takes place. Inclosures with hedges, meadows of grass, and

fields of wheat, appear, interspersed with wood, so that it is not unlike some parts of Somerset and Devon.

June 29th. To Valognes, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Our road led us by Carentan and Sainte-Mère-Eglise, to Valognes, where we determined to stay a few days at the comfortable Hotel du Grand Turc, the weather having become extremely cold and stormy, with the wind directly against us.

Bonaparte frequently passed through this town in his way to Cherbourg; but he had a particular dislike to the place, and would never alight from his carriage. The Empress Marie Louise once remained behind him, and breakfasted here, whilst he continued his journey. All the young ladies of any consequence went to pay their respects to her. The niece of the lady abbess, Madame du Mesnildot, took the lead, and presented the empress with a nosegay of choice flowers. Her majesty received it very graciously; and in return hung her watch round the young lady's neck with a gold chain. To others she gave trinkets of various sorts; but there happened to be two or three of the girls whose bosoms were much exposed, and she presented them with shawls. This was looked upon as a marked, but delicate reproof.

The peasantry appear to be in possession of a greater share of the comforts of life in Normandy, than in other parts of France, excepting the Tou-

raine, and the borders of the Garonne near Tonneins, where poverty is as little conspicuous as in this fine, rich, well cultivated province.

There are many circumstances which combine to recommend Normandy to the English, who wish to take up their abode in France, besides its proximity to England. Provisions are very abundant; fish is plentiful, and butcher's meat very good. The manner of cooking is plainer, and more in the English style, than it is further to the south. The towns are clean, and some are very pleasantly situated. For my own part, I am partial to the largest; and should therefore prefer Caen to any other. But I know of no objection to Avranches, Bayeux, St. Lo or Lisieux.

Several English families have settled at Valognes since we passed through the town last year. House rent is low; we saw a very handsome house (l'Hotel Belfond) which was let for thirty-two pounds sterling per annum, with some little furniture, and a walled garden of four French acres. Servants' wages too are not extravagant. A footman, finding his own clothes, and a housemaid, receive the same wages, from three to eight guineas a year each; a cook, whether man or woman, expects higher pay than the rest; the under-servants have little, and frequently nothing, given them but their food.

A few English girls have been sent to Valognes to receive their education in the convent, where the terms are very moderate; 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* ster-

ling for a year's lodging, board, and washing. The masters for various accomplishments attend every day but Sunday, and are paid by the month : for music, 7s. 6d. ; dancing, 5s. ; drawing (paper and pencils included), 6s. 8d. ; grammar, history, and geography, 4s. 2d*.

Madame du Mesnildot, the lady abbess, is a woman of great respectability, and the pupils are well taken care of : but whoever sends children to France, either boys or girls, to a college or a convent, should be very particular in providing them with sufficient pocket-money to purchase a little food occasionally at the traiteur's ; for otherwise, when they first go, and in Lent, their health may suffer from the very great difference of diet. The children are not stinted in quantity, for they have plenty to eat, but it is not such food as English

* *Prix et réglemens du pensionnat pour les jeunes demoiselles, dirigés par Madame du Mesnildot. Communauté des dames Benedictines de Valognes; Place des Capucins.*

On enseigne à lire, à écrire, à compter, à broder en soie, en or, en coton sur la mousseline.

Le prix de la pension pour fournir de lit, de draps, de serviettes, blanchir le linge des jeunes élèves, est de 400 francs par an.

Les autres maîtres se payent par mois, comme il suit :

Musique	9 francs.
Dance	6
Dessin et fournitures de papiers et crayons	8
Grammaire, histoire, géographie	5

Les parents fourniront une malle ou commode, un couvert d'argent ; les jeunes personnes ne sont jamais seules, on a le plus grand soin d'elles pour la propreté. La communauté est en très bon air, de grands jardins et prairie pour se promener. Le prix de la pension, se paye d'avance par quartier ou par année.

children are accustomed to live upon : throughout Lent they have no meat, and the proportion they are allowed at other times is very small. An English boy told us, that in the college where he boarded, they had sometimes three turkeys divided amongst sixty boys, and made out their dinner with cabbage-soup, bread, and apples. A young lady, who had been more than a twelvemonth in a convent, gave us an account of their fare. She said that in Lent, instead of meat, they had common sorts of fish, very ill dressed and without sauce, soup-maigre, and vegetables. In other seasons, on their gala days, they had seldom more animal food than one leg of mutton, weighing four or five pounds, to be distributed amongst twenty or thirty girls. When she first went, she found her stomach very hollow and uneasy, and was very averse from making her dinner constantly on bread, broth, salads, vegetables, and ordinary fruit ; but by degrees she became accustomed to it, and enjoyed excellent health during the time she staid : on her return to England, although she endeavoured to restrict herself in the article of animal food, yet she imperceptibly and unavoidably ate so much more than in the convent, that she had a severe illness in consequence.

There are very few convents re-established in France, and the laws do not permit the vows, on taking the veil, to be binding for more than three years. Independent of religious views, these establishments afford an excellent asylum for young women, either natives or foreigners, who have no

friends, as they may live with great credit in a convent, at a small expense, either by hiring apartments only, or by boarding. In either case, they are at liberty to choose their own society, and may see what company they please.

July 2d. To Cherbourg, 15 miles.

We took up our quarters once more at Mons. Drouet's, that we might be on the spot, ready to embark the moment the wind should change; and day after day we tired ourselves with watching the weathercock on the steeple of the church, and the vanes on the masts of the ships. The last vessel which had sailed for Guernsey had been fifty hours on the passage, and we were inclined to wait for more favourable gales. At first we found some amusement in walking in the town and neighbourhood. One of the gardeners, Mons. Le Barbançon, had a numerous and beautiful collection of roses in full bloom, and some other curious flowers, but his best geraniums were from England. Most of the favourite flowers of the French are what may be termed old-fashioned with us; coxcombs, amaranthuses, balsams, Indian pinks, and China hollyhocks. Their Indian chrysanthemums are all of a chocolate colour, but they are very partial to the plant; and also to the scarlet lobelias, as they blow late in the year, and are ornamental in flower-pots.

After a week had elapsed we began to grow very impatient. When we were in Guernsey, we had often been surprised to see people venture

themselves on such dangerous seas, in little French vessels, without accommodation, almost without tackle; the pilot probably ignorant, and the sailors unskilful, and destitute of resources in case of accident, or foul weather; and yet, when the wind changed, our eagerness to be gone overcame our prudence: and in conjunction with two gentlemen, who were waiting with still greater impatience than ourselves, we hired a vessel of about eleven tons burden; and on July the 11th we bade adieu to the "*plaisant pays de France.*"

We had scarcely cleared the harbour before we discovered that we had put to sea without sufficient ballast, and that our captain and crew (of two sailors) were unacquainted with the navigation amongst these rocks and currents. When the vessel began to feel the swell of the Race; neither sailors nor passengers thought it expedient to venture through. The wind was more favourable for Alderney, and the captain, who saw the island very near, proposed our running into its harbour, as a thing without risk. Indeed, there appeared to be no alternative; and we were all well pleased, and comfortably blind to the peril of the coast. We hauled out all the sail we could; I mean out of the hold, where it had lain ever since the little sloop had been bought at the custom-house: for she was originally an English smuggler, which had been seized and condemned, and was now first set afloat again.

We scudded before the wind, and were on the point of entering the harbour with great glee,

when a roar of English voices, and a volley of English oaths, assailed our ears, and in truth made them tingle with terror, at the sound of the words, "You are on the rock, by G—!"

The vessel spun round with a terrible whirl; for one of the gentlemen had seized the rudder, and turned it with great force in his fright. The English sailors jumped on board, but when they were going to cast the anchor, the rope belonging to it could not be found, for it had been taken aloft to tie up the sails.

Our Jack Tars told us, they had got out the boat on purpose to wait for us; for whilst they were looking from the pier-head, they saw our little skiff go clean over the rock in the road—thanks to our lack of ballast—so they thought we should be pretty sure to run foul of the rock at the mouth of the harbour. They informed us, that a Guernsey vessel, now in Alderney, would sail the next morning; so we agreed to take our passage in her, and to dismiss our French captain; and getting into the English boat, we were soon rowed to the shore, and safely landed in his Majesty's dominions.

We walked to a small inn near the beach, but were almost immediately honoured with a visit from the governor, who invited us to his hospitable mansion, where we spent a very pleasant day, receiving much polite attention both from himself and his lady, and in the evening, the weather being fine, we made the tour of this little island in his

barouche, and had a delightful drive of a couple of hours.

Early in the morning of July 12, we went on board the Guernsey vessel, and set sail with a fair wind.

In going to France, we had sailed between Alderney and the Continent: we now steered our course on the other side of the island, passing between Alderney and the Casket Rocks, through a strait called the Singe or Swinge. Numerous rocks (both above and under water), and cross tides and currents render this a much more dangerous and intricate passage than the Race, and no French vessel ever attempts it. But the Guernsey sailors are so able and expert, that they despise the hazard and difficulty of the navigation.

On one of the most conspicuous, and from its situation, one of the most dangerous of the rocks, the Governor of Alderney has very humanely built a hut, in which he takes care to keep a constant supply of provisions, that if any poor wretches should be cast away upon it, they may find food and shelter, till they can receive further assistance.

After escaping the threatening perils of the Swinge, we sailed close under the Island of Sark. Its shores being girt round with a high wall of rock are nearly inaccessible. The path from the landing-place to the interior of the island passes through a curious arch in this perpendicular barrier.

We were prevented by the wind or the tide from

making much way, and were several hours hovering near the coast of Guernsey before we could pass Castle Cornet to enter the port. This castle is a most picturesque and striking object, whether viewed from the sea or the land. It was formerly deemed impregnable, and during the reign of Charles I. it resisted for a long time all the efforts of the Republicans to reduce it, and at last capitulated on honourable terms.

Guernsey, and the neighbouring islands, belonged, as it is well known, to the Duchy of Normandy. They retained the Norman laws, and preserved the right of legislating for themselves; disclaiming all English interference, except by the king in council. Yet, strange as it may appear, such was the infatuation of the times, though Charles did not attempt to infringe their rights or to abridge any of their privileges, but on the contrary showed them much favour and conferred many benefits upon them, yet the whole population of Guernsey, with the exception of a very few individuals, joined the republican party.

Commissioners were selected by the Parliament from amongst the principal inhabitants to govern the island. Three of these commissioners, Peter de Beauvoir, Jas. De Havilland, and Peter Carey, on the 25th of October, 1643, fell, through the treachery of the captain of a ship, into the hands of Sir Peter Osborne, who commanded the castle for the king.

They were thrown into a dungeon, where they were kept close prisoners, and suffered severely

from the dampness of the place and from the bad quality of their food, and soon formed the resolution of attempting their escape. After many consultations, they commenced their operations on Thursday, Nov. 3d, by cutting a hole with their knives through the floor of their cell into a place beneath, where some *tow*, or match-cord (such as the artillery used in firing the cannon) was deposited. Much of this was old and rotten, but they contrived to twist the rest into ropes, labouring under the constant apprehension of being discovered at their work. At length, on Sunday, Dec. 3d, when an order had arrived from England for their execution, they burst open the door of the lower dungeon, and by extraordinary chance, traversed the courts and passed the sentinels unobserved, and with much risk and difficulty descended the walls by means of their ropes. The castle is half a mile distant from the harbour, and the intervening space is covered by the sea, except for a short time during the recess of the high spring tides, when a strong ebb leaves the land bare. The prisoners chose this favourable moment for their hazardous enterprize, but had scarcely arrived at the bottom of the walls when their flight was discovered. The cannon were levelled against them. Some of the guns missed fire, but the balls and grape-shot from others fell around them; and though they moved onwards very slowly (not being able to walk quick) yet they made good their escape, and reached the town without injury. The news of their arrival being carried into the church,

where the people were assembled at evening service; though they were strongly tinged with the austere fanaticism of the times, yet such was the interest excited by the event, that the feelings of the moment got the better of their stiff Puritanical formality, and the whole congregation rushed out of church with one accord, to hail the return of their friends and welcome them home*.

In the year 1672, on the 29th of December, Castle Cornet was struck by lightning during a dreadful storm, and the gunpowder magazine blowing up, destroyed great part of the buildings within the walls. The mother of the governor and his wife (the daughter of the Earl of Thanet) were both killed. The nurse was killed also: but a child lying on her knee was found alive and unhurt, as well as an infant who slept in the cradle by her side. The governor himself (Lord Hatton) was in bed when the explosion took place: he was carried to a considerable distance, and lodged on one of the battlements, where he was roused to a sense of his situation by a shower of hail which fell upon his face. Since this accident, the governor has never resided in Guernsey, and the lieutenant-governor does not live in the castle, but has a house appointed for him in the town.

In landing on the pier in Guernsey, it is impossible not to be struck with the surrounding pro-

* One of these three commissioners wrote a narrative of this transaction, which is still preserved in his family.

spect. The bold headland of St. Martin's Point, clothed with the freshest verdure from its summit down to the sea-beach; the low promontory, which stretches along in a gentle curve, in the opposite direction—the ancient Vale-castle appearing on its furthest extremity; whilst numerous islands rise amidst the waves in beautiful variety.

The town itself, at a distance so striking a feature in the landscape, on a near approach is seen in a very unfavourable point of view. The lofty houses which front High-street present their backs to the quay, and form a range of building which immediately meets the eye, and offers no very captivating specimen of architectural beauty. The narrowness of the streets, and the great height of the houses, give it a stronger resemblance to the towns of France than to those of England; but it has the advantage of both, in the superior cleanliness and comfort displayed in the dwellings of the lowest class of society. The meanest habitations have in their appearance something of sufficiency, and in the country, even of superfluity, indicated by the garden of flowers with which every cottage in the island is embellished. Indeed, the demon of poverty, the scourge of most other populous places, is banished from these happy shores. No begging at the doors, no complaining in the streets. The great law of charity is well understood and practised in the island, and when distress and misfortune over-

take any of the more indigent inhabitants, the affluent are ever ready to step forward to their relief. There is also a parochial tax on income, for the maintenance of the poor; and a hospital or almshouse is provided, where the helpless and friendless are received and well taken care of, and a school being included in the establishment, the poor children are not only fed, but likewise taught.

Although the government of Guernsey is theoretically as arbitrary and despotic as can well be imagined (it being in the power of the crown to enact laws by means of orders in council, which are of the same authority there as acts of parliament in England), yet perhaps no people on earth enjoy more practical liberty than the inhabitants of this favoured spot. Orders of council are seldom issued unless at the request of the islanders themselves, except in a few cases, where the British government find it necessary to establish regulations for the protection of the revenue and the prevention of smuggling.

Indeed, there are a few ancient charters granted by King John, and some of his successors, which bestow several valuable privileges on the island, and are considered as so many constitutional rights, which have usually been respected by the crown, and are some check to its legislative power, while there exists no strong motive to infringe them. These islanders are subject to no taxes but what they think proper to impose on them-

selves, neither do they contribute any thing to defray the expense of the military establishment which is maintained by the British government for their defence and protection; and the military whilst stationed on the island are in all cases amenable to its laws.

Neither the laws, nor the administration of justice, bear the least similarity to the same objects in England. All causes, whether civil or criminal, are brought before the Royal Court, composed of the bailiff and twelve jurats, who hold their office for life, and who decide on the law and the fact without the intervention of a jury. So much power lodged in a permanent body would, in a more extensive sphere, be liable to great abuses: but in so confined a theatre of action, where the whole population is inclosed within a ring-fence, and every one of the jurats is known personally to every man in the island, an indelible infamy would attach to the least deviation from integrity: and there is, perhaps, no instance of corruption alleged against any member of the court. The jurats not being brought up to the law, may, and probably do, sometimes pass erroneous judgments; but the same objection would lie against a jury, and with more propriety: for the jurats must, from practice and experience, gain some knowledge of the law and of the practice of the courts; an advantage which juries could not possess. Perhaps the greatest inconvenience is, that the bailiff himself, who presides in the court, is not commonly a lawyer

by profession, but is generally selected from the jurats. Besides, the law is not there such an abyss as it is in England. The ancient Norman laws, which constitute their fundamental code, are contained in a quarto volume of moderate size, and, with some orders of council, and a few English acts of parliament, in which the islands are nominally included, form the whole of their jurisprudence.

A majority of the court decides all causes, either criminal or civil; nor have they any reason to regret the factitious unanimity imposed upon English juries. If the twelve men, of whom they are composed, should happen to be unanimous, there is no occasion for a law to make them so; and if they are of different opinions, no law can make them think alike. If, out of twelve jurymen, eight are of one opinion, and four of another, what can be gained by locking them up together till they subscribe to the same verdict?—either the four must accede to the sentiments of the majority (and in that case, under the semblance of unanimity, the cause is really and substantially decided by the original majority of eight); or, if the four should be stouter or more obstinate than the eight, then the eight must come over to their opinion, and the question, instead of being carried unanimously, will, in fact, be decided by the minority. One of the greatest recommendations of juries in England is the security they afford to the subject against the influence of the crown: but in Guernsey, there

are few or indeed no causes in which the crown has any interest.

The great advantage these islanders enjoy is, that all public crimes are prosecuted by the attorney-general at the expense of the crown, without laying a man, who has had the misfortune to be robbed of part of his property, under the necessity of being fleeced of the rest by the lawyers, in prosecuting the felon at his own expense.

Besides the immense judicial power possessed by the court, they assume likewise a sort of legislative authority, by passing laws under the title of ordinances, which, however, are chiefly confined to matters of police. This exertion of legislative authority is in a great measure a case of necessity, though contrary to every principle of political economy; as the same men become invested with the right of dispensing justice, and also with the power of enacting laws by which their own decisions are to be regulated.

Indeed, the great deficiency in the constitution of the island is the want of a legislative body. The king in council is the only legislative authority constitutionally recognized. The assembled states of the island ought to issue every legislative regulation, as they do in Jersey; but in Guernsey they are so miserably constituted, as hardly to deserve the name of a deliberative assembly, and their functions seem to be confined to the granting of money, or voting addresses to the king and council.

There is something extraordinary in the manner in which property is alienated. Instead of selling an estate or a house for so many thousand pounds, it is sold for so many quarters of wheat, to be paid yearly. These perpetual rents are commonly paid in money, according to the average price of wheat. But the holder of the rent may insist on being paid in kind, and he may likewise be obliged to receive it in kind. But all rent in arrear must be paid in money, at a rate fixed by the court, according to the average price of the corn of the year when it became due. These corn-rents are transferable, and are considered as real property. When land is in lease, it is usually let, not for any specific annual sum, but for so many quarters of wheat.

This happy island is subject neither to the depredations of the stamp-office, nor to the exorbitant fees of the lawyers. The assistance of a lawyer in making a deed for the transfer of property to any amount, may be obtained at the expense of a few shillings; and for a few shillings more, the deed may be entered on the public register, from which an authentic copy may at any time be procured. Nor is it to be supposed, because a man may carry on a law-suit, or legally transfer his property without ruining himself, that the lawyers (who unite the functions of barrister and attorney,) are therefore low or contemptible: on the contrary, they are generally men of the first respectability, character, and family, and there is no country where they are more deservedly

esteemed. The present Procureur (Attorney-General), as honourable a man as ever presided in the Court of Chancery, is the representative of the elder branch of the family of De Saumarez; a name which the distinguished services of his near relation, Sir James Saumarez, has rendered familiar to every British ear. Sir James is acknowledged by his profession to be the first naval character in this country*. Indeed his merits are so striking and conspicuous, as to have drawn forth the applause and commanded the admiration of every Englishman, with the exception, perhaps, of those whose duty it was to reward them.

The luxurious growth of the myrtles and geraniums, and the profusion of the hydrangea, agapanthus, ixia, and other delicate flowers that adorn the gardens, the gigantic aloe, which blows in the open air, and the beautiful lily which bears the name of the island, give ample testimony to the mildness of the climate. The general appearance of the country is cheerful, and rendered more so by the numerous carriages rolling along the excellent roads which have been lately made in every direction; whilst the town is enlivened by the daily arrival of packets, which are generally crowded with passengers from different ports of France and England. Many English families stay only a few days in their way to the Continent; others take lodgings for the summer months; and

* Most decidedly so, since the death of the venerable Earl St. Vincent.

probably when the intended hot sea-baths* are completed, some of the wanderers who frequent our watering-places in search of health or amusement may be tempted to change the scene and resort hither. They will find that most of the luxuries of life (wine, fruit, groceries,) may be obtained on much more reasonable terms than in England. A few of the necessaries (butcher's meat, fuel, and butter) are something dearer.

Strangers will of course meet with little notice from the inhabitants unless they bring letters of introduction to some respectable family. But in that case, they will receive every civility that hospitality can dictate, and be admitted into a very superior, extensive, and agreeable society.

The heights above the town command magnificent sea views. The castle on a rock, the islands scattered around by the hand of beauty, the vessels skimming over the waves, and occasional glimpses of the Continent, combine to throw unusual interest and variety over the wide expanse of water.

The interior of the island does not abound in picturesque scenery: it is divided into small inclosures, most commonly by mounds of earth; the top, about three feet wide, is planted with gorse, which is kept very neat and trim, by being regularly cut for fuel, but at a distance gives the country the appearance of waste land. It is, however, very fertile, and constantly dressed with sea-

* The hot baths were soon afterwards built on an excellent plan, and are extremely commodious, and well managed.

weed, which makes an excellent manure, and, being found amongst the rocks on the shore, is reckoned common property. But in order that every body may have an opportunity of obtaining an equal share, the law forbids its being carried away in carts, except on certain specified days, when all the inhabitants are at liberty to bring home as much as they please.

The landscape is every where deficient in wood. The trees are thinly scattered, and are mostly a sort of elm of low growth, with very diminutive leaves, but hardy, and sufficiently sturdy to brave the severe winds which sweep over the island with great violence. But the dearth of wood seems to be owing rather to the neglect of planting than to the ravages of the winds; for, in the memory of persons now living, many noble trees were growing on the estate called Les Granges, the patrimony of the ancient family of De Beauvoir*; but no succession plantation had been made to supply their place when they were felled. However, of late years the landed proprietors have turned their attention to planting, and find the evergreen oak succeeds extremely well; which,

* This ancient Guernsey family became extinct a few years ago, by the death of Osmond de Beauvoir, the last male descendant. A branch of the family, which was settled in England, survived the parent stock but a short time, ending in the year 1822, by the death of the Rev. Peter De Beauvoir. He bequeathed his immense property to a relation of the name of Benyon, who, it was reported in the public prints, paid 39,000*l.* legacy-tax to government.

her forest trees, will doubtless, in due time, be an additional shade and beauty on the island.

In Guernsey the cattle are always tethered, which is a very economical plan, as it prevents the grass being trampled upon and injured, and allows it to grow in one part of the pasture, whilst the other is grazed. The cows are larger and handsomer than in the neighbouring islands, though much inferior both in size and beauty to our Devonshire breed; but their milk is richer, and the butter the colour of the kingcup. The exportation of cows, which has of late been allowed, was formerly prohibited; and then they were frequently smuggled to England, and sold under the denomination of Alderney cows, but the real native cows of that island are much smaller; and their principal recommendation is, that they give very good milk on very spare and rough pasturage. Not more than seventy are ever exported in the year; and most of those now purchased in England for Alderney cows are brought either from the other islands, or from the coast of Brittany.

When we landed in Guernsey we were greeted by many of our friends, who had observed our vessel beating its way into port. Amongst the foremost to welcome us on shore, were Sir Peter and Lady de Havilland, who insisted on our taking up our abode under their hospitable roof, where we received so many flattering attentions and marks of regard, not only from themselves, but also from every branch of their family, and were likewise favoured with so many kind civilities from

our other valuable friends, that our hours, 'with pleasure,' flew rapidly away, and the time we had allotted for our visit expired before we were aware of it.

Sir Peter De Havilland's urbanity of manner, tinged with something of the *politesse* of the old court, the suavity of his disposition, and that *gaieté de cœur* which manifested itself in a constant flow of cheerfulness and good-humour, joined with the general worth of his estimable character, endeared him to his family and friends, and his memory will be long cherished by all who were honoured with his regard. Although he was far advanced in years, the excellent health and spirits he enjoyed prevented our presaging the melancholy truth, that when we shook hands with him on quitting his friendly mansion, it was for the last time.

On Wednesday, the 6th of August, we set sail for England, on board one of the packets; and on the following morning were safely landed at Weymouth.

THE END.

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